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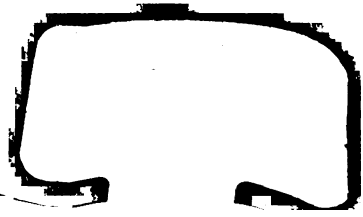

"The man who can read this book without laughing must be made of stone."

Dr Johnson.

"Laugh and Grow fat"

is the motto for me ——

Pigault-Lebrun.

NKT.

MY UNCLE THOMAS.

A ROMANCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

PIGAULT-LEBRUN.

"*Nunc est ridendum.*"

"Laughter holding both his sides."

"Ride si sapis."

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE.

IF the reader has not forsworn laughter, I am convinced the following work will irresistibly excite that pleasing emotion to its full extent: I shall, therefore, not think the time lost which may have the effect of producing a smile, and beguiling a few tedious hours of mortal existence.

I have endeavoured to infuse the spirit of the original into this translation: the nature of my success must be left to the decision of others. All I have to add is, that the person who can peruse the History of My Uncle Thomas, without yielding to the impulse of mirth, must possess organs very differently constituted from mine. I introduce my adopted Uncle to the public with all his failings, and with all his virtues. Candour I need not bespeak—it is the characteristic of my countrymen.

THE TRANSLATOR.

MY UNCLE THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

Informing the reader who my Uncle was.

IF a man, about the year 1730, had had it in his power to have made choice of his father, he would naturally have determined upon being the son of a king. If the same question was put to any one in the present age, he would most probably wish to be the son of a contractor, stockjobber, or peculator. There are, perhaps, some who would desire to be the sons of Glory; but Glory is like a coquette, who never yields—she must be forced. Bonaparte is one among the few who has had the honour of winning her to his arms; but even that celebrated hero cannot be the father of all mankind. Therefore, whatever may be our wishes and desires on the subject, we must be contented with being the children of our parents; and whoever they may be, we must acknowledge them for better or for worse.

My Uncle Thomas was incontestably the son of his father; but it will be asked, who had the honour of giving existence to that incomparable man? It was a problem about which he never troubled his head, nor was he ever informed of the fact by Rosalia la Brune, a fine girl of about five and twenty, who resided in La Rue Froidmanteau, and who became his mother, without precisely knowing which

of her gallants was entitled to the honours of paternity. He was born on the 18th of March, 1735.

My Uncle Thomas had at least this peculiar advantage, that whoever he distinguished by the appellation of father, there was a chance it was rightly applied; for Madame Rosalia had, for six years, known no other husband than the public.

She was, nevertheless, considering her situation, a very honest, respectable woman, at least for one of her avocation, and the street in which she lived. She was sure to be well dressed every Sunday; and her admirers, to her praise be it spoken, never left her without their money and watches in their pockets. This, by the by, is an encomium to which few ladies of her profession are entitled.

Among her numerous good qualities, she highly prided herself upon being a tender mother. She did not, however, nurse little Thomas herself, and for the best of all possible reasons—she had no milk, neither would her finances admit of her putting him out to nurse; but Monsieur Belle Pointe, a recruiting serjeant, who shared the gains of her profession, removed every difficulty by stealing a she-goat, to whose fostering care little Thomas was immediately entrusted.

Mademoiselle Rosalia's whole wardrobe might, with the greatest ease, have been put in a sheet of brown paper; consequently, it is not to be supposed she could provide what was necessary for the young stranger. Monsieur Belle Pointe, who was never at a loss, took a walk towards the Gros Caillou, and had already unhooked about half a dozen fine new shirts, when Magot la Tapageuse, a laundress by profession, perceiving the agility with which he was appropriating the linen to his own use, called out "stop thief!" Monsieur Fretzfortz, a grenadier in the Swiss Guards, and an expert swordsman, advanced towards him, and twirling his mustachoes with one hand, and seizing with the other the hilt

of his sword, desired him, with the utmost degree of coolness, to place the shirts where he found them. Belle Pointe laughed in his face, and with equal tranquillity deposited the shirts in his pocket. Monsieur Fretzfortz immediately drew his sword, and Belle Pointe did the same; but the latter received so vigorous a thrust, that his body was pierced through and through. He fell, as is usual upon such occasions, but however he still breathed. The Swiss Guard, rightly judging that an affair of this kind was better concealed than published, hesitated not a moment in throwing the unfortunate serjeant into the river, after having previously despoiled him of his silver buckles, and the shirts with which he had stuffed his pockets.

This fatal accident obliged my Uncle Thomas to do without swaddling clothes; nevertheless, he throve and grew up like a mushroom. In the summer time he rolled on the ground, and in the winter he kept himself warm between the shaggy limbs of his affectionate nurse—the goat.

A young fruit girl, who lived in the street Jean St. Dennis, and who had had the honour of carrying my Uncle to the baptismal fount, brought his nurse every evening the refuse of her carrots, cabbages and lettuces, and sometimes she would treat her little godson with a quarter of a bushel of potatoes, which, however, Rosalia often thought proper to dress for her own eating, when her trade grew slack; between ourselves, her's was a very uncertain profession, and mixed alternately with good and evil.

However, her disappointments were amply recompensed by the maternal attention she bestowed on little Thomas, who was as yet wholly unable to chew his food, but who sucked it with a grace peculiar to himself.

We will not anticipate events; but, like correct historians, pursue them according to their regular chronology.

It was impossible for so engaging a woman as Madame Rosalia was, not to have made more than one conquest—in fact, she was the admiration of all the young men who resided near her: barbers' boys, servants, shoe-blacks, water-carriers, and the whole of those truly respectable gentry, who scorn to degrade love by paying the object of their tender passion, were inflamed with the most ardent desire towards the fair La Brune; but hitherto they had been kept at an awful distance by the tremendous sword of Belle Pointe, and had been extremely circumspect in their conduct; but scarce had the Swiss Grenadier made Rosalia absolute mistress of her actions, than a crowd of admirers presented themselves before her, insomuch that those she called her useful friends, dared not make their appearance.

A widow is bound to weep, at least for form's sake; Rosalia, therefore, had made the whole neighbourhood ring with her lamentations, although she secretly rejoiced at having got rid of the recruiting serjeant, who daily drank huge goblets at her expense, and displayed the energy of his character in practical exertions of his prowess, not altogether endurable even by a nymph of La Rue Froidmanteau. Madame Belle Pointe felt an invincible repugnance to making choice of a successor, and already began to taste the charms of independence; however, she felt the necessity of making a choice, which should have the effect of silencing the claims of her numerous pretenders, and compel them to retire, and afford more easy access to her friends. After she had long revolved the subject in her mind, without determining what happy mortal she should honour with her choice, Monsieur Riboulard declared himself her admirer.

Monsieur Riboulard was a tolerably good-looking man, middle aged, squinted a little, was rather lame, and somewhat hump-backed; he could read and write, and give himself airs of importance; for you

must know he had been fifteen years a corporal of the night patrole; the worst appointed, the most cowardly, and at times the most knavish troop in all France; there were, however, some exceptions; there are brave men to be found in every situation.

The widow Belle Pointe made her calculations accordingly. The first idea that struck her was, that with a corporal of the night patrole to protect her, she would have no apprehensions on account of her way of life; that was a consideration well worth attending to. She foresaw that the physical resources of Monsieur Riboulard would amount to next to nothing; but she reckoned on the profits of her own trade. The corporal was passionately fond of money; consequently, she hoped to adopt a system of economy, which might turn to the future advantage of my Uncle Thomas. I have already said she was a tender mother, and this last consideration had great weight in influencing her determination. Besides, she was not a little actuated by self-love, and that vanity so natural to her sex. It was highly flattering to a woman of her description to fix the attention of an Officer of Police; his interest might be a powerful recommendation in her favour at the Hospital, or at the House of Correction, in case her ill stars should conduct her to either of those places. It is a good thing to have a friend in whatever situation the caprice of fortune may throw us. It was therefore determined that Riboulard should occupy a distinguished place in her heart, which might not improperly have been compared to a barrack—it was capable of containing a whole army upon an occasion.

You must be sensible, benevolent or malevolent reader, that a determination of such importance could not be declared without a certain degree of solemnity. It was therefore on a Sunday, I think, the 18th of May, 1735, that Rosalia la Brune as-

sembled all her lovers at the Grande Pointe, a celebrated tavern at the Vaugirard. They were seated round a large table, on which were placed a flagon of brandy, a loaf of twelve pounds weight, and a cheese you might have nosed at least half a mile off.

Though Rosalia's vanity was far from overrating her accomplishments, yet she was fully convinced of the regrets and tortures her lovers would feel at their dismissal. To assuage, in some degree, their grief, she resolved to appear before them devested of the attractions of dress. Certainly nothing could be less seductive than her appearance altogether; she placed her cap on one side, in order to give the greater expression to the harangue she meant to pronounce; the coarse rouge with which she had painted herself the preceding day, bedaubed her face from her eyebrows to the sides of her mouth; her neck-handkerchief was begrimed with dirt, and her gown and petticoat would have laughed at the efforts of the washerwoman to restore them to their colour. Such was the enchanting object whose single word was sufficient to arm twenty-two rivals against each other.

But Rosalia was far from wishing to promote discord and dissension; she was ever the friend of mankind, and to this day she is celebrated for her universal philanthropy. She filled twenty-two glasses of brandy, she cut twenty-two large pieces of bread, and twenty-two slices of cheese. She invited the guests to partake of the fare set before them; and while they ate and drank, and seemed agitated by their hopes and fears, she arranged in her ideas the brilliant terms of that wonderful oration, which was to sink twenty-one of her wretched admirers into an abyss of despair. Exordium, narration, confirmation, peroration—all these figures of eloquence were displayed in the speech of Rosalia, though she was no rhetorician; so true it is, that of all the arts,

rhetoric is the only one which is to be acquired by the simple efforts of natural genius.

"What do the rhetorician's rules,
"But teach a man to name his tools?"

You will judge of the truth of this observation of the author of Hudibras presently.

Rosalia rose—she hemmed, coughed, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, after the manner of our most celebrated speakers; she then stretched forth her arms, and surveyed her auditors with an air which seemed to say, "Listen to me!" and she thus began.

"Attend, my lads, you who wish to enjoy pleasure without paying for it, and who have been sponging upon me for above a month; the moment is now arrived when I must explain myself without reserve. Poor Belle Pointe, God rest his soul, was a fine, genteel young fellow, though he sometimes made me feel the weight of his blows. You must be sensible that such a man is not easily replaced—it is not that I despise any of you—on the contrary, I allow you all to possess merit; but with all your recommendations, you none of you have the needful; yet you are as extravagant as lords, and, to tell you the plain truth, I don't choose to be the milch-cow of any a he that wears a head."

A murmur of disapprobation interrupted the oratress, who resumed her discourse with redoubled energy.

"No, I will not be the milch-cow of any one. My heart bleeds at the thought of having my substance squandered away in a shameless manner. I wish to act like an honest, upright woman; and, besides, I have bowels of compassion that won't suffer me to see my child wronged of his right."

Thus saying, she drew from under her cloak a bundle which she had strapped round her, and which

she had kept back till the last moment, in order to produce a grand effect; she deposited it in the plate alongside the cheese.

"Do you see," continued she, "do you see this little innocent, who looks up to me for support, and whom I am bound to protect? Do you hear it exclaim—'Make choice of one who will be of service to you, and don't waste your time upon favourites.'"

Here the whole of the auditory melted into tears, and here my Uncle Thomas did in fact begin to exert his little pipes.

"You see," continued she, "that the child addresses himself to my feelings, and that I do not impose upon you. No, Thomas, no, my love, you shall never find in me a step-mother!

"However, as a woman of my way of life is necessarily obliged to have somebody to restrain the turbulent, and turn those who don't pay out of doors, I must endeavour to conciliate you all as well as I can. I have, therefore, made choice of Monsieur Riboulard, who is a man in place, and who lives honourably on his pay."

Riboulard rose up, and exerted his utmost endeavours to smile agreeably on Rosalia. He saluted her with as much grace as the most polished *Ourang Outang* could have done, and seated himself by her side.

His one-and-twenty rivals, humbled, despised, and rejected, immediately left their seats, drank up the last drop of their liquor, and filed off, one after another. One of the gallants felt a strong inclination, before he left the room, to bestow a pair of black eyes on his favoured rival; but recollecting that it was frequently his lot to take up his abode in the watch-house, he thought it not prudent to quarrel with an Officer of the Patrole.

Monsieur Riboulard remained alone with his Rosalia, and immediately assumed the privileges o.

the master of the feast: he secured the remains of the cheese in his cartouch-box, put a bottle of brandy in one pocket, and what was left of the loaf in the other. Tell me where you will find a more prudent or economical man than Monsieur Riboulard?

During the whole of the morning, Monsieur Riboulard experienced but one disagreeable moment—it was that of his departure. The rejected lovers were of course exempted from paying their share of the reckoning, which amounted to about fifty-two sous. It would not have looked well for Mademoiselle Rosalia to have paid it, consequently the whole fell to the lot of Monsieur Riboulard. He had already, with a deep sigh pulled from his pocket a little leathern bag, containing not more than three livres, when the devil, who never leaves his friends in the lurch, extricated him from his embarrassment, at the expense of his host.

The thought struck Monsieur Riboulard to examine the bottle which had been emptied—Alas! poor and unfortunate host!—The pepper, which had been so liberally employed in the fabrication of the brandy, still remained at the bottom of the bottle. Riboulard exclaimed with a loud voice that he was poisoned. The host, alarmed at his vociferation, immediately came to him. The corporal assailed his ears with a voice not much unlike the roaring of thunder, and pronounced the name of the Lieutenant of Police, so dreadful to all innkeepers. The poor host trembled and turned pale, his knees shook under him, and he asked pardon in the most supplicating terms. The tender Rosalia interceded in his behalf, and Riboulard, inflexible as his character was, could not refuse her the first favour she solicited. Every thing was amicably arranged; and Riboulard, wrapping my Uncle Thomas in the table-cloth, placed him un-

der his left arm, and presenting his right to Rosalia, conducted her to La Rue Froidmanteau, where he left her, in order to attend to his usual affairs, at the same time promising to be with her by eleven at night.

CHAPTER II.

My Grandfather Riboulard, and my Grandmother Rosalia, are really married.

WHATEVER desire I may have not to omit any one particular of the life of the respectable personages I have had the honour to present to the reader, I am, nevertheless, under the necessity of suppressing an infinite number; but I trust I shall not be blamed for the omission, when I declare that my only object is to avoid a too tedious uniformity.

In fact, with a very few exceptions, every day was but a repetition of the same incidents. Riboulard's pay was but twenty sous a day; my grandmother gained twice that sum by her profession, and this was the manner in which she lived. I have thought it my duty to present the following account for the information of those who spend more than they gain, and for the edification of those on whom a good lesson is never thrown away.

	Li.	*so.*	*d.*
A pound and a half of meat, at six sous, made the pot boil for two days; which, by reduction, gives four sous and six deniers	0	4	6
As they could not eat their soup without vegetables, they allowed for the two days six sous for carrots, potatoes, turnips, &c. which amounted daily to three sous	0	3	0
A loaf of four pounds' weight, twelve sous	0	12	0
And the half of a measure of water, one sous	0	1	0
Thus their daily expense amounted to twenty sous and six deniers	1	0	6
Add to that a pound of soap, two large faggots for the fire, the rent of the room, an afternoon's treat twice a month at the Rapee, or La Grenoulliere, making in all nine francs; this sum, added to thirty livres and fifteen sous for the expenses of the table, gives a total, per month, of thirty-nine livres and fifteen sous	39	15	0

Learn the art of living, ye little great folks, and never complain that the times are hard.

As their receipts amounted to ninety livres, my grandmother was able to save fifty livres and five sous a month; and, at the end of a year, six hundred and three livres, if I am not mistaken in my calculation, for I am no very great arithmetician.

To what lengths will not ambition urge us. At the end of the second year, Rosalia found herself in possession of twelve hundred and six livres, and accordingly thought it beneath her dignity to reside in La Rue Froidmanteau, where she had amassed them with so much difficulty. Unmindful of her former poverty, she was perpetually teasing Riboulard to take a lodging in Rue St. Honoré, and to allow her to dress in a style more suitable to her station. The parsimonious corporal, who no longer retained the least spark of love for her, contemplated her with an aspect of ferocity, that for a time dissipated the ideas of grandeur that bewildered her imagination.

It is an old saying, that where there is a will, there is always a way. At the end of a few months, Rosalia began to trick out her person, without the corporal's knowledge; and about the time she expected his arrival, she concealed her finery under an old bushel, which alternately served as a washing-tub, and a seat for my Uncle Thomas.

In the meantime, the profits of Rosalia appeared to decrease, though Riboulard was perfectly persuaded she had lost none of her charms; he was consequently convinced she deceived him. Rosalia protested, wept, and swore; but the corporal, who never suffered himself easily to be deceived, answered her grimaces by searching every corner of the room, when the unlucky bushel betrayed the secrets of my grandmother.

Dreadful were the consequences of this discovery; if what I have been assured is true, they were

not confined to reproaches, but even blows expressed the corporal's indignation.

Monsieur Riboulard soon repented of his excess of passion, not that he was actuated by any goodness of soul, but that he considered, as he had no civil control over her, she might, in case of separation, dispute the possession of her property with him. Riboulard had a strong inclination to pack up the whole, and disappear; but such a dishonest action was beneath the dignity of a corporal of the patrole, who aspired to the rank of a serjeant. Besides, he calculated that Rosalia would derive vast profits from her avocation for several years to come. What a mine of wealth to enjoy! What advantages he would lose by too much precipitation! He therefore endeavoured all in his power to obtain her pardon, which Rosalia, who had no more gall than brains, granted with the utmost readiness

Four years thus passed away, chequered with alternate good and ill fortune. Menaces, blows, seldom caresses, but money, always money, and Riboulard loved to distraction.

We now approach the grand epoch when my Uncle Thomas is to emerge from obscurity, and commence his career on the theatre of the world. Let us omit no one circumstance—every thing that relates to him is important.

A general promotion was expected to take place in the Corps of Patrole, and Riboulard flattered himself with being elevated to the important rank of serjeant. His long services justified his hopes, and the kindness of his commander seemed to assure their completion; however, as a little recommendation is never amiss, Riboulard contrived to secure to his interest the god-daughter of the aunt of the sister-in-law of the commandant's valet de chambre, who, unable to resist such powerful

recommendation, bestowed the halbert on Riboulard.

Riboulard, admitted to the distinguished rank of serjeant, became sensible how impossible it was to live with a woman of La Rue Froidmanteau; his new companions would doubtless have revolted at a connection of such a nature. Every one knows that serjeants of the patrole are very scrupulous with regard to appearances, and that there is not one of them who does not pretend to the scullion of a canon, or receiver of taxes.

On the other hand, Riboulard was too fond of money to abandon the 5,000 livres locked up in the cabinet of Rosalia; the idea alone of appropriating them to his own use, excited the most pleasing anticipations. He recollected the old adage—"A good marriage puts every thing to rights"—and he determined to marry, in order to reconcile his interests with the honour of the corps.

Immediately the rouge, the patches, and the gauze handkerchiefs, were thrown out of the window; the silk gowns and petticoats were sold; these objects of refined luxury were succeeded by a modest, downcast look, a cotton gown, stuff petticoat, thick Barcelona handkerchief, and black shoes. The furnished apartment was discharged, and they took a more respectable lodging in a seventh story, in Rue des Prêtres. The bans were published at St. Thomas du Louvre, and at St. Germain de l'Auxerrois. At length Riboulard presented his greedy hand to Rosalia, who, on her part, could not contain her joy at the idea of being made an honest woman.

It was then that Monsieur Riboulard, absolute master of the cash-box, and no longer under the necessity of using the least ceremony towards his modest half, developed what those, who do not conceal the plain truth, would call the atrocity of his character. He began by requiring that my grand-

mother should eat sparingly and work hard. The lady, who neither approved of fasting or labour, objected to this new system. "Wives, obey your husbands!" said the serjeant; and when he found the repetition of this sacred passage did not operate, Riboulard would add practical argument in aid of holy scripture. Rosalia, submissive, though by no means persuaded, was fain to mend the stockings, and clean the spatterdashes of the whole company, a service which the interest of her husband procured her.

As she had adopted the virtues of the wife with her dress, she would have been contented with merely opposing patience to the revolting proceedings of Monsieur Riboulard, had she been the only victim of them; but, alas! her son—her dear son—her Thomas was ill-treated all day long, and the idea of his sufferings rent her heart in twain.

The poor little fellow, who, by his appetite, you would naturally have supposed to have been the son of a Prebend, was reduced to an abstinence still more rigorous than that of his mother; and, although he had scarce sufficient to support nature, Riboulard, whenever he was upon duty, made him clean the guard-room, in order to save a trifle that must otherwise have been given to the drummer; he also made him fill his pipe, and whiten the belt of his immaculate sabre, as soon as the watch was over. In the course of the four and twenty hours, he successively executed the orders of the whole corps; and yet if he dared with too eager eyes to contemplate these worthy gentlemen while they were at supper, Riboulard, with a hearty kick on the breech, would send him out to fill his stomach on the chameleon's dish.

The verger of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois undertook the education of young children, and acquitted himself highly to his own credit and their advantage, notwithstanding he received for each scholar

only ten sous a month. My grandmother, who had heard of the importance of a good education, wished to send my uncle to school, and my grandfather had the cruelty to oppose her wishes. Alas! if my uncle's genius had been cultivated, he would incontestably have become a little Voltaire.

The dear little innocent was as wretchedly clad as the hero of the modern Lutrin.

He was almost naked, when Riboulard thought proper to bestow upon him an old pair of breeches and a waistcoat, that time had rendered nearly useless. The knave would not have let him had them, had he not been sensible that, in a very short time, they must have fallen to the lot of the rag-pickers.

To add to the indignity with which my Uncle Thomas was treated, Riboulard sold the goat that Rosalia had constantly preserved, in commemoration of the services it had rendered to her beloved son; and that son who, actuated by the natural affection of his disposition, uttered loud and reiterated lamentations when he found his kind nurse was to be taken from him, was condemned to live eight days upon dry bread—a punishment that, of course, turned to the profit of Monsieur Riboulard.

There is no task so easy as for those who are in want of nothing to practise honesty. My Uncle Thomas, who was in want of every thing, one day appropriated to his own use, by stealth, the remains of a hog's pudding, which, however, had already served for two suppers and a dinner. My grandfather, unfortunately, seized the delinquent in the very fact; he was in such a rage, that he took a rod from a birch-broom, that would have been serviceable for at least eight days longer, and flogged the poor little creature so unmercifully, that the blood streamed again. At this distressing and heart-rending sight, my grandmother, exasperated, gave ample proofs that she was still Rosalia la Brune; her

maternal feelings were unable to witness such a scene with impunity; she doubled her fist, which was none of the smallest, and levelled a well-aimed blow at the serjeant's nasal promontory—a torrent of blood confessed her prowess. Indignant at this unexpected chastisement, he seized the belt of his cartouch-box, and applying it with all his might to the back and sides of his rebellious helpmate, made her skip about the room with uncommon agility.

Rosalia, smarting under the reiterated blows of the serjeant, began to think of standing upon the defensive. The first thing she did, was to throw a certain domestic utensil, with its contents, right in the face of her august lord and master. Riboulard, who was called to order by this little instance of conjugal correction, abated somewhat of his violence; a parley ensued, and for some time after he avoided proceeding to such extremities; but still he effected no change in his parsimonious system. It is with regret I declare to the reader, that he made no alteration in this respect; for nothing is more unpleasant to a man of sensibility, than to be obliged to speak ill of his ancestors.

O! you who are happy enough to have nothing to do, and whom fate, so merciless to many, affords the means of purchasing, and reading the fooleries of others, without being obliged to write them on your own account—you, whoever you may be, shudder at what I am impelled by my regard for truth to unfold. What you have just read is nothing to what I am about to relate. Proceed, if you have courage.—But no!—humane and benevolent, rather skip the passage, for what follows cannot but make you tremble. With respect to myself, I shall continue my recital, whether you read or not, for I must of necessity write something.

Inoculation for the small pox had just begun to be in vogue, and Monsieur Carabin, surgeon-major of the horse and foot patrole, a man of great ability,

at least in his own opinion, and a zealous partisan for every thing that was novel, exerted his utmost power to promote the prevailing system. He did not dare to have recourse to the Foundling Hospital, or La Pitié, because the subjects might possibly be tainted with disorders, which might convey their malignity to the persons inoculated. He conceived that in order to propagate the new system with success and advantage, it was necessary to obtain the virus from a pure source. In short, from a single hint he dropped in the presence of Riboulard, that diabolical serjeant took my little uncle by the hand, and, under pretence of amusing him with a walk, led him to the Hospital of La Pitié. O tender mother! thy heart whispered not this dreadful deed to you. Away!—fly!—the days of thy dear Thomas are in danger of being sacrificed!

Arrived at the Infirmary, Riboulard undressed my uncle, a task which was not very difficult; he rolled him and rubbed him about in the beds of five or six of the little miserable wretches who were infected with the disorder.

Thomas, when he returned home, related the whole story to his mother. That tender parent, impelled by a paroxysm of rage impossible to be described, saluted the pate of Monsieur Riboulard with three tremendous blows of the poker. Hercules himself could not have parried them. He fell prostrate at her feet, and she thought him dead; but, in order to be certain whether he was so or not, she hastened away to Monsieur Carabin, who promised to attend and examine him. In fact, he kept his word; he bled and trepanned him, and generously required no other gratuity than that of being allowed to inoculate from the pustules produced by the disorder of my uncle. Fortunately it took a most favourable turn; so true it is, that whom heaven protects, is always well protected.

Riboulard, who was good for nothing in the world but to torture others, at length recovered, to the great grief and disappointment of my grandmother and my Uncle Thomas, who had flattered themselves with the hopes of burying him. He extremely regretted the loss of twelve francs, at least, which he would have expected from the Doctor, if it had not been for the cursed adventure that rendered his trepanning necessary; and he swore a bitter oath that he would repay himself by some means or other.

There happened to be a certain chambermaid, in the service of the mistress of a government spy, an employment at all times highly respectable, who would have passed for a very pretty woman, if she had not had the misfortune to have lost her teeth. As nothing is requisite at Paris but a good figure and a handsome face in order to make a fortune, she resolved, if possible, to re-establish her's; and, as there ever exists an intimate connexion between the worthy members who compose the patrole, the spies of government, and girls of every class, the said chambermaid commanded Monsieur Carabin, who had lately relieved her from a nine months' dropsy, to supply, by his art, the defect which so materially affected the harmony of her features. Monsieur Carabin mentioned the circumstance to Riboulard, whose interested disposition he was perfectly acquainted with. Monsieur Riboulard scarce gave him time to conclude, and in two minutes the thirty-two teeth of my Uncle Thomas were sold at two sous a-piece. The only difficulty that remained was how to get at them. My grandmother, since the inoculation adventure, watched him with as much circumspection as the celebrated dragon of Hesperia watched the golden fleece. Alas! Riboulard was within an ace of being every whit as fortunate as the Argonauts.

Rosalia had become religious, because she had nothing else to occupy her mind—it is the resource of all women when they begin to grow old. It was the feast day of Corpus Christi, and she was following her Creator, whom superstition had enclosed in a gilded box; her hands were clasped in all the fervour of apparent devotion, and her eyes fixed on the ground. Scarce had she left her garret, than Carabin, who watched her motions from the wine-vaults opposite, rushed from his hiding place, with his dreadful forceps, as a garden spider in autumn darts upon a fly. With the assistance of Riboulard he proceeded to thé grand operation. The serjeant knit his brows, in order to render his aspect more terrible while he directed the whole manœuvre.

"Come, my pretty little fellow," said he to my Uncle Thomas, "sit down—hold up your head, and open your mouth; wider yet—you must open it a great deal wider," said the perfidious varlet.

My poor Uncle Thomas, who suspected no harm, obeyed every one of his commands. Monsieur Carabin, removing his lips with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, introduced, with his right, the fatal instrument. The tooth was out in the twinkling of an eye. My uncle started up, roared like a devil, and, for the first time in his life, was heard distinctly to swear.

Riboulard, who was apprehensive that the procession would be over before the Doctor had finished his business, made the little sufferer resume his situation, and was beginning to force open his mouth, when my uncle snapped at his finger, and seizing it just by the second joint, bit it entirely off, and spit it out in the serjeant's face. He instantly jumped up, and endeavoured to make his escape. Monsieur Carabin seized him by the arm, and drew him after him; and his breech having come exactly in contact with the jaws of my uncle, thè little

urchin fixed his sharp teeth in the doctor's thigh, which he began to bite without the least regard to his outcries, nor did he quit his hold till he had deprived him of a good portion of his flesh, and a piece of his breeches.

While the doctor was rubbing his *podex*, on the one hand, and the serjeant was sucking the remains of his finger on the other, and both were skipping round the room, blaspheming with all their might, and endeavouring to stanch the blood, my Uncle Thomas made an effort to retreat by the door; but the cautious Riboulard had double locked it. Thomas opened the casement, which led directly to the roof of the house. To a martyr, all means of escape are alike: my uncle took advantage of the only one that presented itself, and, at the age of seven years, two months, and a day, he commenced his adventures by a voyage along the tiles of the neighbouring houses.

Apropos, I have not yet informed you how my Uncle Thomas was my uncle; or how my grandmother Rosalia, and my grandfather Riboulard were my ancestors. I prefer letting you into the secret now, to deferring it till a future period.

Notwithstanding the frequent storms that interrupted their domestic felicity, Nature had ceded no one of her rights; and, at the end of six months after their marriage, Rosalia became as ladies wish to be who love their lords. Of her fidelity to Monsieur Riboulard there was no doubt. Four months after my uncle's escape she was brought to bed of a girl, who was baptized Suzanne, and who in every respect justified the opinion her name imported. She was wise, in spite of the blood that flowed in her veins, and was honourably married to the Secretary of the Hospital des Innocens, who became my father. He loved both my mother and myself with the sincerest affection, and took the utmost

care of my education, instead of spending his time at taverns. It is to his paternal care I am indebted for the ability of writing these interesting memoirs.

But let us return to my Uncle Thomas, to whom fear added wings, and whose agility and address rivaled the cats of the neighbourhood. He leaped with them from the tiles to a gutter, and scrambled along, with unparalleled dexterity; he was at length obliged to stop to take breath. In fact, the mode of travelling he had adopted would, in the space of five minutes, have wearied a Hercules or a Sampson.

When any one is extremely agitated, and suddenly stops, he falls into a train of reflection without being sensible of it. The first sentiment my Uncle Thomas experienced, was that of joy at having escaped from the clutches of Monsieur Riboulard; the second was the dread of again falling into them; this last reflection was accompanied by an oath, as energetic as a child of seven years old could pronounce it, never more to return to his maternal dwelling.

No sooner had he taken this prudent resolution, than he began to ascend and descend the roofs of the houses; sweating with fatigue, and the heat of the sun, he stopped, and consoled himself for his lost tooth, by reflecting that he had still thirty-one left, which were more than sufficient to eat any food Heaven should be kind enough to throw in his way.

CHAPTER III.

Which will inform the Reader what became of my Uncle Thomas.

IT was noon and my uncle had not yet breakfasted. He began to think he should neither dine nor sup, and he regretted, with tears in his eyes, that no opportunity of satisfying his hunger presented itself. Riboulard, it was true, scolded, beat, and even mutilated him; but at least my uncle did not absolutely starve for want of bread. Dastardly reflections! which would have disgraced a man twenty years of age, but were pardonable in a boy of seven. His courage was almost exhausted: however little Thomas surmounted this momentary weakness, and persisted, notwithstanding the pressing demands of Nature, in his resolution of not subjecting himself to the power of Monsieur Riboulard; and it cannot have escaped observation that this resolution already announced a great character, which time would not fail to develope.

He was seated quietly on the tiles, and was casting his eyes around him with that eager attention which hunger never fails to produce. About two steps from him was a casement, but it was closed with shutters, so that he could not see into the room.

"Ah!" said he to himself, "if the window was but open—if any persons lived there—if I could but get a few scraps of their leavings! But if they should drive me away—if they should beat me; or what is worse, if they should send me back to Monsieur Riboulard."

While my uncle was arranging his *ifs* and his *buts*, he stretched forth his little neck, and had

the good fortune to observe that the shutters were a-jar He discovered a number of children's worn-out shoes, and several straw-beds strewed about the room; but O! what an agreeable surprise—what delicacies appeared to his view! He beheld a large table adorned with a copious wooden bowl, which was filled with excellent broth; twelve spoons were piled within each other, and resembled an Egyptian pyramid. My uncle devoured the contents of the bowl with his eyes; he hesitated and consulted within himself what course he should take; not that he respected the property, but he dreaded the persons to whom it belonged.

While he was invoking the light of reason to his aid, the wind wafted in a direct line to him the agreeable fumes of the bowl he was so anxiously contemplating; the delicious savour added to his appetite, and put a period to his irresolution. He extended his little hands towards an old, worm-eaten chair, and forcing his way, at length got his body and legs through with no other accident than a slight bruise on his hip—it was a trifle not worth attending to. Behold him now mounted on the table, and pressing and caressing the unfortunate bowl between his arms and knees. He armed himself with a spoon, and attacked its contents like a hero. He had nearly drained the last drop, when the antique table, no longer able to resist the unusual weight and motions of my uncle, gave way; one of the feet, with a loud crash, broke asunder. The unfortunate Thomas rolled on the floor, the bowl rolled over him, and the table rolled over both.

My poor uncle recovered himself with as much speed and agility as he was able, and hastened away to the casement, consoling himself with the idea that the best part of the delicious beverage was in his stomach. He fled towards the tiles; and as he presumed, naturally enough, that no one

would run the risk of breaking his neck in pursuit of him, he proceeded at his leisure, and soon afterwards fell into a profound sleep, without troubling himself about the consequences of his late incursion.

He was awoke in a fright by the shrill cries of some person in distress. He sat up, observed, and listened; he was all eyes and ears. The noise proceeded from the room where he had so pleasantly regaled himself; he soon found it was a woman who was venting her lamentations, and his courage revived. A woman, whoever she is, generally inspires confidence, at least she is sure to dispel terror. However, my uncle did not think it prudent to expose himself; he let her cry on, and she at length adopted the only mode that remained after so disastrous an accident—she insensibly calmed her sorrow, and commenced a most affecting soliloquy. There is nothing restores comfort to the human breast sooner than a soliloquy; it possesses this peculiar advantage, that it is not liable to be interrupted by questions. A woman particularly has an opportunity of talking, if it is possible, till she is tired; it is consequently the greatest source of consolation to a woman, whether she is in affliction or in an ill-humour.

"If the table had fallen of itself," said the old woman, for she happened to be one, "I should find all the broth upon the floor; if the cats had come in and devoured it, I should not see the print of human hands and feet in every corner of the room.—Doubtless it is a Christian who has made free with my supper.—But how did he get in?—The door was locked;—it is true the casement was not close shut; but then it opens to the roof of the house, and I cannot suppose any one would run the risk of his life, in order to feast at

my expense: besides, he would not have been content with my soup—he would have taken away my fine calico *chemises*, and my bag full of sous, that he must have seen.—It is clear, therefore, that it must have been the devil who has played me this trick. I have nothing to do but to strew holy water to prevent his return, and to collect what remains for my little ones to sup on."

My uncle heard nothing more than the closing of the bolt that secured the casement, and his heart sunk within him at the sound. It was a clear case his provisions were cut off. However, as he was obliged to wait with patience, and as his foresight did not extend far into futurity, he did not trouble his head about the matter, but sunk quietly to sleep.

He slept long after the morning's dawn; nor would he then have awoke, had not certain sensations of the internal system given him a hint to provide for the immediate cravings of his appetite. He felt the urgency of a breakfast, but how was he to obtain it? That was the question.

He crept along upon his belly, and approached the casement, where a confusion of voices attested the presence of the inhabitants; it was true they seemed to be the voices of children, but he was aware that children were no less indignant than men at having their meals stolen from them. Besides, they were twelve at least, and a dozen against one—faith! the odds were too unequal.

"I should be pummelled to a jelly," said my uncle; I should certainly get nothing to eat; and, in all likelihood, I should be conducted to Monsieur Riboulard, and then my teeth—my poor teeth!—— I must have patience."

During the greater part of the day, he continually heard sometimes the old woman, and sometimes two, three, and four children, who alternately sung, laughed, quarrelled, and fought together. Towards five o'clock a general silence succeeded.

My uncle's stomach openly rebelled against the weak arguments his reason dictated; his teeth were set in motion by a kind of mechanical impulse, and he felt the imperious necessity of eating. He returned to the casement, and perceived, as well as the windows encrusted with dirt would allow him, that the table had been replaced, and was covered with a large dish, flanked with carrots and potatoes. There was not a soul near; but the bolt, the cursed bolt remained still shut. This most excellent repast was only four feet distant from him, and yet he could not touch it—he could not even enjoy the pleasure of its fragrant odour. The situation of my Uncle Thomas would, with great propriety, have formed the second volume of the history of Tantalus.

Necessity is the mother of invention, in every stage of life. To have broken the glass, would have been running too great a risk—the old woman might be in the adjoining chamber. It was by far the safer method to make a passage by the side of the casement; and, besides, the thing was not difficult to perform. Through the ruins of the brick work, he could just reach a part of the tiles that covered the roof of it; he made them the immediate object of his attack; he pushed them this way and that way, and at length had the good fortune to remove several of them. He tore his little nails, and the ends of his fingers were covered with blood; but nothing dismayed him, and he worked away, insensible of pain or fatigue. Eat he must, let what would be the consequence.

At length a tile, which had long resisted his efforts, gave way, and fell on the roof the house, and from the roof rolled into the street, where it unfortunately pitched upon the head of an old lady's *barbet*. She raised a terrible outcry, and mourned her dear *Fidele* in such lamentable notes, that the passengers were moved to compassion. My uncle, secure in his aërial abode, was totally indifferent to what was passing below; he let the old lady cry on till her throat was hoarse, and thrust his little arm through the aperture he had just made. Already his hand was upon the bolt—already he thought the savoury viands were all his own, when, alas! the turning of a key made the room resound with its tremendous din, and forced my uncle to retreat. His indignation and regret at his disappointment, my be better imagined than described.

Night came on, and my uncle was reduced to the last extremity of despair. He resolved to knock against the casement, and submit himself to the mercy of the inhabitants of the garret, relate his deplorable history, and interest their pity in his behalf. He had already stretched forth his neck, and was on the point of striking, when he observed, by the gloomy reflection of a lamp, about ten or twelve chimney-sweepers, who had just finished their supper, and were undressing themselves to retire to rest. The old woman, who had the care of them, had thrown off her tattered petticoat, and covered her bald head with an old dirty cap. Doubtless the lamp would not burn long, and my uncle conceived a project every way worthy of such a hero.

He had had sufficient time to examine the place. The sooty habiliments were strewed at the feet of the straw mattresses, and the soot bags were deposited in a corner behind the door. The few remnants of the supper, with a pitcher of water

remained on the table. The old woman had reached her truckle bed, and blown out the lamp. Darkness befriended his courage and address, but Morpheus still retained his poppies; that is to say, in vulgar dialect, none of the party had yet fallen asleep.

Little Thomas, encouraged by hope, and by that kind of innate pride which a sublime conception ever inspires, moderated his ardour, collected himself, and lent an attentive ear, which at length clearly distinguished a general snore. The young adventurer stripped himself, and threw the relics of Riboulard to the first beggar that thought it worth while to pick them up. He then put his arm through the hole he had made in the day, and luckily hit upon the bolt; he drew it gently, and without the least noise;—behold the casement open!

He stopped awhile to take breath; then advancing on all fours, soon found himself in the room. It may be imagined he had now achieved all that was necessary, and that he had nothing more to perform. Reader, you are mistaken: the darkness of the night, the temerity of the action, all combined to disturb the weak imagination of my uncle. He stopped—he repented having gone so far—he felt a strong inclination to return; but what was he to do on the tiles? He must inevitably be starved to death, or else explore some other casement. Besides, was he sure of finding the same advantages as those fortune now presented him? On the other hand, might he not be detected, and overwhelmed with blows?

"I'faith!" said my uncle, actuated by a sudden impulse of valour, "I had better take advantage of the present moment." And thus saying, he groped his way towards the table; he stretched out his arm, and unfortunately overthrew and broke a jug, which he had overlooked, while with curious eye he was

taking an inventory of the furniture. He was of course dreadfully frightened, and gave himself over for lost. He knew not he was in the midst of those whom the roaring of a twenty-four pounder would not have awakened. Every thing remained quiet, and the snoring increased. My uncle's courage returned in the same proportion.

He immediately began to dine and sup at the same time, and he regaled himself with as much deliberation, and with as much security, as though he had been alone. He had already filled and emptied two or three flaggons of broth, and was continuing his operations.

When he had sufficiently satisfied the cravings of his appetite, he proceeded directly to the soot bags, bedaubed himself from head to foot, and, without further deliberation, threw himself down in the midst of the sleepers.

It was at that time the height of summer; several of the young tribe began to open their eyes, and stretch themselves along. My uncle, whose apprehensions had kept him awake, imitated them in all their actions. They hastily put on their clothes, and my uncle making free with those of one who was still asleep, in two minutes completely decked himself in all the paraphernalia of a chimney-sweeper. They each emptied their sacks, and taking their brushes, proceeded down stairs. My uncle, also furnished with the necessary implements of their trade, descended with them. They all filed off towards the different parts of the city in which they exercised their profession. My uncle, left alone, was enchanted to find himself once more in the street, and absolute master of his actions; he was perfectly persuaded if he should even chance to meet Riboulard, that it would be impossible for him to know him.

Doubtless this *debut* of my uncle's will be considered as a masterpiece, and a certain promise of

his future celebrity. But what was he to do now his stratagem had been crowned with such brilliant success? Was he to limit his talents to that one exploit, or attempt some other bold stroke that should conduct him to glory? The resolution he formed will develope the sequel of this remarkable, and what is more, of this true history.

He had learned, by the experience of the preceding day, that it is ever a proof of wisdom to secure a resource against necessity; because the stomach, however well it may have been stored, becomes subject to inanition in the course of a few hours. He walked about ruminating upon the expedients he should employ, but he could hit upon nothing; in fact no opportunity presented itself, and he had seen but little of the world. There are people who have seen all it is possible to see, and yet possess no greater fund of ideas than my uncle did at that moment. How many such automatons are there, who succeed in their undertakings, without knowing why or how! O Fortune! capricious jade, wilt thou never cease prostituting thyself to blockheads?

My uncle, wrapped in profound meditation, proceeded along the Quay de la Ferraille. He expressed all that astonishment which is so natural to a child, whose peregrinations had never extended farther than the space between the Rue de Prêtres, and the Guard House of the Patrole. Here his eyes were struck with the splendour of a jeweller's shop—there he beheld an old iron stall—further on was a bird-fancier's, at whose door was a parrot screaming and talking, and a marmouset performing his gambols—this sight highly delighted my uncle; at a little distance he espied a gingerbread merchant—he had never tasted any, and now his mouth watered while he contemplated it. How sweet seem those pleasures we covet, and cannot obtain! My uncle remained immoveable near the

merchant; his imagination already devoured the contents of the basket of gingerbread, and he had not power to stir from the spot.

A person who happened to be passing by, observed him, and, amused by the fixed attention of the little sweeper, took off my uncle's black cap, and filling it with cakes, paid the merchant, and returning it, went about his business. My uncle was in an ecstacy at a proceeding he had never been used to, and ran after the gentleman, whom, by his dress, he imagined to be a Count or a Marquis; he pulled him by the skirt of his coat, thanked him in as fine a turned period as he was able, and concluded by observing that he was sure he was his friend, and that he would not leave him. My uncle's countenance was extremely prepossessing before a cursed fellow of an Englishman cut off a part of his nose and cheek. The gentleman smiled on him, and desired him to follow him. Little Thomas did not wait to be bid twice, but capered after him, sometimes on one leg, and sometimes on the other; he thought his fortune made.

They crossed the Pont Neuf, passed the Rue des Saints Peres, and proceeded to that of Saint Dominique, where they entered the court yard of a splendid mansion. The gentleman opened a door on the ground floor, and advancing along a passage of about twelve or fifteen paces, suddenly stopped, and desiring my uncle to sweep all the chimneys, immediately left him.

"Sweep the chimneys!" muttered my uncle; "it is easily said, but not so soon done," thought he. He was ignorant of the first elements of the art; he could not even have given utterance to that shrill and lengthened cry, by which the scullions were summoned from their drowsy slumbers. It was true he had his sack and his shovel, but he neither knew how to use the one or the other. However, he considered himself bound to evince

his gratitude towards his benefactor: he opened his sack, drew forth his brush and shovel, and endeavoured to climb, having previously deposited his cap full of gingerbread under one of the cushions of an elegant gilt sofa.

He measured the ascent with his eye; he stooped, advanced, turned, and returned, but he was unable to get the points of his toes beyond the upper bar of the stove. He possessed that characteristic obstinacy which had already enabled him to overcome so many obstacles; and he swore by his gingerbread that he would ascend the chimney, or break his neck in the attempt.

In order to aid his efforts, he took one of the chairs, drew it towards the fire-place, and mounted on it, without once reflecting that his black feet would but ill accord with the white satin, fringed with gold, with which it was covered. He raised himself up, and creeping on all fours, at length succeeded in obtaining a resting-place for his knees, when a tall lackey, covered over with silver lace, entered the room which was the scene of my uncle's operations. His indignation was excited at the little respect paid by the sweep to the chair, on which his Lord sat every day: he brutally seized my Uncle by the leg, and pulled him into the middle of the fire-place, which happily was cold. My uncle, who was far from wishing to offend any one without just provocation, but who, nevertheless, possessed a certain degree of irritability in his composition which would not brook insult, took up a handful of cinders, which he threw right in his face, and nearly blinded him. While the unfortunate lackey was roaring with pain, and rubbing his eyes, my uncle saluted him with a back-handed stroke of his brush, which presently suffused his visage with streams of blood.

The redoubled cries of the lackey brought three or four of his comrades to his assistance, who, in-

dignant that a chimney-sweeper should have dared to lift his hand against one who had the honour to wear their Lord's livery, immediately assailed the little hero. One gave him a box on the ear, another a blow with his fist, and a third a kick on the breech. My uncle, dismayed at this superabundance of discipline, ran trembling from room to room; his valorous adversaries pursued him with celerity, not for the purpose of repeating their blows, but because he approached their Lord's study, where, though they did not suppose he was present, they yet dreaded the idea of its being sullied by the vile footsteps of a chimney-sweeper.

My uncle, who had not the least conception of what a Lord was, approached the door of the cabinet; he turned the lock, entered, and perceived a handsome, fine-dressed lady, who was amusing herself at her writing-table. He immediately squatted down behind her, and wrapped himself beneath her petticoats.

It may well be imagined that if the lady was astonished at this unexpected apparition, she was no less surprised at the familiar manners of the little devil. The servants who had respectfully stopped at the door, were summoned to appear. They related the adventure, as is usually the case with such gentry, entirely in their own favour. My uncle thrust his head between the lady's legs, and lifting her petticoats as high as her knees, immediately gave them the lie direct. The lady was obliged to spring to one side, in order to disengage herself from the little sweep, who clung close to her She sat herself down and burst into a loud fit of laughter at the scene before her. At length she endeavoured to ascertain the real fact. She alternately interrogated both my uncle and the servants. The latter, who could not but tremble in the presence of their mistress, stammered, and seemed confused; my uncle, on the contrary, encouraged by the good na-

tured and affable manners of the lady, immediately addressed her, nor did he conclude until he had related how Riboulard had given him the small-pox—how he had endeavoured to deprive him of his teeth—how, on the other hand, he had bit off a part of the serjeant's finger, and of Doctor Carabin's breech—how he had lived on the tiles—how he had procured the dress of a chimney-sweeper—how a fine gentleman had treated him with gingerbread, which he had not yet tasted—how, in return for it, he was ordered to sweep all the chimneys of the castle—how he had been attacked—and how he had revenged himself.

"I am sorry," added he, "that I have spoiled the chair; but you know, my dear lady, that without its assistance I never could have got into the chimney."

The lady, who was highly amused by details so perfectly new to her, remarked, as well as the soot with which my uncle's face was covered would allow her, the expressive eye and animated countenance of the young orator. When he had finished, she desired he might be cleaned and dressed, and again brought to her.

The kicks and cuffs my uncle had received, were succeeded by all the attentions and good offices the servants could bestow. It was clear her Ladyship had taken the little sweep under her protection. One of the lackeys, without the least repugnance, presented him his hand, and conducted him to his wife, who had the honour to be in the lady's service, and who was the mother of a son about my uncle's age, which her Ladyship had never condescended to take the least notice of; so true it is, that in high life as well as in low, every fortunate event is the result of the moment.

"Stop!" exclaimed my uncle, as he passed by the grand apartment from which he had just been driven, "let me see whether my gingerbread is

safe. It is under the cushion of that sofa," said he to the valet, who at the first word hastened to look for it; a third ran before his comrade, and soon returned with my uncle's cap under his arm. The first still conducted him along by the hand; the two others followed, laughing at the whim of their Lady; and as to the fourth, he was gone to the pump, to wash the blood from his face.

My uncle, conducted by this grand escort, entered the house of Madame Julia; he was immediately plunged into a tub of warm water, and rubbed over with almond-paste and milk; he was then presented with an entire new shirt, and a suit of clothes that had been made for a little page. While every one was jealous of contributing something towards the decoration of his person, my uncle quietly munched his gingerbread, and at the same time contemplated himself, with an air of self-satisfaction, in every glass he was tall enough to reach.

"Am I not mistaken?" said the lady, when she saw him enter; "he is really a pretty child. He seems to have a natural genius, and to be a boy of spirit. He may be made something of. Let Monsieur Dugnés be called."

Dugnés was the *factotum* of the house; he was the same gentleman who had met my uncle on the Quai de la Ferraille. He received orders to provide him with a more suitable dress, and was strictly enjoined to have it ready in the course of the day.—A charming poet has said—

"A virgin's soft wishes no power can control,
"Love's passion's a flame that consumes her whole soul;
"But a virgin's desires, though like wax in the sun,
"Are a hundred times fiercer when felt by a NUN."

I believe it may be said with justice, that the desires of a lady of quality are far more violent than either.

Doubtless the reader must wish to know who this lady of quality was, who so interested herself on behalf of my uncle.—I am just going to tell him.

She was the Duchess of Almanza who never left her bed till two o'clock in the afternoon, when a certain young and handsome Prelate always attended her at her toilet, in order to endeavour to work her conversion. Notwithstanding the rapid progress she made in her journey towards Heaven, she could not avoid being jealous of her husband, the Spanish Ambassador. He was at that time at Versailles. In order to clear up those suspicions, which were not altogether without foundation, her Ladyship had risen this day by six in the morning, and had searched over all the papers in his cabinet, in hopes of finding some letters, which however were not there. It was just at that moment my uncle took refuge beneath her petticoats.

To be jealous of a husband, whom she was at the same time deceiving, was a little extraordinary;—the truth was, the Duke was amiable, and the Duchess was glad to have his company when she could not get better.

CHAPTER IV.

What my Uncle did while he was at the Ambassador's House.

FRANCE, at this period, had not been attacked with what may properly be termed the *Anglomania*. It never entered the head of her Ladyship to dress my uncle like a jockey. A complete full dress suit of sky-blue, edged with silver lace, and the seams beautifully embroidered, his hair collected in a large bag, that reached half way down his back, his toupee frizzed and powdered, and surmounted with a hat and feather—and behold my uncle completely dressed, and strutting about like a popinjay, with a napkin under his arm, anxiously waiting the moment to attend his benefactress.

"He is charming—he is charming!" said the Duchess, as she entered the dining-room. "I shall not suffer him to wait at table—he shall attend me as my page in my own apartment."

My uncle was instantly installed in her Ladyship's private cabinet, where he passed his time in indolent magnificence, between a paroquet and a monkey. He seized every opportunity that presented itself of stealing down a private staircase, and amusing himself with the different spectacles with which the street abounded. But whenever the Sovereign Princess of a German Principality, two leagues square, paid the ambassadress a visit, he was immediately recalled, and ordered to walk up and down to and fro, right and left, and talk and sing for their amusement, as the Princess was sure to admire his spirit and gracefulness. After this ceremony he was left to amuse himself with the paroquet and the monkey; then the ladies would call him back, pat

him on the cheek, and kiss him. Tired with this amusement, they would begin to torment the poor monkey; then they would make my uncle open his mouth, and, from the farther end of the room, throw cakes and plums for him to catch. It was truly charming pastime for ladies of quality;—if he happened to catch what they threw at him, they would laugh heartily, and when they were fatigued with laughing, they would dismiss him; or, if the humour caught them, would amuse themselves by giving him a few hard blows, in order to enjoy the pleasure of hearing him cry—it was delightful sport, and my uncle was a charming little fellow.

The laced clothes, the cakes, and the blows soon disgusted my uncle. He never felt himself happy but when he was at the lodge among the servants, or at the house of Madame Julia; there he played and ate as much as he pleased. He would have been the happiest child in the world, could he have confined his duties to those two places; but alas! he was only another little animal placed in her Ladyship's menagerie, and he had formidable rivals in the paroquet and the monkey.

My uncle at first found it necessary to ingratiate himself into the favour of the Prelate; but two or three visits from a young officer changed the scene. Her Ladyship even smiled when he untied the golden cross suspended at his Eminence's button-hole, and hung it round the monkey's neck, or threw his hat out of the window. The successor of St. Peter soon judged, by the conduct of the servant, of the disposition of the mistress; he quitted her in order to exercise his apostolic duties, where they would be more attended to—it was all she wanted.

The Officer was succeeded by a Judge, who, in his turn, was dismissed for a Captain of Life Guards. He was obliged to give place to a new gallant; and, from time to time, her love of variety would induce her to attach herself to his Excellency the Ambassador.

Such a multiplicity of business necessarily occupied a considerable portion of the lady's time, and my uncle was of course much neglected. He was left without any other companions than the parroquet and the monkey, with whose services she was no less wearied than with those of the Officer, the Judge, the Captain of Life Guards, and his successor. Her Ladyship was of a most volatile disposition; she was continually changing the objects of her attachment and she called that enjoying life.

She had an only son, whom she condescended to see for about a minute every day, and whom she afterwards abandoned to the care and superintendance of an accomplished, well-bred Governor, who paid his court to her waiting-maid, and taught his pupil the important secret that he was the son of a Spanish Grandee of the first rank.

The Ambassador sometimes, though it is very rare among persons of quality, attended to his own affairs. He one day took it into his head, foolishly enough to be sure, to examine into the progress his son had made in his education, and he was quite astonished to find that, at the age of nine years, he could scarce read a word. He immediately ordered Monsieur Dugnés to send my Uncle Thomas to school; for he entertained not the smallest doubt that the advancement in learning made by the base offspring of a plebeian, would rouse the emulation of the young Duke.

Dugnés conducted my uncle to a celebrated schoolmaster, and the local customs of the seminary at first inspired him with a most violent aversion. He was firmly persuaded of the inutility of learning; he could not conceive it natural to be compelled to remain fixed to his form, when he wished to be at play; or to sit immoveable, when he panted to exercise his hands and feet. He could never reconcile to his mind the idea of keeping his eyes intent on his book, while he wanted to catch butterflies; or

of praying night and morning to God, who never returned him any answer. He thought it perfectly inconsistent that he should not have the liberty of retiring to perform the common occupations of nature, without asking the leave of the schoolmaster. The first day he wished the pedant at the devil; the second, he tore his spelling-book, and dog's-eared those of his schoolfellows; the third, he played truant, and passed the time he should have been at school, in playing with boys of his own age. The master, out of regard to the ambassador, dared not to correct him, or even to use the least remonstrance. He authorized my uncle to do just as he pleased; all he cared for was to receive his money when it was due.

Thomas had not a wish to form, and he led a life perfectly suited to his taste: well clothed, well fed, and nothing to do but to amuse himself with his companions. But as no earthly enjoyment is permanent, an unexpected accident soon interrupted his pleasures. He was one day abandoned to an excess of joy, in the midst of his juvenile comrades, when suddenly he felt his ear pulled with extreme violence. He immedately seized a large stone, which he was on the point of throwing at the assailant—when, O horror! Monsieur Riboulard appeared before him!

"Ah ha! have I caught you at last, my little fellow?—Upon my word, you are very fine—this dress has made a wonderful alteration. Come along with me, my little hero;" at the same time squeezing his ear as though it had been in a vice.

My uncle, who had learned a few tricks by his intercourse with the gay world, soon made him loose his hold, by the application of two or three well-aimed kicks at his shins. When he found himself at liberty, he boldly exclaimed—

"I belong to the Ambassadress of Spain—respect me, or I shall make you repent."

My grandfather already anticipated the silver lace in the melting pot; besides, he considered that his

rights over the son of his wife were superior to those of the ambassadress; he paid no regard to the menaces of my uncle, but running after him, seized him, and throwing him across his shoulder, as if he had been a portmanteau he was conveying to a stage, carried him off, in spite of his cries, to his house.

My uncle roared out to his companions to go to the Ambassador's Palace, ask for Monsieur Dugnés, and inform him that Riboulard had taken him away. His companions, who were constantly regaled at his expense, immediately proceeded to execute his commission.

In the mean time, the varlet Riboulard arrived with my uncle at the Rue des Prêtres. The poor little fellow was tumbled down at the foot of the narrow, dirty, dark staircase, and compared the lot he had lately enjoyed with that which now, in all probability, awaited him. He kicked, and defended himself as well as he was able; but Riboulard, who was no longer overawed by the presence of the multitude, ever prone to espouse the side of the weakest, took the scabbard of his old rusty sword, and began to play the father-in-law. He drove my uncle before him nor, did he suspend for a single second the blows he rained upon his shoulders, back, and sides. This was the amicable mode in which my uncle was restored to his *penates*, or household gods; or, if you like the phrase better, reinstated in his ancient habitation.

As the criminal codes of all nations declare that every crime is attended with its punishment, Riboulard arrogated to himself the different capacities of judge, advocate, witness, sheriff, and executioner. Rosalia, my affectionate grandmother, was unfortunately at confession—alas! she would have opposed the inflexible Riboulard—she would have defended the blood of the innocent:—But the cruel sentence was pronounced—In an instant my uncle was reduced to the same state in which he was when his mother placed him in the cheese-plate—he was tied to the

bed-post, and Riboulard bastinadoed him with his sword-belt till he was fatigued with the exertion, alleging, with some degree of reason, that it was unpardonable for a child, born of honest parents, to dishonour them by running away, and becoming a lackey.

"I was a page," exclaimed my uncle, grinding his teeth at every blow; but this distinction availed him not; Riboulard still continued his castigation.

That not the least traces of my uncle's servitude might remain, he threw him an old pair of breeches, desiring him to be careful of them, because they belonged to his Majesty, and had been worn by a brave soldier; he went out, taking my uncle's clothes under his arm, and hastened to sell the lace to a jew, and the rest to a salesman.

Thomas, almost scourged to death, and still tied to the bed-post, for some time vented curses at Riboulard, while his eyes streamed with tears; but as no one can perpetually continue cursing and weeping, he at length became appeased, and wisely judged that the best step he could take, would be to make his escape, and avoid a second, or perhaps a third flagellation. He set his wits to work to disencumber himself of the cord that constrained him, but Riboulard knew too well how to fasten a knot; he had been long used to the trade of securing the wrists of pick-pockets, and gentry of the same description, for the purpose of conveying them to the Conciergerie or the Chatelet. My uncle's endeavours to loose himself were exerted to no purpose.

Necessity is ever the mother of Invention and Industry. No sooner was my uncle convinced that his hands were too feeble to restore him to liberty, than he had recourse to his teeth, of which, happily, Riboulard had not deprived him; he began to gnaw the cord, and sever it by piecemeal. At the expiration of about half an hour, he found himself in a condition to commence a second aërial voyage; for the crafty

serjeant had carefully locked the door—there was no passage free but the casement leading to the tiles.

My uncle perfectly well knew the way to the chimney-sweeper's garret; indeed it was the only accessible retreat he could find when he made his first excursion; but how could he venture to return there, after having carried off the complete dress of one of the little inmates?—He thought if he had the means of making some compensation, all would be well. One reflection brings on another. My uncle concluded that he might fairly appropriate to his own use a part of the property of Riboulard. As it is natural to be delighted at the idea of obtaining any singular advantage without much trouble, he could not avoid smiling at the thought which that instant struck him. He seized the serjeant's halbert, and exercised the point of it with such a hearty good-will, that in a few minutes he forced open a closet in which the whole of his warbrobe was secreted. My uncle's imagination grasped the whole of his moveables; at the same time he rightly considered that a complete suit of Riboulard's uniform would be of infinitely more value than a simple pair of breeches, with a large hole in the back part of them. Without further hesitation he made free with the best part of the property he could find; a ruffled shirt, a pair of new pantaloons, a waistcoat to match it, which reached to his knees, a coat that had never been used but at one review, and which hung also down to his heels, a silver laced hat, a handful of crowns in each pocket; and thus equipped, behold my uncle once more on the roof of the house, inwardly rejoicing at the despair Riboulard would experience, and at the idea of having amply revenged himself for the ill treatment he had received.

It is a common thing for mankind to enjoy what they possess, without troubling themselves about the means by which it was acquired. My uncle felt

a kind of repugnance at making restitution to the old woman whom he had so lately plundered. It required only a single suggestion, good or bad, to make him direct his course another way;—it will readily be supposed that one immediately presented itself to his imagination. My uncle reflected that the old woman might not be contented with the value of what he had carried off; that perhaps he would be ill treated, or in all probability plundered. He instantly made up his mind; the old woman's habitation was to the left, he directed his steps to the right.

After having traversed five or six houses between Riboulard and himself, his first care was to sit quietly down, place the laced hat between his knees, and count his money. It is always a satisfaction to know how much one is worth.

"Thirty-two crowns and six franks—how much is that?" said my uncle; "'faith, I know not," he replied; "but this I know, that with thirty-two crowns and six franks I can live thirty two-months; I shall by that time be almost a man, and able to thrash Monsieur Riboulard, if I happen to meet him.—Enough said—let us proceed."

After having advanced for some time, he perceived a window open, and entered it without the least ceremony. The idea of having a pocket full of money inspired him with confidence; he looked about him, resolved to address a handsome compliment to the first person he should meet. He found no one in the room. On one side he perceived a quantity of wet linen, and on the other a large fire, between the bars of which were several irons; he instantly concluded that he was in the apartment of a laundress.

He would willingly have gained the street that moment; but the laundress, no less prudent than Riboulard, had locked the door. My uncle, who

rightly considered that it would be best to see the lady, and learn something of her character before he exposed himself to the danger of a discovery, adopted the precaution of putting out every spark of the fire, having previously paid a visit to the pantry, a preliminary he never failed to attend to; he then concealed himself in the chimney-corner. He had scarce reached his hiding-place, than he heard a noise; he listened and observed attentively, in order to ascertain what kind of a woman he had to deal with.

She entered the room singing, a circumstance from which he augured favourably. The votaries of Mirth are generally good-humoured. She approached, and my uncle thought her beautiful. He was not yet acquainted with the difference that exists between an ordinary and a handsome woman; but an agreeable countenance pleases at all ages, and my uncle was quite delighted with the laundress. He was on the point of opening his mouth to say, "Mademoiselle," and of course something besides, when some one gently tapped at the door. My uncle repressed his tongue.

They were two Cordeliers, or Grey Friars, of most portly mien.

"Mademoiselle," said the first, with a hypocritical air, "are our bands ready?"

"Enter!" said the second, in a determined tone of voice, "do you not perceive she is alone?"

The Friar thus saying, seized her by the hand, and embraced her with an appearance of affection; nevertheless there was something in the ardour of his look and manner that determined my uncle to remain silent at his post. He soon applauded himself for his precaution; for the Friar, without the least explanation, took Louisa by the arm, drew her towards a bed, which stood in corner of the room, and threw her down.

"Oh the villain!" said my uncle to himself, "to treat a pretty girl with so much cruelty; if he uses her so, no doubt he will kill me."

He kept himself quiet. In the meantime the other Friar drew from beneath his cloak a large cake, and two bottles of wine, and spread the table-cloth. Louisa came up, with her dress all disordered, her cheeks crimsoned with blushes, and a smile on her countenance.

"Hold," said my uncle again to himself, "surely she is fond of being ill used—it is very odd, however."

The Father who had arranged the collation, seized Louisa by the waist, and threw her on the carpet; after which they all three sat down at the table together.

"'Faith!" said my uncle, "this Louisa must be a strange sort of a girl. She, however, has not the least malice, though they have used her so ill; if they had served me so, I would not have not sat down with them. Ah! perhaps she is afraid to do otherwise, lest they should repeat their ill-treatment. I will mark the house as soon as I get away; and, if I ever return to the Ambassador's Palace, I will relate the whole affair to his Excellency, who will, no doubt, see the villains punished as they deserve."

Here my uncle, for whom the collation had no charms, as he did not partake of it, fell fast asleep.

He never could inform me what was done with Louisa after the collation. He presumed, and I am of the same opinion, that they repeated their ill usage; but, as it would be imprudent to run the risk of calumniating so respectable an Order, as that of the Grey Friars, we will studiously avoid relating suppositions in the room of facts.

My uncle, whose ideas were not very connected when he was asleep, had quite forgot where he was; he suddenly stretched himself as if he had been in bed, and when he recovered his recollection, found

himself rolling along the floor. Louisa, whom this unusual noise disturbed and terrified, demanded, with a trembling voice, who was there. You may judge, from this circumstance, that the night had closed, and it was quite dark.

My uncle, whose imagination was continually filled with the adventure of the two Fathers maltreating Louisa, knew not whether they had retired, or were still in the room; and dreading lest he should become the object of their vengeance, prudently declined answering this first interrogation. He thought some other voice repeated it from a different part of the room. He endeavoured to creep under the bed, and happily arrived there. He thought himself in safety, at least for the present moment, when suddenly his hand caught hold of a naked leg; the leg immediately retreated, and he, or she, to whom it belonged, uttered a loud and most lamentable cry. My uncle, alarmed, retired also, and fled to the opposite wall; there he listened attentively, and endeavoured to penetrate the darkness that surrounded him; he neither heard nor saw any thing.

The proprietor of the leg, emboldened by so long a silence, ventured to take the tinder-box towards the chimney corner, near which my uncle stood without knowing it. The two adversaries were now face to face, and almost breathed on each other. This approximation made my uncle shiver, even to the marrow of his bones; he endeavoured to steal away, and he stretched out his arms, to avoid breaking his head in case he should fall. He unfortunately struck the tinder-box, which instantly fell from the hand of him, or her, he was trying to get away from; the other, who felt the apparatus, which he thought he held fast, vanish from his grasp, was seized with additional terror, and uttering a cry still louder than the former, immediately took to his heels. He, or she, whichever it was,

ran full butt up against my uncle, and down they both came together;—they roared and struggled with all their might to disengage themselves and at-length one rolled to the left, and the other to the right.

"Ah my God! my God!" exclaimed a third voice, "my neighbours were right when they told me if I had any thing to do with priests, the devil would not fail to pay me a visit. Ah my God! my God! in the name of the Holy Virgin—I conjure thee, malignant spirit! answer, what is it you want with me?"

"Open the door," said my uncle, whose presence of mind immediately turned the circumstance to his advantage.

"O! most willingly!" replied the timorous Louisa.

In fact she did open it, and my uncle decamped with as little noise as possible; he kept tight hold of the balustrades, and rather seemed to fly than run down; he looked for the bolt of the street-door, found it, drew it back, and once more breathed the air of liberty on the King's highway.

If my uncle had had a little more experience, he would have known that a couple of Grey Friars, who had spent the whole afternoon with a laundress, would, in all probability, prefer passing the night in their own cells; and besides the rules of their order obliged them to be home before ten. He would have profited by the opportunity, for, to say the truth, Louisa was really an object of admiration. But, far from having such thoughts, he felicitated himself at having got out safe and sound; he had no doubt that the three voices he had heard proceeded solely from Louisa, who changed her intonations according as she was more or less agitated by fear.

My uncle, enchanted at finding himself in the street, directed his steps towards the Pont Neuf, with which he was as well acquainted as with his mo-

ther. He proposed passing the remainder of the night under La Samaritaine, and revolve in his mind how he should spend his money agreeably, before he returned to the service of the Ambassador, or such other great Lord as should be taken with his figure.

He was trotting along, when a Foot Patrole passed near him. The corporal who commanded it examined, by the light of the lamps, the strange beteroclite figure he cut. He sagaciously considered that no one could have been so fantastically dressed without some extraordinary reason, which it could not but be important for the police to penetrate; and he therefore ordered my uncle, in the King's name, to stop. He summoned him to declare where he had stolen the complete uniform of a serjeant of his corps, and how he dared presume to wear it?

My uncle related the whole truth with the utmost ingenuousness; but as a corporal is strictly forbid laughing while he is under arms, the latter listened with the most undisturbed seriousness of aspect, and declared he must conduct the little orator to the Ambassador's Palace, in order to ascertain the truth of the facts he had alleged; and with regard to the clothes and money taken from Riboulard, as he had not been made a serjeant but by passing over the head of him, the corporal, the whole of his property should belong to whoever it pleased Heaven and my uncle.

The corporal and his guard presented themselves respectfully at the gate of the Duke's Palace. It was midnight, or thereabout, and the officer of the watch thought his communication would have been confined to one of the valets. He would have been shocked at the idea of disturbing his Lordship, but it happened they were celebrating the birth of a child at the Palace, and it was the scene of joy and tumult, Dugnés, who was running to and fro

giving directions, happened to cross the court-yard when the Patrole made their appearance; he recognised my uncle, heard his recital, and thought it a favourable opportunity of diverting the august assembly; he therefore sent the officer and his people, who desired no better luck, to regale themselves in the kitchen. He then took Thomas by the hand, and led him to the Ambassador.

The latter, who dearly loved to laugh at the expense of others, particularly after supper, made my uncle set down at the table. The Lords and Ladies immediately began to survey the little animal that appeared before them. A Prince wisely remarked that he exactly resembled the dogs he had seen dancing in the streets.

My uncle was obliged to relate, with a loud and distinct voice, the adventures he had met with in the course of the day.—Among other incidents, the history of Louisa and the two Grey Friars afforded the highest entertainment to the ladies; three or four of them inquired the name of the holy Father who had so rudely seized her by the arm, and thrown her down, but my uncle declared he had not heard his name mentioned. The company redoubled their laughter when my uncle fell on his knees, and implored the Ambassador to revenge poor Louisa, and punish the two Monks.

"S'death!" exclaimed the Ambassador to the Lieutenant of Police, who was among the number of his guests, "you ought to inquire into this affair, and have the cause brought formally before you;—it would be admirable."

"If your Excellency pleases, it shall be so.—I will only suppose, out of regard to the Clergy, that these two varlets were disguised as Grey Friars, and were no ways connected with that respectable Order; and I will answer for it that their Superiors will not claim them."

The conversation afterwards turned upon fashions, politics, and the Theatres; all these subjects were discussed at the same moment. A *petit-maitre* related, in a whisper, the scandal of the day, but sufficiently loud to be heard by every one.

My uncle, who had nothing more to relate, was disregarded, and returned to his friend Dugnés, who kindly set before him several plates full of meat, which he devoured with surprising dexterity; he then sent him to bed, desiring him to dispose of the serjeant's cash and accoutrements as he thought proper. This conclusion singularly flattered my uncle, and disposed him to the enjoyment of a good night's rest.—Reader, I wish you the same.—If this book possesses a soporific virtue, it is at least good for something.

CHAPTER V.

An Examination before the Lieutenant of Police.

LET us go back a little, and return to what passed at the Palace while my uncle had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the avaricious and merciless Riboulard.

His little companions and playfellows remained petrified with astonishment when they beheld him so suddenly carried off; for the most serious affairs, as well as the most insignificant, may be judged of by the analogy they bear to our interests. Thus, for instance, a King experiences a sensation of grief when a neighbouring Monarch deprives him of a province; his feelings are actuated by the idea, that the usurper who has taken a part of his dominions, may, by an accession of power and strength, deprive him of the whole. Thus a Minister endeavours to make his master the prototype of sovereigns, for this reason, that Mæcenas would never have been talked of, if he had not been the Prime Minister of the King of Ivetot.—Thus an Officer, without talents, cannot get advanced but by rotation; and he complains when a preference is shown to merit, that it is wrong, discourages old veterans, and stifles emulation. Thus a Prelate defends his religion, which he has almost forgot, because it furnishes the means of supporting his mistresses, horses, equipage, and splendid establishment. Thus the financier attests the probity of his colleagues when it is attacked, because he is sensible he is equally implicated in their censure, and because he is desirous that none but the initiated should know the secrets of the trade. Thus a

kept mistress rails against a handsome woman who deprives another of one or two of her lovers, because she has had the good fortune not to lose her's. Thus an author, who is not puffed up with vanity, regrets the failure of a new piece, because the same thing may happen to himself the next day. Thus indifferent poets praise ignorant writers, because where fools are not despised, those who are a degree above them, are sure to be honoured. Thus the companions of Thomas wished to rescue him, because his return would bring back those advantages they regularly derived from his liberality.

They therefore immediately proceeded in search of Monsieur Dugnés, and when they found him, raised their voices in defence of persecuted innocence. Dugnés, who always loved my uncle, related the story to his Lady, the Ambassadress. She, in whose eyes my uncle had no other merit than that of novelty, and who had for some time ceased to remember him, scarce listened to Dugnés, but began to talk about her new carriage, and her box at the Opera. Dugnés, who perfectly well knew the weak side of people of quality, and the sensible fibre that vibrates their hearts, replied that a low, base-born wretch, a varlet had dared to despise the sacred rights of Ambassadors. The Ambassadress, who was as tenacious of her prerogatives as she was undeserving of them, immediately burst into a violent passion. She hastened away to her secretary; in her hurry she overthrew a complete set of China, and trod upon her monkey's tail. She took a sheet of gilt paper, and wrote, with her own hand, a long letter of four lines to the Lieutenant of Police. She demanded my uncle in the name of the King of Spain, and made his detention an affair between Potentate and Potentate.

Thomas was sleeping quietly in the chimney-corner of Louisa's apartment, while two powerful States were on the point of declaring war against

each other on his account. However, the condescension of the Lieutenant of Police, and the measures he took in the course of the morning, obtained him the honour of an invitation in the evening.

Dugnés repaired with the letter to the house of the Lieutenant of Police. The latter protested, in a letter also written with his own hand, that he should feel himself but too happy in embracing any opportunity of rendering a service to the Ambassadress, who by the by, he had never seen in his life; and immediately a guard was sent away to the Rue des Prêtres, with orders to clap Monsieur Riboulard in prison, without any further information, because it was not possible that the Ambassadress of Spain should be in the wrong.

Dugnés was politely invited to accompany the guard who was to restore to liberty the interesting personage, about whom the Duchess made so great a stir.

The commanding Officer and Dugnés passed through the market-place; the eyes of the Spaniard were struck with surprise at the laced coat of my uncle hanging at an old clothes shop. Riboulard had discovered in the same individual a Jew and a broker, and the honest dealer made no hesitation in purchasing the whole bargain; because he knew it would exactly answer for the little lackey of some rich upstart, who might wish to pass for a great Lord in Germany or England.

Dugnés, by virtue of his office of Principal Secretary to the Duke, of course was perfectly acquainted with the laws; he recollectcted the old axiom, that *a man has a right to take his property wherever he finds it;* acting upon this principle, he seized the whole suit, and threw it into his carriage.

"Five hundred franks, Sir," said the broker, stretching out his arm, and extending the palm of

his hand; "five hundred franks—I cannot make the least abatement. Examine it—it has hardly been worn;—it is a livery which a tailor made for a postilion belonging to the Cardinal de Rohan, but it did not exactly fit him."

"Have a care," said the officer of the Guard, "or I shall send you to prison for buying goods stolen from an Ambassador."

"But, Sir"——

"From a Duke."

"I assure you I bought them"——

"From his Excellency the Ambassador of Spain."

"I gave a fair price for them."

"From the Representative of his Catholic Majesty."

"He was an Officer of the Patrole—a very respectable man."

"Drive on, coachman;—let me hear no more of his noise."

The coachman drove away, and stopped at Riboulard's house.

He was in his chamber, walking up and down with hasty strides; tearing with one hand the few hairs he had left, and with the other repeatedly striking his forehead. He suddenly stopped, with an air of consternation, before his wardrobe, which had been broke open and pillaged, and began to stamp and swear.

"A truce with these antics, Monsieur Riboulard," said the Officer, "and tell me what you have done with Thomas?

"O the little villain!—Look, look, Sir; my Sunday uniform—my blood—my entrails—my money!—he has robbed me of all, and made his escape through the window, after having broke the cord with which I had tied him to the bed-post!"

"I do not want to hear a history—it is Thomas I demand at your hands."

"I am relating no history, Sir;—you may perceive, by my despair, that I am telling the truth."

"Truth or not," said the other, "to prison you must go till Thomas is found."

"But, Sir, I have done nothing wrong."

"Wrong or right, to prison you must go. The Lieutenant of Police has so ordered it, and it is the pleasure of the Ambassadress."

Riboulard lamented his hard fate, and packing up a few necessaries, prepared to surrender himself, on his parole of honour, to the dungeons of the Abbaye. The broker had followed the carriage of Dugnés, without any other intention than that of obtaining some indemnification. He made the necessary inquiries in the Rue des Prêtres, and ascertained the dwelling of the vender of the goods;—he arrived at his house, and on his entrance commenced the second act of the farce, the first of which had been represented in the market-place.

The Officer of the Guard cared very little whether the broker was satisfied or not, and he left him entirely at liberty to threaten and assail Riboulard as much as he pleased; for whether the latter went to prison in a whole skin, or with his nose broke, and his sides black and blue, was of no consequence; but what raised his ire, was to see the broker, who, finding he could get nothing by his attack upon the serjeant, and observing the closet open, endeavoured to reimburse himself, by seizing indiscriminately whatever he could lay his hands on. Riboulard recovered his courage, and bawled out to the Officer to secure the robber. The Officer, glad of an opportunity of proving his zeal and activity to the Lieutenant of Police, endeavoured to seize the broker. In the mean time, Dugnés, who found he could not obtain possession of Thomas, contented himself for the moment with the recovery of his clothes,

and left the parties to arrange their dispute as well as they could.

The Spaniard was already in the street, and in search of his coachman, who was regaling himself at a neighbouring public-house, when an enormous mass, which fell from the top of the house, brushed the corner of his hat, and made him leap six yards backwards. It was an astonishing leap, but fear makes a man active. The cause of the fright of Monsieur Dugnés was this.

The Officer, whose bravery was unequalled when he had six to one on his side, did not much care to approach the broker too near; he contented himself with bolting the door to prevent his escape. The broker, who was sensible, that sooner or later a reinforcement would assure the victory to his assailant, immediately formed his resolution: he precipitated himself through the same passage that was so familiar to my uncle, determining, at some future period, to exercise his privilege as a citizen of Paris, and bring an action against Riboulard for recovery of his money.

But he possessed not the intrepidity of Thomas, and his head turned giddy the moment he got upon the tiles;—the Officer advanced towards the casement, and gained courage by the terror of his adversary; he besides felt himself animated by the presence of thirty or more spectators, whom the noise had drawn together in the street below.—Nothing has a greater tendency to inspire courage than the attention of a number of spectators; perhaps this is the reason why a man, who trembles at hearing a mouse run across his room at midnight, thinks nothing of cutting his own, or a fellow-creature's throat in open day.

The Officer appeared on the tiles with a resolute air and began to pursue the broker; he affected to take ample strides, but, however, took especial care

to secure one foot before he put down the other; he gained very little ground of the broker, who scrambled along on his hands and knees as well as he could.

"He will catch him!" exclaimed several of the neighbours, from their windows.

"No, he will not," cried others.

The Officer at length seized him by the foot; the other gave him a kick, which made him lose his equilibrium; the violence of the blow also made him let go the broker's foot and was fatal to both of them, for they rolled together from the roof to the gutter, and from the gutter into the street. The Officer pitched on the top of Dugnes's carriage, and broke his leg; the broker fell upon the box, and with his weight, killed the Danish dog of his Excellency, who was quietly sitting there, contemplating the scene around him.

The circumstances of a Serjeant of the Patrole being sent to prison, an Officer of the Life Guards breaking his leg, and a broker escaping breaking his neck, were sufficient to have satisfied even the pride of a queen. Thus the Ambassadress could not avoid expressing her satisfaction to the Lieutenant of Police; and she deemed it incumbent on her, as I have before said, to invite him to her Gala in the evening.

The festival was nearly concluded, and the Lieutenant of Police, whose full bottomed wig and dress suit were disordered, in consequence of the familiarities he had indulged in with the ladies, thought proper to retire before daylight, in order that the dignity of his character might not suffer exposure; besides, he had to decide several important causes in the morning, and a little repose was necessary, to clear his brain, and restore him to the perfect enjoyment of his intellectual faculties.

He had promised the Duke a burlesque scene at the expense of Louisa and her gallants. Dugnés who was as much of a philosopher as a Spaniard can be, determined not to be absent from an audience which promised to afford a new chapter to the eccentricities of the human mind. He repaired early to the Court where his Lordship was to take his seat; he planted himself behind the council seat, in order to hear what was going forward, without interruption; in that situation he took notes of what you are now going to read. He did not publish them immediately, for he was one of those who studiously avoided doing any thing to disoblige persons in office, at least as long as they held their places.

SCENE—THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

*Enter two Gentlemen, dressed in velvet coats, embroidered waistcoats, swords by their sides, and their hats under their arms.—Doubtless they must be persons of great importance;—we shall see that presently.**

Bertrand. "Already at the audience, my dear Michaud?"

Michaud. "You are no less punctual, my dear Bertrand."

Bertrand. "Punctuality costs nothing, and it is agreeable to his Lordship."

Michaud. "You are right; it is always best to show ourselves attentive."

Bertrand. "You are of the same way of thinking as myself; the principles in which we have been educated, I perceive, are the same."

Michaud. "And our principles are right, therefore fortune favours us;—the great court us, the

* This statement is strictly true; the names of the personages only are changed.

the vulgar fear us, our superiors esteem us, and our affairs go on prosperously."

Bertrand. "The vulgar are, however, far from feeling that veneration we ought to inspire—they indulge themselves, at times, in expressions, and even in gestures."

Michaud. "What situation in life is there that has not its inconveniences?—Our's is not less one of the most important in Paris."

Bertrand. You are modest. The Inspectors of Police, my friend, are the first men in the kingdom. The King governs France, the Ministers govern the King, his Lordship governs the Ministers, and we govern his Lordship."

Michaud. "I perceive a great fund of philosophy in what you say; there is, however, one circumstance which was escaped you."

Bertrand. "What is that."

Michaud. "That his Lordship is extremely fortunate in having such assistance."

Bertrand. "'Faith, I believe so, indeed; what would he do without us? Dupont is a mere bungler; Nicolas grows old; and Lecourt"——

Michaud. "O! as to him, he will, no doubt, make a great man. What vigilance—what dexterity—what cunning!—No scruples of conscience—no ties of nature; neither relations nor friends;—he considers all natural affections and sentiments of the heart as childish prejudices;—truly he is endowed with rare qualities!"

Bertrand. "I perceive in him nothing more than the qualities necessary for one in his situation. Do you know, my friend, there are few men calculated to make good Inspectors of Police? What a union of talents does our profession require! *Apropos*, you have doubtless made some discovery."

Michaud. "I never make my appearance at the Police audience, unless I have something to bring forward. And you"——

Bertrand. "If I had nothing to offer, I would invent something." (*Here Monsieur Bertrand assumed an affected tone of voice!*) "My good friend, I have an affair to consult you upon, which embarrasses me."

Michaud. "Bertrand embarrassed—that is somewhat extraordinary."

Bertrand. "It is, perhaps, the first time, but however so the fact is. We are alone—I will profit by the opportunity—(*whispering.*)—I wish to introduce into Paris an edition of the private life of Madame Pompadour."

Michaud. "Is that all?—Denounce it to my Lord."

Bertrand. "An excellent expedient!"

Michaud. "Admirable!—You need not care what becomes of the books, provided you are paid for them."

Bertrand. "That's perfectly indifferent to me. I do not write to be read."

Michaud. "These sorts of works have the same effect on my Lord, as water on a person afflicted with the hydrophobia. He will storm, require our assistance, promise and pay us largely. Follow my plan, Sir; let the *General* be beat privately, the Swiss Guards ordered under arms, and the barriers guarded; let your coach enter by that where you are posted; then do you seize it, suffer the coachman to escape, and conduct it here yourself, amidst all the tumult you can possibly excite. My Lord will praise your zeal, reward you with a good round sum, and will send your work to muse in one of the towers of the bastile—a circumstance which will be no great loss to the public."

Bertrand. "Upon my honour, with all my penetration, I should never have hit upon so excellent a scheme. My friend, I bow before your superior genius."

Michaud. "I will now, in my turn, impart an affair to your confidence."

Bertrand. "I shall deem myself but too happy in showing my gratitude. Have you too any thing that embarrasses you?"

Michaud. "I am in love with a charming young woman."

Bertrand. "An Inspector of Police seriously in love!—That is beyond my comprehension."

Michaud. "It is perhaps a caprice rather than an affection. I even think that, without the difficulties I have experienced, the little Bourgeoise would not long have enslaved me."

Bertrand. "You mean by that the lady is virtuous."

Michaud. "Not at all. We should already have brought the affair to a conclusion, had it not been for the vigilant jealousy of her untractable husband."

Bertrand. "I will contrive to take him into custody this very evening. I will keep him all night, and to-morrow morning I will restore him to his chaste wife, with excuses and regrets for an involuntary mistake, which will certainly pacify him."

Michaud. "You have guessed it. Great geniuses comprehend one's meaning by a single word."

Bertrand. "We cannot be blamed, for the plan is nothing more than an innocent stratagem."

Michaud. "And it will do no one any harm. It reminds me of a trick you played a few years ago; I was never perfectly informed of the details, but it reflected great honour on our corps."

Bertrand. "You mean the adventure of Leclerc. I never think of it without admiring my ingenuity."

Michaud. "Yes, I recollect it was Leclerc."

Bertrand. "There is no great merit in making dupes of that class of men, who have no suspicion of the stratagems to which we are daily habituated; but to make one of our own stamp fall into a snare, is a master-stroke of ability and talent."

Michaud. "Doubtless."

Bertrand. "Leclerc was a man of importance among his comrades—he attained his celebrity at their expense. He was a man"—

Michaud. "Whom it was for the public interest to mistrust."

Bertrand. "And who would never have obtained my Lord's confidence, had it not been for a very pretty woman he married;—for he was but a stupid sort of a fellow."

Michaud. "Well."

Bertrand. "Love has ruined the greatest men, and love ruined Leclerc. He was the favoured lover of Madame Dupin, though I know not what she could see in him; and it became necessary to get rid of a troublesome husband. According to the custom so happily practised among us, a *Lettre de Cachet* was issued against poor Monsieur Dupin."

Michaud. "That was all very natural."

Bertrand. "As a friend to the family, Leclerc could not decently carry the order into execution himself; I offered my services, and he entrusted the business to me. As a good action costs nothing when it accords with one's interest, I gave the husband notice—he concealed himself. I proceeded at midnight to the house, and arrested Leclerc in Madame Dupin's bed. The lady exclaimed, and protested I was under a mistake.—'I am not mistaken, Madam; a lady, so respectable as you are, cannot possibly be in bed with any other person than her husband. I have orders to arrest him.'—I conducted the substitute to Vincennes, and afterwards related the story to my Lord, who laughed awhile, and forgot Leclerc with the more facility, as his wife was left behind."

Michaud. "It was excellent."

Bertrand. "Is it not true?"

Michaud. "Your recital, however, affords me ample matter of reflection."

Bertrand. "How so?"

Michaud. "If you should treat me in the same way you have treated Leclerc."

Bertrand. "I am incapable of it—upon the faith of a man of honour."

Michaud. "The faith of a man of honour! Then I cannot trust you."

Bertrand. "We are alone. Well then, my friend, on the faith of a rogue!"

Michaud. "Now indeed you inspire me with confidence; besides, we have need of each other's assistance. Now let us consider how we may conceal our arrangements from the knowledge of his Lordship."

Bertrand. "Ever timorous. His Lordship knows the world, and he is sensible of the necessity of winking at the peccadilloes of his agents. Did he ever say a word to Commissary Lefort, who, in order to render a service to a husband, who was suing for a separation from his wife, carried her off, to afford him an opportunity of removing his effects and money?"

Michaud. "Commissary Mantel performed a much more meritorious action. An orphan complained to him that her guardian had deprived her of her innocence—he introduced her to the town, and from that moment she thought her guardian an honest man. Long life to such men as Mantel, who knew how to restore the peace of families!"

Bertrand. "Well, did my Lord ever tell him of his pranks?—No, he knows how to live, and to let live. It is necessary every one should have his enjoyments."

At this part of the conversation, enter Messieurs Lecourt, Nicolas, and Dupont; they proceed on tiptoes, give themselves airs of consequence, and salute their comrades with infinite grace, at least as they imagine.

Lecourt, Nicolas, and Dupont together.—"Good-day, gentlemen."

Michaud. "Good-day, Lecourt; good-day Nicolas."

Bertrand. "Good-day, Dupont."

Michaud. "What an agreeable figure Lecourt possesses!"

Bertrand. "Truly a most prepossessing figure. Who would not take him for a gentleman?"

Lecourt. "A truce, gentlemen, you make me blush."

Bertrand. "Blush! Blush! that is an art with which we are none of us acquainted;—but we can't know all things."

Nicolas. "Will not his Lordship soon make his appearance?"

Michaud. "We have been waiting above an hour?"

Nicolas. "So much time lost, as he will know nothing of it."

Bertrand. "The spies of his spies will inform him." (*They all laugh.*)

Dupont. "You laugh at that, gentlemen; for my part, I know no trade so happily imagined as that of a spy. It is by means of spies that no man is in safety even in his own house; and that persons obnoxious to Government can be punished by putting words in their mouths they never uttered."

Nicolas. "Besides, there is no profession of so respectable an origin as that of a spy. I presume you are not ignorant we are descended in a direct line from Antoine de Mouchi, Grand Penitentiary of Noyon, who hunted the heretics, and was one of the Judges of Ann Dubourg. His people were called *Mouches*, and thence by corruption, all spies have been denominated *Mouchards*."

Bertrand. "What a fine thing learning is! For my part, I never trouble myself about whence I came, but only with what I am. My profession is a good one, and that's all I care about."

Lecourt. "True; but spies are very expensive, and"——

Michaud. "What does that signify?—The people pay for them."

Lecourt. "Poor people!"

Michaud and *Nicolas.* "Silence, sir!—What notions are these you have got in your head?"

Bertrand. "Excuse him, gentlemen; he is a young man, and we must make him acquainted with the secrets of our profession. In the first place, you must devest yourself of all humanity, and scruples of conscience—they are too absurd to think of; every trifling occurrence you must magnify into an affair of consequence; you must take every advantage of the folly of your superior, administer to his caprices, flatter his vanity, and pocket with a safe conscience a bribe whenever it is offered to you. This is what I have done for these twenty years, and what you must do, if you wish to support your rank with reputation. You will agree, Michaud, that it is impossible to give better or more solid and useful instruction to a young beginner."

Nicolas. "His Lordship approaches!"

The Lieutenant of Police advances with all the gravity he is capable of assuming; he neither turns his head to the right or left, for fear of deranging the economy of his peruke.

The five inspectors bow to the ground.—"My Lord!"

Lieutenant. "Good-day, Good-day.—Ah! you are here, Dupont; approach. It was you then who was the means of my being called to the bar of the Parliament, who exposed me to a reprimand, sullied the dignity of my character, and made me the laughing-stock of every fool in Paris."

Dupont. "Me, my Lord?"

Lieutenant. "Yes, you, Sir; I have been reproached for not checking the practice of gaming, and of suffering the most respectable families to be ruined; and all because you was so imprudent as to seize a hazard table at the house of the Chief President's mistress, who, before your misconduct, suffered others to do that with impunity which he himself was not ashamed of."

Dupont. "I thought it my duty to"——

Lieutenant. "You thought, you thought—well, what did you think?—Let me hear."

Dupont. "That I was to do my duty without respect to persons."

Lieutenant. "You are a fool!—Learn that an Inspector, who knows his business, never should interfere with the great; he ought to know that there are persons who have a right to do whatever they please."

Dupont. "But, my Lord, this lady only obtained a license to game on her Saint's day,* yet she never passed a day without gaming, and justified it by pretending that her name was Madame All-Saints."

Lieutenant. "It was your duty to have believed her assertion. Did it become you to dispute her name? Were you her godfather?"

Dupont. "Sir my intentions"——

Lieutenant. "What are your intentions to me? the fact is all I regard. When such as you commit errors, they think they gain every thing by intrenching themselves behind their intentions. Was it

* It was the custom in Paris, prior to the Revolution, for persons to give entertainments, not as with us in England, on their birth days, but on the Saint's-day, whose name they happened to bear, and on such days they were allowed privileges not consistent with the general regulations of Police; without mentioning this custom, the reader might not understand the point and meaning of this passage.

owing to the purity of your intentions, that you published every where, on the day of the Fair of St. Germain, that I distributed money to the fish-women, to make them cry out—'Long live the Lieutenant of Police!'—Every body supposes that persons in place, who wish to be applauded, must pay those who applaud; but was it your business, sot that you are! to divulge the secrets of State?"

Dupont. "I swear my Lord"——

Lieutenant. I swear, if you add a single word, I will send you to prison."

Dupont. "I am silent."

Lieutenant. "You do well.—Michaud, Bertrand, have you any thing new?"

Lecourt. "If my Lord will allow me"—

Lieutenant. "Answer when I address myself to you. Know, young man, that it is your duty to time your observations; I am not at present in the best of humours. Bertrand, Michaud!"

Bertrand. "My Lord, the sick in the different hospitals complain that the physicians feel their pulse with their gloves on, or with the heads of their canes; they demand a visit my Lord."

Lieutenant. "They demand a visit, do they? well that's pleasant enough. Do they imagine I have time to think about them? Besides, such a visit would be both afflicting to myself, and useless to them; afflicting to myself, because I cannot bear to contemplate objects of misery, my heart is too tender; useless, because it is right the poor should perish—there are too many of them already—they are innumerable."

Michaud. "My Lord, Paris is inundated with libels; notwithstanding all our endeavours, they multiply incredibly."

Lieutenant. "Libels! that indeed is a serious piece of information; occupy yourself, with the most indefatigable zeal, in discovering every one of their authors. No mercy towards those villains who

dare tell the truth! Imprison the authors, printers, and publishers—don't pardon a single word—arrest even their thoughts in their passage!—Nicolas, we must find out some ruined gentlemen to place as spies in the houses of our gentry."

Nicolas. "My Lord, here is one at hand."

Lieutenant. "Approach, my friend."—(*The gentleman advances from a corner, where he was patiently waiting till he should be called.*)—"Are you a gentleman?"

Gentleman. "I have that honour."

Lieutenant. "Known."

Gentleman. "Throughout all Paris."

Lieutenant. "Are you destitute of every sentiment of friendship, gratitude, and delicacy?"

Gentleman. "Absolutely."

Lieutenant. "Nicolas will instruct you in the first elements of your profession, and provide you with the means of restoring your wardrobe. This fellow has exactly the air of a pedant."

Bertrand. "My Lord, I am acquainted with a man who is intelligent, adroit, and capable of penetrating every thing; but he is one whose appearance is against him; he is a mean, vulgar-looking fellow; he requires something to remedy his external disadvantages."

Lieutenant. "I will procure him the Cross of St. Lewis; that will supply all his defects.—Well Lecourt?"

Lecourt. "I discovered this night a Priest of Saint Joseph in a brothel, and arrested him."

Lieutenant. "A Priest in a brothel—that's no uncommon thing.—What could he be doing?—There are no married women there."

Lecourt. "I conducted him to the Ecclesiastical Tribunal."

Lieutenant. "You did right; but you must be very cautious how you trench upon the prerogatives of the Clergy. We must deal tenderly with

those gentry—we have need of them—we mutually support each other."

Nicolas. "The dearness of provisions makes the people murmur. If I might advise, my Lord would do well to adopt such means as his wisdom may dictate to suppress their complaints."

Lieutenant. "It is necessary the people should suffer, but they must not complain. I have obtained permission of the Archbishop to allow the eating of flesh this Lent. He has already prepared a flourishing mandate upon the occasion, which he has not yet read—no doubt that will appease them. *Apropos*, Lecourt, have you collected any thing humorous for his Majesty's Libertine Magazine?"

Lecourt pulls out a paper, and reads.

"A young female artist, of the name of Dufort, in order to inspire a contempt for the institution of marriage, has made a drawing, in which she has represented a man and his wife yawning by the side of each other, in so natural a manner, that the same convulsion is communicated to those who look upon the picture."

"Mademoiselle Dubois, notwithstanding the strict attention with which her parents guarded her, has found means to make a *faux pas* with her page; it is confidently reported that this page is the Duke de Fronsac, who attended her in that disguise."

Lieutenant. "That's very well—very good indeed. Continue as you have begun, and find out some piece of scandal still better if possible.—Ah! gentlemen, there are two widows of *Parc-aux Cerfs*, for whom we must procure husbands. Fifty thousand livres, and a company of dragoons, will be given with them, and there is only one who is likely to become a mother. Find out husbands for them immediately."

Dupont. "I will take one, if my Lord pleases."

Lieutenant. "Fellow, know yourself, and do not pretend to women who have been honoured by the attentions of his Majesty. They are ennobled by such a distinction, and can only be given in marriage to gentlemen of rank. They must be instantly replaced. Lecourt, I entrust you with this affair. Remember, a seducing countenance, a forward air, and libertine manners; no delicacy, no sensibility—those are qualities that don't recommend themselves at Court."

Bertrand to Michaud. "You have forgot the affair of which I spoke to you."

Michaud. "Ah! that's true. My Lord, they talk of an edition of the private life of Madame Pompadour."

Lieutenant. "It must be suppressed, cost what it will! I will give fifteen thousand livres to whoever brings me the whole impression. Let every package from abroad be searched—I am wearied with repeating this injunction. The correspondence of authors would be very useful in enabling us to make these sort of discoveries. The Director General of the Post, who pays no respect to others' secrets, will doubtless open all foreign letters.—Ah! an excellent idea strikes me, which will shorten the difficulty: I will prohibit the sale of all literary works whatever till further orders;—I will ordain that nothing shall be printed or read but the Royal Almanack. What! I govern with despotic sway fifteen hundred girls, and can I not restrain nine muses, who are exactly of the same description, for they prostitute themselves to all the world. Clear the bar, the Court is now open."

Michaud. "Has my Lord nothing further to order?"

Lieutenant. "Yes;—prepare seats for the Ambassador of Spain and his company. His Excel-

lency is desirous of being present at a Police examination."

The doors are thrown open, the Police Officers take their stations throughout the Hall, the accused approach the bar, the Lieutenant mounts the bench, the Sheriff stands before him, the Inspectors of Police at his side, and the crowd in the body of the Hall.

Lieutenant. "Sheriff, call the causes."

Sheriff. "Martin, wine-merchant, Rue Saint Maur, come forth!"

Lieutenant. "I know his affair;—Martin, approach."

Martin. "I am here, my Lord."

Lieutenant. "You allow drinking in your house?"

Martin. "Certainly, my Lord; I sell wine."

Lieutenant. "You suffer assemblies to be held there?"

Martin. "Yes, my Lord, assemblies of drinkers."

Lieutenant. "Assemblies of drinkers! Aye, and assemblies of thinkers."

Martin. "Thinkers!—What are they my Lord?"

Lieutenant. "O! O! you pretend ignorance, do you?—Had you not yesterday thirty Merchants at your house?"

Martin. "Yes, my Lord.

Lieutenant. "Were they not in your great parlour?"

Martin. "Yes, my Lord."

Lieutenant. "And was not the admission of strangers prohibited?"

Martin. "Yes, my Lord."

Lieutenant. "Are you now sensible that these people were thinkers?"

Martin. "No, my Lord, they were drinkers."

Lieutenant. "They thought; and I will not allow any one to think."

Martin. "They drank sixty bottles, and paid me well for them."

Lieutenant. "They discoursed of the government."

Martin. "They discoursed on various subjects."

Lieutenant. "They spoke ill of Ministers."

Martin. "Pardon me, they were merchants, who only complained of the taxes that ruined them, and the burthen of which we all feel severely."

Lieutenant. "He confesses!"

Martin. "I confess what, my Lord?"

Lieutenant. "That a number of persons met at your house to complain of the times. Write down, Mr. Sheriff, that the said Martin, for having harboured suspected people, is sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred livres."

Martin. "Ah! surely your Lordship is not serious? Such a sum is more than my profits for three months."

Lieutenant. "And in case he repeats his offence his license shall be taken from him, and his wine confiscated."

Martin. "My Lord, does your Lordship never drink?"

Lieutenant. "I know how to show indulgence according to circumstances—I would not punish a trifle. Adulterating the wine for example—it is against the laws to be sure; but as the higher ranks of life never resort to taverns, it is of little consequence whether the wine is pure or not. But to suffer assemblies to be held in your house, Mr. Martin—assemblies!—it is unpardonable!"

Martin. "Hear me, my Lord"——

Lieutenant. "Six hundred livres!"

Martin. "I have not so much."

Lieutenant. "Then your goods must be sold."

Martin. "My Lord!"

Lieutenant. "Away with him to prison if he utters a word more!"

Bertrand to Martin. "Pay the fine, and go about your business."

Martin retiring. "Surely this is the most unjust administration of justice ever heard of."

Lieutenant. "What does the defendant say?"

Bertrand. "He is praising your Lordship's clemency."

Lieutenant. "'Tis well. If he has paid the fine, release him."

Sheriff. "My Lord, the Marquis de Blanville's carriage has run over a man, and killed him; he has left a wife and eight children, and his widow demands some indemnity."

Lieutenant. "Let the widow be paid twelve hundred franks."

Sheriff. "It is too much, my Lord; she is a person in a low state of life."

Lieutenant. "A hundred crowns then."

Widow. "A hundred crowns among nine—that is thirty-three livres a piece."

Lieutenant. "How came your husband to suffer himself to be run over?"

Widow. "Does your Lordship suppose he would not have avoided it if he could have done so?"

Lieutenant. "No doubt he was in the way, and might have prevented the accident."

Widow. "My Lord, he had not time to save himself."

Lieutenant. "Nonsense! If I was to attend to all such low people as you say, the Nobility would be obliged to travel on foot."

Widow. "Better do so than their carriages run over the people who are as good as themselves."

Lieutenant. "What! would you have those who wear white silk stockings, red-heeled shoes, and em-

broidered clothes, run the risk of spoiling them by walking in the dirt?—Indeed, if we were not carefully to support the prerogatives of the Nobility, the common people would imagine themselves their equals.—I must make an end of this business—a hundred crowns, or nothing."

Widow. "Very well, my Lord; perhaps I may one day ride in my carriage, and if I should, let the Marquis's children beware."

Enter a Marchioness, affecting airs of importance.

Marchioness. "Good-day, my dear Lieutenant of Police."

Lieutenant, rising. "The Marchioness of Allebonville. Throw open the bar; bring a chair. Why has your Ladyship been at the trouble of attending a public audience? Why did you not state your case in a note? it would have answered every purpose."

Marchioness. "O my Lord! I have nothing I wish to conceal from any one;—besides, as I am young and handsome, I make sure of gaining my cause."

Lieutenant. "It is not possible but your Ladyship should be in the right."

Marchioness. "You shall judge of that immediately. I shall be concise, for I perceive you have a deal of business to despatch."

Lieutenant. "Take your time, madam; my fatigue is a necessary appendage to my public situation."

Marchioness. "Thus then:—I was Canoness at Maubeuge; I was at first highly amused, because we had the Royal Regiment of Normandy among us, and the Officers were a constant resource in our solitude. The regiment left the place, and I found myself alone with the ladies; my situation became the more disagreeable, as several of the

gentry were received into our society. I resolved to marry—no matter who."

Lieutenant. "All this I know already, Madam."

Marchioness. "The Marquis of Allebonville presented himself. He had but just been created a Marquis. He was old and emaciated, and I hated him, though not quite so much as I do now; but he possessed an income of a hundred thousand crowns, and I determined to marry him."

Lieutenant. "Proceed, Madam; you relate your case in the clearest manner possible."

Marchioness. "Scarce were we married, than Allebonville began to give himself airs truly ridiculous. I revenged myself by squandering away half his property. He now wishes to regulate my expenses, and restrain what he calls my extravagance. His ideas are perfectly antiquated: he imagines that I am bound to sacrifice my youth to him, because he has sacrificed his fortune to me. He requires me to conduct myself with propriety, like the mistress of a family. This may be all very well for the wife of a vulgar citizen, who has nothing but her good behaviour to recommend her; but for me"——

Lieutenant. "You ought, Madam, to have no other rule but your own inclination—that's a clear case."

Marchioness. "I never had any other. I am passionately fond of the first company, and persons of quality are received at my house with open arms. Well, would you believe it, Allebonville pretends to be offended. He is constant to his old prejudices; and what is more inconceivable, he is constant to his wife. Thus he is become quite insupportable to me, and I therefore apply to you to confine him in a madhouse."

Lieutenant. "I am extremely sorry, Madam, I cannot grant your request."

Marchioness. "You will render me an essential piece of service, my dear friend, and my gratitude shall be boundless."

Lieutenant. "The Marquis of Allebonville is in the army, and I should offend the Minister at War."

Marchioness. "Then it is the Minister of War I must apply to?"

Lieutenant. "Yes, charming Marchioness."

Marchioness. "I will fly to his house without losing a moment. I cannot stay in this confined place an instant longer—the effluvia is intolerable to a woman of my delicate constitution. I shall faint." (*She retires applying a bottle of volatile salts.*) "Adieu my dear friend!"

The Lieutenant of Police offers her his hand, and conducts her to the bar. "Adieu, Madam!—Make room, and let the Marchioness pass.—Ah! the Ambassador of Spain and his company. Here are places prepared for your Excellency.—Proceed, Sheriff!"

Sheriff. "A Lord of the Bedchamber attends; he is ill, but he has brought it on himself. Shall I proclaim his name?"

Lieutenant. "No; his complaints sufficiently attest who he is. What does he want?"

Sheriff. "He requests permission to lay straw in the street in which he resides, to the distance of five hundred yards of his house."*

Lieutenant. "Certainly, certainly, any thing Monsieur le Marechal requires I will grant. Officer of Patrole, see the business performed; that will assure the Marechal of my profound respect. Inform him that I am sorry he should have thought my consent necessary for any thing he required for

* Under the ancient régime in France, a person had not liberty to lay straw in the street, without first obtaining the permission of the Police.

his accommodation, and that I am his most humble servant."

Sheriff. My Lord, Jean Jacques Rousseau solicits the same favour; he is ill, in consequence of having stumbled over a dog, and bruised himself by falling against the wheels of a coach."

Lieutenant. "That fellow is always bewildered; he is ever engaged about other people's business, and never thinks of his own. He writes works pure enough, but nobody understands them—his 'Social Contract' for that."

Sheriff. "My Lord, is his petition granted?"

Lieutenant. "Granted, no!—I will not have the streets of Paris dirtied for such a fellow as Jean Jacques Rousseau; besides, he lodges so high, that the noise of the coaches cannot possibly disturb him."

Enter a Servant. "Make way for my Lord Duke."

Lieutenant. "Ah! my Lord Duke, I am overjoyed to see you."

Duke. "I was passing this way, and ordered my carriage to stop. I am proud to assure you that I am perfectly satisfied with your conduct—you pay due deference to persons of quality."

Lieutenant. "I protest to you, my Lord Duke, that my exertions to merit their regard are incredible."

Duke. "Do you know Gilbert?"

Lieutenant. "No, my Lord."

Bertrand. "He is a poet."

Duke. "And a poet who is not without abilities. Are you acquainted with the use he has made of them?"

Lieutenant. "No my Lord."

Duke. "The fellow has the assurance to satirise the principal Lords of the Court."

Lieutenant. "You amaze me!"

Duke. "He is at this moment employed in writing a poem, the subject of which is a recent adventure of mine, of course the laugh will not be on my side; and you, who know every thing, cannot be ignorant of the circumstance."

Lieutenant. "It is the fault of my Inspectors, my Lord Duke."

Duke. "I know not whose fault it is, but I know that if the poem is suffered to be published, I shall complain to the King."

Lieutenant. "You astonish me, my Lord!—Explain the matter to me, I entreat you."

Duke. "All France is perfectly well acquainted that I had a fancy for a pretty milliner in La Rue St. Dennis. The girl possessed vulgar notions of virtue, and I found it difficult to accomplish my designs; but as I was deeply enamoured of her, I had recourse to a stratagem of an extraordinary nature—I set fire to her house."

Lieutenant. "And carried her off in the midst of the tumult."

Duke. "It seems then you know the whole affair?"

Lieutenant. "Allow me to observe that all such accidents are subject to the inquiry and inspection of the Police."

Duke. "But this was a fire of a particular description; therefore, as soon as his Majesty heard of it, he was graciously pleased to laugh heartily at the recital I made."

Lieutenant. "The King laughed at it, my Lord, did he?—Well, I am not at all surprised. What can be more entertaining than for a man to set fire to his mistress's house, in order to have a pretence for conducting her to his own; and ruin her, in order to have the pleasure of making her amends? Such an adventure can only result from a combination of French gallantry and Spanish chivalry—it is delicious!"

Duke. "Your are sensible these sort of adventures are not adapted to meet the ears of the vulgar, and that it ill becomes such a varlet as Gilbert to print and publish them."

Lieutenant. "I protest to you, my Lord Duke, I will soon repress his audacity."

Duke. "'Tis well."

Lieutenant. "Bertrand, go you to Gilbert's house, and order him to burn his manuscript in your presence."

Duke. "And don't suffer him to keep back a single copy."

Lieutenant. "On pain of being thrown into prison. He shall be placed there provisionally, if his Grace requires it."

Duke, rising. "No, Sir; I pardon this first fault. I am satisfied with your conduct; only I request you will desire your Inspectors to be more vigilant in future."

Lieutenant, conducting him out. "Make way for his Grace."

One of the Crowd. "Burn a house!—If I had done so"——

Michaud. "Why then you would have been broke on the wheel. Are you a great Lord, you ragamuffin?"

Sheriff. "Madeleine Vaudreuil, Rue Poissonniere, is accused of seducing young girls, and of inveigling married women to her house."

Lieutenant. "Madeleine Vaudreuil!"

Mad. Vaudreuil. "Here, my Lord."

Lieutenant. "Do you hear the accusation against you?—What have you to answer?"

Mad. Vaudreuil. "I never enrol any but the daughters of plebeians, who have generally lost their characters before they come to me; and all the harm I do them, is giving them an opportunity of making a good deal of money."

Lieutenant. "What say you to the charge of inveigling married women?"

Mad. Vaudreuil. "They are chiefly ladies of quality, and the higher sort of gentry, whose husbands refuse to allow them sufficient pin-money, and they come to my house to gain it."

Lieutenant. "But they are women of character."

Mad. Vaudreuil. "So they must be, or they would not obtain admirers at my house."

Lieutenant. "No reflections. They pass for virtuous women."

Mad. Vaudreuil. "In the quarter where they reside they may perhaps; but at my house they appear in their proper characters."

Lieutenant. "Hear me, my good lady. You are not to be the arbitress of the pulic morals; and whether the daughter of a plebeian has any thing to lose, or not, you ought to respect appearances. If a woman, whether she is virtuous, or otherwise, chooses to indulge her inclination, it is no business of your's; and the trade you carry on is a sort of speculation which cannot be tolerated."

Mad. Vaudreuil. "Your Lordship knows very well it is carried on in every part of the city, and that houses of private resort are multiplied beyond example."

Lieutenant. "Well, suppose I do know that, what's the consequence?—That nothing is suffered in Paris without a license, and that Madame Vaudreuil, who has no license, must be content to pass six months at the Salpêtriere."

Mad. Vaudreuil. "How, My Lord!"

Lieutenant. "Yes, Madam, at the Salpêtriere. Think you I will suffer a daughter to be taken from her parent, or a wife from her husband, by a person who has not a license?—Am I not the guardian of the public morals, the protector of conjugal virtue."

Mad. Vaudreuil. "But my Lord, I neither take the daughter from her parent, nor the wife from her husband;—they come to my house, every evening, of their own free will."

Lieutenant. "Six months at the Salpêtriere."

Mad. Vaudreuil. "Since I am obliged to speak plainly, I have this morning seen Monsieur Gerard"——

Lieutenant, lowering his voice. "You have seen Monsieur Gerard?"

Mad. Vaudreuil. "Yes; here is a note he desired me to deliver to your Lordship."

Lieutenant, reading to himself. "Madame Vaudreuil pays a thousand crowns a month."—*Whispering her.*)—"Well, Madam, why did not you explain yourself?"

Mad. Vaudreuil. "'Faith my Lord, when one pays one's money"——

Lieutenant, in a low tone of voice. "To pay is nothing, Madam; we must appear to act uprightly."—(*Aloud.*)—"Sheriff, write down, that in consequence of the brief Madame Vaudreuil has presented, her affairs has assumed a different aspect, and that the cause is referred to the next Sittings." (*Aside.*)—"At the same time remember it is not to be called."

Sheriff. "To the next Sittings."

Sheriff. "Louisa Choupille, laundress, Rue des Prêtres."

Lieutenant. "O! this must be a private examination. Officers of Patrole, desire the audience to retire. None but the Ambassador of Spain, and his company, must be allowed to remain."

The Hall is cleared; Louisa Choupille comes forward, with downcast eyes and modest deportment: she expresses all that agitation so natural to those who are not, accustomed to be summoned before the Police.

Lieutenant. "Approach Mademoiselle. You were not so embarrassed yesterday afternoon?"

Louisa, blushing. "Yesterday afternoon."

Lieutenant. "Yes, yesterday afternoon. Do you suppose any thing passes of which I am ignorant?"

Louisa, hesitating. "I have done nothing with which I can reproach myself."

Lieutenant. "We shall see that presently. Look up, Mademoiselle—higher yet."—(*Aside.*)—"What a bloom! what a shape! what grace!"

"That Nature should have lavished her favours on such a low creature!"—(*murmured one of the ladies of the Ambassador's company.*)

"It is an injustice to persons of quality"—(*observed her neighbour.*)

During this short dialogue, the Lieutenant drew Louisa towards his chair, chucked her under the chin, patted her cheeks, and at length exclaimed—"These Monks are very happy fellows."

Louisa, still blushing. "I don't understand you, my Lord."

Lieutenant. "O yes you do—you understand me perfectly well. Two sorry fellows were at your house yesterday afternoon."

Louisa. "Two worthy Priests, my Lord."

Lieutenant. "Yes; and they honour their cloth surprisingly. Do you recollect, you little dissembler, the collation they brought with them—their throwing you down on the bed—and your adventure with a little devil?"

Louisa, surprised. "Ah! my Lord, I see you know all; but it was no fault of mine. I wash for the Convent, and it is necessary to be a little accommodating towards those who employ me."

Lieutenant. "No doubt your accommodating disposition extends to all the members of the community."

Louisa. "No, my Lord; there are but four of them who visit me. The Prior and the Procurator are most attentive to me; the others I consider as nothing."

"Four! four!"—(*repeated a lady, biting her lips*)—"four Priests to one grisette, and I can scarce engage the attention of one *petit maitre!*"

Ambassador. "It appears to me that, if these Priests were brought before you, their embarrassment would be highly entertaining."

Lieutenant. "I was in hopes of affording your Grace that satisfaction, and had prepared the necessary information; but unfortunately, they assist at the celebration of a Grand Mass this morning, and you are sensible I dare not force them from the altar; the dignified Clergy are ever glad of an opportunity of amusing themselves at the expense of the Monks, but they must not attack the holy rites of religion; besides it will, perhaps, afford as much amusement if I denounce them to the Archbishop."

All the ladies at once. "No, no, that would be too severe; only let us know their names, that we may be on our guard if we ever should meet with them."

Lieutenant to Louisa. "Come, Mademoiselle, let us know the names of these four Monks?"

Louisa, falling on her knees. "Pardon, my Lord, pardon for those worthy Fathers!"

Lieutenant. "Do you mark the little baggage? She sticks to her monks.—Come, their names—no hesitation!"

Louisa. "Promise me, my Lord, that they shall come to no harm!"

Lieutenant. "Well, then, my pretty lass, they shall not be hurt, since it is the wish of these ladies. Come. their names?"

Louisa "Their names are Gregoire, Bonaventure, Polycarpe and Hilarion."

Lieutenant. "This declaration is conformable to the report I have received. My people have served me with fidelity."

The Inspectors make a profound reverence; and the Ladies take their pencils, and write down the names of the four Monks in their pocket books.

The Ambassador, aside. "And must these cursed Priests keep this lovely creature?—S'death! I will find means to prevent them. She is every way worthy of the representative of the King of Spain, and the two Indies."

Here the Ambassador rose, and whispered the Lieutenant of Police, who whispered Bertrand, who politely presented his hand to Louisa, and conducted her out of the Hall.—The Ladies also arose; his Lordship did the same. After five minutes had elapsed in mutual compliments, they separated; some to attend to their concerns, and others to their pleasures.

Thus terminated this Police examination, which, with the exception of a few local forms and ceremonies, is worthy the imitation of Magistrates in every part of the globe.

CHAPTER. VI.

My Uncle Thomas entirely quits the Ambassador's service.

You who disdain to be amused with trifles—you who read with attention, and consequently with advantage, works of instruction, (such, for example, as this is,) will doubtless recollect that the Ambassador sent my uncle to school, in order to excite the vanity and emulation of the young Duke, his son, and make him ashamed that a little Plebeian, a chimney-sweep, a valet, should be his superior in learning.

One day, when his Excellency was at a loss what to do with himself—(for Heaven, in some degree to indemnify the poor for its severity towards them, punishes the rich by making their time hang heavy on their hands)—one day, when his Excellency was yawning like a porter waiting for a job, he determined to summon to his presence the august and sole hope of his illustrious race, and examine him as to the progress he had made in his learning. He presented him a book, and desired him to read a few pages.

The little Duke, who scarce knew his letters, put his father's patience to the test at the first onset; his anger soon became more serious, and at last he flew into a paroxysm of rage, of which two such are sufficient for the whole of a Spaniard's life. Fully impressed with the respect due to his blood, he vented his fury on the unfortunate and innocent book, and in an instant the room was strewed with the leaves.

The bell-pull, which was no more accountable for the ignorance of the little Duke than the book, was pulled again and again, broke, and thrown into the fire. It is thus persons of high birth too often render justice.

Make a Consul, a Legislator, a Minister, an Ambassador, or even a Justice of the Peace of a proud, imperious, hot-brained, and violent patrician, and reflect on the danger to which you expose the peaceable citizen;—the man of modest merit—the innocent who demands justice—the purity of the public morals, and the economy of a wise administration—these reflections are quite sufficient upon such an occasion as the breaking a bell-pull.

The noise it produced awoke from their lethargy seven or eight servants, who were yawning in an antichamber;—they arose, they hastened with all possible speed, and rushing against each other, arrived, pell-mell, in the apartment of his Lordship, who was bawling, as loud as his exhausted lungs would permit him, for my Uncle Thomas.

My worthy uncle, who grew apace, and cared for no earthly thing but play, had disbursed one of the crowns of Riboulard for a fife, on which he had already found means to learn several tunes His whole soul was filled with music, that purest source of pleasure, when he was seized, and carried before his Excellency, without having time to recollect where he was.

"Take this Cervantes, my little fellow, and make a Duke, who scarce knows his letters, ashamed of himself," said his Excellency to Thomas; who immediately prepared to obey, without troubling his head as to the manner in which he should acquit himself.—"Begin if you please."

The Ambassador was seated in a large elbow-chair, the servants ranged themselves behind, the little Duke stood on one side, hanging down his head like a criminal; my uncle knelt on one knee

before his Excellency, and began turning over the leaves of the celebrated Spanish Romance, which was finely bound and gilt, and amused himself with looking at the pictures. The Ambassador repeated his command; my uncle, still more ignorant than the son of his patron, could discover nothing but the letter "O" in every line. He called all the letters O; for it was the only one he knew. His Excellency, more furious than ever, gave my uncle a kick, which made him and Cervantes roll together half way across the room. My uncle endeavoured to save himself, intending to leave the Ambassador and his son to settle the matter between themselves as they pleased. His Excellency made a sign to the servants, who instantly pursued my uncle;—he, on his part, made the best of his way, overturning the chairs and tables to impede the progress of his pursuers. Thomas gained ground of them, but at last had the mishap to run his head through a mahogany panel with gilt mouldings, which formed part of the closet-door of her Excellency the Ambassadress, who had had the prudence to turn the key, persuaded that no one would be able to enter through the key-hole.

Thomas, who flattered himself the servants would stop before the mysterious asylum of their Lady, and that he should a second time owe his safety to her interference, was congratulating himself upon his good fortune, when, O surprise and terror! he distinctly perceived Father Polycarpe and the Ambassadress engaged in a way that made them deaf to the noise of the chairs and tables, the broken panel, or the exclamations of Thomas.

Struck with the danger in which he beheld his benefactress, and ever quick at taking advantage of the moment, he conceived, with the rapidity of lightning, that the service he should render his mistress by rescuing her from the rude assaults of the Priest, would infallibly restore him to the Am-

bassador's favour; he turned round, and informed the servants he would go of his own accord to the fatal chamber. He flew, opened the door, and entered; he related with warmth and ingenuity what he had seen.

A husband, however inclined he may be to make free with other men's wives, is never well pleased if another takes the same liberty with his. His Excellency, armed with a drawn sword, rushed to the unlucky closet; he arrives—his arm was uplifted, and with a single blow would have chastised the two guilty wretches!——But what was his astonishment at beholding his virtuous Lady on her knees before the good Father; and the latter seated on a chair, leaning on his elbow, and supporting his head with one hand, while, with the other, he held a white handkerchief to his face, and listened with an air of compunction to the sins of his fair penitent.

What could a husband, and particularly a Spanish husband, do in such circumstances?—To be certain of the fact, and yet obliged to be silent. However, his Excellency, whose anger was inflamed, and was under no fear, in Paris, of being burnt by the Holy Inquisition, hazarded a few sentences, which were tolerably distinct and energetic. The lady complained that he should have placed more confidence in the idle tale of a valet, than in her virtue; his Excellency persisted—her Ladyship dropped a few tears—the pious Father entreated her to lay the injury at the foot of the cross, and to make an offering of it to her Saviour. He then addressed the enraged husband, in a speech at once respectful and pathetic, seasoned by a few turns of his eyes and heavings of his breast.

His Excellency, fatigued but not convinced, retired, muttering to himself. He seized my uncle by the hair of his head, and, as it was necessary he should chastise some one, he proved to him, by

a repetition of blows with the back of his sword that he had done wrong in telling him the truth.

My uncle, furious in his turn at the manner in which his good offices had been requited, and neither daring, nor having it in his power to revenge himself, went to vent his anger in the bosom of his friend Dugnés. The latter, after having gravely listened to him, replied, that a good servant never acquainted his master with what his mistress thought proper to do; that the most jealous husband always wreaked his vengeance on the person who satisfied his doubts; that the wife ever formed an invincible hatred against the person who exposed her; and consequently that the zeal of my Uncle Thomas would be rewarded either by his being turned out of doors, or by being made the constant object of the caprice of the Ambassador and his lady.

My uncle understood not one word of what Dugnés said; the obscurity, and of course the absurdity of his arguments made him wish them at the devil. He persisted, with all his might, that when any one was ill-treating a woman, the best thing that could be done was to call her husband; and it appeared to him unjust, atrocious, and revolting, that his shoulders should have been beat black and blue only because he had done his duty. He soon found what Dugnés had told him was true, and, without understanding the cause, he was no less sensible of the effects.

The Ambassadress dared not send him away; his Excellency would have suspected that she was afraid of his watching her: but she treated him with a degree of severity and contempt that kept him away from her apartment—it was all she wanted.

His Excellency at length perceived that nothing was to be expected from him---in short, that he was good for nothing; but as, according to Sancho,

every one may be useful in some respect or other, his Grace bethought him of a method no less extraordinary than novel, to draw some advantage from my Uncle Thomas.

He summoned to his presence Dugnés and the Governor of the little Duke: he forbade the former paying the schoolmaster any longer. The pedagogue, with his salary, lost the affection with which he had till then distinguished my uncle; he absolutely prohibited his sitting on any of the forms; he had before occupied the best place.

But his Grace had, at the same time, ordered the Governor to let Thomas be present at every lesson his son received, and to flog him severely whenever the little Duke did amiss;—such an example before eyes, he concluded, would make him sensible he possessed feeling as well as the other, and could not fail producing a wonderful effect upon his understanding.

The Governor could not conceive what sympathy there could possibly exist between the breech of my Uncle Thomas and the brains of his pupil; he was ever persuaded the latter would never become a jot more learned, in consequence of the acts of rigour to which my uncle might be subjected. But as the pliant Abbé, in addition to a consummate taste in whatever related to dress, possessed the art of singing a good song, and making verses, and, what was of more importance, had the address to discover and flatter the weak side of his patron, he speedily considered that the expedient the Ambassador had imagined, was suggested by a spirit of revenge; and he concluded that the more he flogged my uncle, the better he should pay his court to his Excellency.

But as Thomas was one of those who opposed force to force, and as a prim Abbé, who was tenacious of his figure and dress, could not cope with a little devil who bit, pinched, and scratched his assailants,

he took care always to have two stout servants in the study; and whenever the little Duke made the slightest mistake, he ordered them to advance and seize the patient, and the severity of the flogging was always in proportion to the vigour of the resistance.

Dugnés would willingly have interposed his good offices in mitigating the hardship of his fate; but Dugnés had an excellent place, to which he was more attached than he was to my uncle, and, as he wished to keep it, he was sensible it would not be good policy to act in opposition to the will of his master: he therefore abandoned his *protegée* to his unhappy destiny; and whoever blames Dugnés, will, if he examines his own heart, confess he would have done the same. However, let that pass and let us take men as we find them. If we would only live with those who are rigorously honest, we must live alone; for where are such men to be found?—Reader do you know?—I confess I do not.

But to resume. Eight days had elapsed since my uncle had been subjected to this infernal kind of discipline;—his patience and his breech were both exhausted. Too weak to oppose such a system, he determined to escape from it; but he swore he would never leave the place till he revenged himself upon his persecutors. Obstinate in his resolutions, he only waited for an opportunity, and quietly submitted to be flogged till a proper one presented itself.

A new Opera was one evening to be performed; the music was by a celebrated composer; all who professed to be judges of good music, were to be present; and as nothing is more common than such sort of pretenders, all Paris was expected there. The Ambassadress was in her box, with a few of her friends and gallants. His Excellency was in his box with his mistresses. The Abbé, who had

passed the afternoon with the *femme-de-chambre*, and was somewhat fatigued, was resting on his elbows to avoid discomposing the economy of his head-dress, and enjoying a nap. The little Duke was making soldiers with a pack of cards, and overthrowing them by scores with the back of his hand. The servants, who had their affairs to attend to, had deserted the house as soon as they were certain their master and mistress had left it for the evening. Throughout the whole of the spacious mansion, there was only the Swiss servant at the lodge, a few grooms in the stable, and my uncle absolute master of the place and his actions.

He began his operations by drawing from an old trunk his chimney-sweeper's dress, so long forgot in the days of his prosperity; he made up a parcel, which he deposited in a closet at the foot of the staircase, and he mounted the steps, overjoyed at the idea of revenging himself, impatient at the prospect of treating every one according to his deserts, and of repaying by wholesale, the injuries he had received in retail.

He first proceeded to the apartment of the Ambassadress, and commenced that memorable evening by wringing the paroquet's neck; he then hung the monkey at one corner of the bed, with a red silk garter he found in the room.

"I have lived with them," said he, as he went away; "they were both my friends; but their deaths will cost their mistress a tear—their deaths are therefore necessary to my vengeance."

How many are there in the world who reason in the same manner!

He then entered the apartment of his Excellency, provided with a cruet filled with oil, which he had taken from the kitchen; he sprinkled it indiscriminately over all his dresses, taking care to select those which appeared the richest—these he anointed with a most liberal hand; he then broke

across his knee the sword that had been laid so severely upon his shoulders, and afterwards repaired to the apartment of the little Duke.

A Duke is a puny being when he is alone, and has to cope with a vigorous and determined enemy. The latter trembled when he beheld the terrible and menacing air of my uncle; he remembered having laughed at the sufferings of the unfortunate wretch when he was undergoing that discipline he had deserved himself. My uncle also remembered it, and it was the motive of his visit. Without regard to the quality of his victim, he began to exercise his fists with wonderful dexterity; and the Duke, who but five minutes before conceived himself a hero capable of exterminating a whole army, began to cry instead of thinking of defending himself. My uncle looked sternly at him, and swore, if he said a word, or made the least motion, he would throw him out of the window; and his little Excellency, who had a regard for his life, submitted to whatever Thomas thought proper to order.

Thomas desired him to pull down his breeches, and lift up his shirt; he then seized the fatal birch, which had been so often stained with his blood and began flogging away, in his turn, till his strength was exhausted; he then threw the rod in his Excellency's face, and departed, double-locking the door, and taking the key in his pocket.

Nothing remained but to chastise the Abbé to whom my uncle bore peculiar ill will; but the task was not so easy. He found him in the same attitude, enjoying a most voluptuous slumber.

The money of Riboulard was not entirely expended, and what my uncle had spent, had not been altogether thrown away in trash and gingerbread. Among the objects of his taste, fireworks were not the least, and particularly that species of them called Catherine-wheels.

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He was now close to the Abbé, and was debating within himself whether he should empty a pitcher of water on his fine powdered head, or prick the calves of his legs with a pair of compasses that lay upon the table. Neither of these plans seemed eligible; for he was sensible the moment the Abbé awoke, he would make him dearly pay for his pranks, and amply revenge himself. He recollected he had a Catharine-wheel in his pocket. He was inspired by a sudden thought, and immediately proceeded to put it in execution. He took a large black pin from one of the Governor's curls, and thrust it through the centre of the firework; then twisting the end, he secured it to the band of his cravat, and slid under the table. The Abbé showed no symptoms of waking, upon which my uncle rose, and taking a lighted coal between the points of the compass, set fire to the touch-paper.

It went off immediately, and the Abbé suddenly started up amazed and terrified: his face, eyebrows and hair were dreadfully burnt before he suspected the cause of this strange accident; the wheel was still turning round, and spouting forth sparks of brilliant fire, and my uncle was at the foot of the staircase with his bundle under his arm. He traversed the court yard, laughing at the outcries of the Governor. He went out, telling the Swiss porter he was going for a surgeon for the Abbé, who had had the misfortune to sprain his leg.

O vengeance! if thy preliminaries are sweet, thy fruits are bitter. My uncle was scarce in the street, than he shuddered at the idea of his daring achievements. It was not that he experienced any real remorse at what had happened; on the contrary, a paroquet killed, a monkey hung, thirty rich suits of clothes spoiled, a Duke beat and flogged, and an Abbé disfigured, appeared simple enough, and the natural effect of a just recrimination. But the Ambassador was powerful; he could command the interest of the

Lieutenant of Police, and the dungeons of the House of Correction appeared to his troubled imagination. Where could he conceal himself?—whither could he fly?

As a person may very well reflect while he is running, my uncle revolved in his mind the present state of his affairs as he trotted along the new Boulevards. He judged that it would be wise to quit the Duke's livery, which could not fail of discovering him. He perceived the door of a garden open; it was dark; my uncle glided in, and resumed his humble dress of a chimney-sweeper; after which he proceeded on his way; at the same time making very acute and philosophical reflections on the instability of human affairs.

"Philosophical reflections!" exclaims some rigorous censor, "philosophy in a child, who does not even know how to read!"—Yes, good Mr. critic, philosophical reflections were produced from the brain of my uncle. He might have been a philosopher without knowing it, by the same rule as many a person imagines himself a philosopher when in fact he is nothing but a fool.

CHAP. VII.

My Uncle meets with some of his Acquaintance.

IT was eight o'clock, and it was necessary to look for a lodging. Thomas was disgusted with La Samaritaine; it was there the Patrole had stopped him: there were plenty of other places where he might have passed a comfortable night's lodging, but his mind was haunted with the idea of the Officers searching every lodging-house for the delinquent who had set fire to an Ambassador's Palace. The bakers' and butchers' shops were still open, so that he was under no apprehensions of wanting food; but where was he to sleep?—The night was cold, and it was impossible to repose under the vaulted canopy of heaven.—Where could he procure a retreat?—At the house of Riboulard. —It was true my uncle was almost strong enough to cope with him to advantage; but Riboulard he ever considered as the most terrible of men. Such is the effect of first impressions that they are never entirely effaced.

The young fugitive recollected the old woman, whom he had tricked out of a supper and a night's lodging; he did not doubt that, with a crown or two, he should be able to make his peace with her. To say the truth, the garret was but a sorry place for one who had just quitted an excellent table, and gilded rooms; but it was not a time to start difficulties—besides, great men always accommodate themselves to circumstances; and my uncle already announced that he would one day merit that character. He formed his resolution immediately.

He proceeded, therefore, to the Rue des Prêtres; he sought the place, knocked, mounted the stair-

case, descended, and then returned again. The confused noise of the inhabitants of the cock-loft guided him through the obscurity of the passage—he arrived precisely in time for supper.

These gentlemen were beginning to tear to pieces an old goose stuffed with potatoes. At the sight of the new guest they stopped, and their knives and forks remained suspended in the air ;—inquietude was painted on the countenance of one, fear upon another, and greediness upon all ;—they every one seemed to say to my uncle—"You shall not taste the goose!"—Thomas understood this language, and in like manner replied—"I will taste it, by God !"

In short, after having saluted the guests as politely as his boisterous character would permit him, he seated himself at one end of the bench, drew forth his purse, and exhibited the contents, in order to dispose the company favourably towards him. He related, after the manner of a person who wants his supper, that is to say, very briefly, how he had found his way into the loft about fifteen or eighteen months before ; how he had made free with a complete chimney-sweeper's habit ; how he had entered the Ambassador's house, and how he had left it ; he added, that his intention was to pay his share of the expense, and indemnify the owner of the suit he had stolen. He concluded by declaring, that if such fair offers were rejected, he would obtain by force what was refused to reason.

The conclusion was not that of a prudent man. It might have involved him in insurmountable difficulties ; but my uncle was not yet a man—he never piqued himself much on his prudence, even after he arrived at manhood.

But as money can accomplish every thing—as money gives a rogue the consequence of a gentleman—a coquette the virtue of a vestal—and a fool the honours due to merit—as money makes

the world overlook the pride of an upstart—the incapacity of a man in place—and the cruelty of a despoiler of provinces; so a few crowns made them pardon my uncle the insolence of his peroration. The old woman and he were soon upon the best terms possible.

Four livres and ten sous for the coat, waistcoat, breeches, shoes, gaiters, sack, shovel, and brush; twelve sous a day for his board, lodging, fire, and washing; the clothes to be paid for down, and a week's advance—upon these terms my uncle was permitted to partake of the goose. To prove to the society how worthy he was of the honour they had done him, he nobly sent for two bottles of wine to treat them.

The night passed away very comfortably, and at daybreak, Thomas, who did not know what to do with himself, and who was determined not to work while he had a sous left, began playing on his fife, to the great delight of his auditors; who not only accompanied him, but showed their skill by singing "*Ramonez ci Ramonez la!*" from the tops of the chimneys.

Two or three days passed away in this manner, and my uncle at length became tired of his fife, as well as of the garret, in which he could not move more than six steps either way. He declared to Marguerite that he would go and take a walk, let what would happen.

Marguerite, whom the waggish disposition, decided character, uncommon talents, and generosity of my uncle had highly recommended to her favour, used every argument her limited imagination suggested to divert him from his purpose. My uncle was deaf to her intreaties, and declared that if he must live in prison, he might as well be at the Bicetre as in her garret: and he descended, shovel in hand, ready to oppose any assailants that dared present themselves.

As he was walking backwards and forwards, he heard himself called from the door of a house situated in—I forget the name of the street; however, it is no matter.—He was asked whether he would deliver a letter at the Quai de la Ferraille, and bring back an answer. My uncle, to whom it was equally the same whether he walked to the right or the left, undertook the commission. It was addressed to an Officer who endeavoured to persuade the world his profession was the best a man could follow, and his uniform the gayest in the French army. It is true he had added, of his own accord, an epaulet, and an addition of lace, that the regiment had no right to. He made my uncle wait at a tavern while he answered the love-letter, and treated him with a glass of aniseed. He sealed his letter, and delivered it to the young envoy.

When he returned, the valet who had despatched him offered him six sous, determined to charge twelve to his employer. My uncle, who, was always disinterested when he wanted for nothing, gallantly refused to take any thing for the service he had performed. A very pretty woman, who was taking the air at her window, was curious to have a nearer view of so extraordinary a chimney-sweeper. The servant introduced Thomas, who, instead of answering the questions of the lady, was busy contemplating her features, which were not altogether unknown to him. A broad rich point-lace ornamented her morning cap, and nearly covered her face; a dressing-gown of embroidered muslin, rose-coloured slippers, and white silk stockings with green clocks; all these circumstances put his memory at a fault: however, the sound of her voice, her figure, and one or two trivial expressions soon cleared up his doubts.

"'Faith, Madam," exclaimed my uncle, you once "lived in La Rue des Prêtres."

"Never, my little friend."—(It would not have been dceent to have remembered it.)

"O! yes you did—you did indeed," resumed my uncle; "by this token, that I one day entered your chamber by the window, and concealed myself in the chimney-corner, when two Cordeliers"——

"Enough! Enough!" retire, Lafleur!"

Lafleur quitted the room, and the fair lady was compelled, by the weight of evidence, to acknowledge herself Louisa.

"Was it you, you little urchin, who terrified me so that night?"

"Poh! I did more than that. I related the whole story to the Ambassador of Spain, who was the means of having you brought before the Lieutenant of Police."

"Why, it is the Spanish Ambassador who has placed me here, furnished me an elegant house, and given me a splendid wardrobe and jewels, with a gay equipage besides! Ah my friend! I owe my good fortune to you."

"I am glad to hear it. I have but nine livres and fifteen sous left; and, as you owe me your whole fortune, doubtless you will share it with me?"

"That might be if you was three or four years older. You promise well already; but all I can do for you now is to give you my assistance whenever you are in want of it."

The recruiting Officer made his appearance; he threw himself on a sofa, drew Louisa towards him, and was proceeding to familiarities, with which she seemed no ways offended, when his curiosity was excited by the confident air of the chimney-sweeper, and he demanded certain explanations, which naturally led to the recital of his adventures. The little historian wished to pass slightly over the vengeance he had taken on the Ambassador; because

he thought he should disoblige Mademoiselle Louisa, who was indebted to his bounty for all she enjoyed; but she was more delighted with that part of the story than with any other; she made my uncle enter into its minutest details, and laughed so heartily, that the orator was all amazement. He was not yet acquainted with the secret, that a man who keeps a mistress, only squanders away his money to be deceived, ridiculed, and despised.

"My charming Armenia," (for we must no longer call her Louisa,) said the Officer, "what a fine little fellow this is! By Heavens! it would be a shame to suffer him to fall again into the hands of your Ambassador. If he can but act as well as he talks, he will become a hero. I will give him the means of setting the Ambassador, the Police, and its agents at defiance. Attend, my boy—you say you can play the fife?"

"Aye, like an angel."

"Can you fight?"

"Aye, like a devil."

"I engage you then. You shall have fine clothes, a sword by your side, and money in your pockets; you shall parade through the streets of Paris till you are tired; you shall afterwards join the regiment, where you shall enter at first as a fifer, because you are neither old nor tall enough for a soldier. You will soon grow up to manhood and improve yourself, and then your sword and your good fortune will accomplish the rest."

Talk of wine to a drunkard—stuffed turkeys to a glutton—marriage to a young virgin—widowhood to a young wife—first-rate characters to a comedian—combats and glory to the hero in embryo—and all listen with equal avidity.

My uncle returned no answer to the officer; he was so delighted, so enchanted, so overjoyed, he could not utter a word. Pleasure was painted in every feature—his animated eyes seemed to pierce

through the dark veil of futurity, and read the history of his success. At length a word escaped his lips.

"Shall I have my sword immediately?"

"Yes, and your clothes in the course of a day."

"Enough, I am your's."

Some paper and wine were immediately ordered to be brought. The recruiting Officer drew the engagement, and my uncle, as he could not write, made his cross; he drank the King's health, and pocketed ten crowns, which were given him on the part of his Majesty; Mademoiselle Armenia added ten more, and Thomas followed his Officer.

How many younger sons of good families are there who have not made a more brilliant entrance into the army!

"*Fabert and Rose thus commenced their career.*" At least we are so informed by Voltaire. But let it be remembered I am relating facts anterior to the revolution; people were then obliged to do as well as they could—now they do just as they please.

A taylor, equally obliging as the rest of the tradesmen of Paris, who were well paid for what is of little value, finished in four hours a complete uniform, which the recruiting Officer delivered to my uncle, at the same time demanding fifteen franks. My uncle observed that the King ought to find him in clothes. The Officer replied that the King never provided clothes, except in garrison; and that if he did not think proper to pay the sum required, he must be content to join the regiment in his chimney-sweeper's habit. Thomas never troubled his mind about the morrow—the enjoyment of the present moment was all he cared for; accordingly he paid the money, though with some reluctance.

An old sword, notched like a saw, and eat up with rust, the Officer assured him was worth six franks more; a further sum of thirty sous was to

be given to the person who furbished up the blade, and ten more for cleaning the hilt and blacking the scabbard. After satisfying these demands, my uncle had just ten livres and ten sous left behind. It was a clear case that this recruit cost his Majesty very little; it was Mademoiselle Armenia who equipped and armed this new defender of the State: you may perceive that patriotism was already engendered in the bosom of more than one person.

While the taylor, the cutler, and the furbisher were occupied in transforming a chimney-sweeper into a little Mars, Thomas quitted the garret of Marguerite, where a man in the pay of the King, could not with propriety reside. He brought away his Holland shirts, silk stockings, pumps, and silver buckles, which he had received from the Ambassadress in the days of his prosperity, and which he had not been silly enough to leave behind him. Anxious only of glory, he let the old woman keep what he had advanced for the rest of the week; he pressed her hand, and promised her his protection; after which he repaired to a bagnio, where he was washed and purified from the soot with which he was covered, and thence to a barber's shop, where his hair was curled and dressed. Thus prepared, he proceeded to his quarters, where he found the splendid regalia of his new profession ready for him. He put them on without delay. Fair as the God of Love, and light as the powdered winged butterfly, he scarce touched the ground; he flew from place to place admiring himself, and seeming to say to every one who passed him—"Look at me!"

His Officer enchanted with his address and genteel appearance, successively presented him to the other Recruiting Officers, his comrades; all admired him, and congratulated him upon the noble ambition with which he seemed inspired; all invited him to drink; he refused none of their offers, and at

length lost all recollection, while in the act of venting forth the famous exclamation of *Vive le Roi!*

The next day, when he awoke, he found himself suddenly advanced to the scene of danger. His Officer had received orders to send his recruits, without delay, to Nantes, from which port a grand blow had been for some time in contemplation. It was nothing less than the invasion of England; and, in case of resistance, to throw the island and its inhabitants into the sea. It was true, the preparations did not seem much to correspond with the magnificence of the results expected from them.

Since the days of William of Normandy, these sort of enterprises have been constantly defeated. In order to beat the English on their own ground, it is absolutely necessary to be first masters of the sea, and they have acquired on that element a superiority which would more than balance the united naval forces of the rest of Europe. The reason of this is simple: the English depend wholly upon that commerce with which other nations can in a great measure dispense; the science of navigation is therefore essentially necessary to their existence; and an industrious people are ever certain of succeeding in whatever is indispensable to the supplying their wants. The Seine has nothing to boast of but its small boats. London is a considerable sea-port, and the tastes and manners of the people of the capital have ever an irresistible influence over the more distant parts of the empire. Perhaps, too, the climate and soil of England produce men more vigorous in their constitutions, and more constant in their pursuits, in the same manner as they produce the best breed of horses and hounds in the world. However, although such an attempt has never yet succeeded, it has not been demonstrated impracticable. All that is required is to land there; but I much question whether even the good fortune of Bonaparte would not desert him, should he ever be rash enough to make the experiment.

My uncle, at the first news of an invasion of England, rose with precipitation, and ran to purchase a knapsack, in which he secured his little property; and with his sword in one hand, and his fife in the other, hastened to receive the orders of his Officer.

That Officer belonged to an Irish regiment, then commanded by the unfortunate Count de Lally, who was the soul of the enterprise, and was afterwards made Lieutenant General, and perished by an untimely and tragical death on the banks of the Seine, because he suffered himself to be taken by the English, in the ancient Gulf of the Ganges.

This, perhaps, is not perfectly clear to every person. We must explain it. A scheme was in agitation to re-establish on the throne of his ancestors, the grandson of that weak and unfortunate Prince, James II. whom Lewis XIV. supported for such a length of time, and whose posterity Lewis XV. assisted, without knowing why; for what, after all, did it signify to him whether St. James's Palace was occupied by a George or a Charles? It would have been more essential to have protected our East India Company, and recovered from the English our factories and our colonies. But the splendour of commerce, though all feel its effects, yet none are dazzled by it; and there is nothing more gratifiying to ambition than to overthrow, or to restore crowns.

If any thing on earth can convince a man how insignificant and dependant a creature he is— if the example of others can console him for the state of misery, anxiety, disappointment, and sorrow to which Nature seems to have condemned him, let him explore the page of history, and bless his lot, whatever it may be, when he compares his family with that long line of Kings of Scotland and England, whose race, pursued by an insurmountable fatality, exhausted, during a period of more than three hun-

dred years, all the calamities which can overwhelm suffering humanity.

The first King of Scotland, of that family, was kept eighteen years prisoner in England, and died with his wife, assassinated by their subjects. His son James was killed, at the age of twenty-nine, fighting against the English. James III. was also imprisoned by his subjects; and escaping from confinement, and having obtained assistance, perished in a bloody battle with the Rebels. James IV. lost a battle, and his life, on the same day. Mary Stuart, his infant daughter, driven from her throne, and a fugitive in England, was detained eighteen years by Elizabeth, condemned to death, and finally lost her head on the scaffold. Charles I. son of Mary, King of Scotland and England, was sold and delivered up by the Scotch to Cromwell, and afterwards tried, condemned, and executed by the satellites of the usurper. James, his son, the seventh of the name, and the second in England, was dethroned by his son-in-law, and compelled to fly his three Kingdoms; and, to add to his misfortunes, the right of his son's succession was disputed. That unhappy son never made an attempt to recover the throne of his father, but it was followed by the public execution of his faithful friends and adherents who espoused his desperate cause.

At length Prince Charles Edward, the immediate subject of our history, uniting to every human virtue the courage of King John Sobieski, his maternal grandfather, obtained a few slight successes, which had no other effect than that of involving him in the most incredible and unheard-of misfortunes. History affords no example of a family so constantly unfortunate.

But as it is the history of my uncle I am writing, and not the history of England, let us return to our hero. He was presented to Monsieur Lally, who was much delighted with his determined air. The

Count told him he should accompany him, and ordered him to be in readiness the next day.

Good blood cannot belie itself, says the old proverb. My uncle doubtless sprung from that of the purest kind, for it was untainted with ingratitude. He remembered his poor mother, whom so many of her gallants daily forgot; he thought it would be inconsistent with his duty and filial affection to brave death and the ocean, without taking leave of the author of his days in due form. The idea of Riboulard somewhat terrified him; he was even on the point of engaging his Officer to accompany him, but he soon reproached himself for his apprehensions. He considered that a fifer belonging to Lally's regiment, ought to fear nothing; besides he depended on his martial uniform, which always inspires awe, and upon his sword, which he knew had a good sharp edge to it.

These encouraging ideas conducted him to the door of the abode of his earlier years, which his personal safety had obliged him to fly, and he had not for a long period contemplated. On lifting the latch, he felt his courage fail him—his hand trembled; he considered that Riboulard was a man who might knock him on the head before he had time to enter into an explanation; and if filial piety urged him towards the chamber, his regard for a whole skin impelled him to retreat.

"'Sdeath! no, I will not retreat," he exclaimed, after a moment's reflection; "it never shall be said that a Serjeant of Patrole made a soldier belonging to Lally's regiment draw back one step. After all, Riboulard is but a man—he is not my father; and, at the first symptom of violence, I will run him through the body."

He opened the door, and at the first spring stood erect in the middle of the room.

Riboulard, confined by the gout to an armed chair, with his foot extended on an old pillow

his face wrapped up in a dirty handkerchief, and his shoulders covered with a tattered petticoat, was resting one hand on a crutch, and skimming a sauce-pan of hot gruel with the other, in expectation of the arrival of his chaste half, who was at Church, when the unceremonious entrance of the little fifer made him turn round.—The first object he distinguished was the point of a sword within a few inches of his breast;—he had not time to ascertain the cause—terror took possession of all his faculties —he forgot he had the gout, and instantly rose to seize his halbert, which rested against the table.—The pain in his foot made him fall back again, not in his chair, but on Rosalia's cat, which was quietly warming itself by the fire side.—Irritated at such unmerited treatment, puss, without further ceremony, darted her claws into his breech. Riboulard endeavoured to disentangle himself, and uttered a woful cry. My uncle burst into a loud fit of laughter. The cat no sooner found herself at liberty, than she began to fly about the room, and pitching against the sauce-pan of hot broth, overturned it, and dreadfully scalded the serjeant with its contents, who roared for help like a bull. Finding man, beast, and even the elements conspired against him, he had no means of avoiding their fury but by rolling himself as well as he could towards the door; in his passage, one of his feet struck against that of the table, which, overturning, struck him right in the pit of his stomach. No sooner had the table given away, than the halbert fell with it, and coming in immediate contact with his jaws, knocked out the only remaining grinder he had. The serjeant howled; the cat, who had had her share of the hot broth, mewed; and the fifer continued splitting his sides with laughter.

At length tranquillity was restored; the pains of Riboulard were appeased, and he had leisure to examine the laugher, whose gayety announced no

hostile intentions; he recognised him, and the scene immediately changed.

He had rolled himself as far as the door, probably with the view of calling the neighbours to his assistance. He sat up, and planted the end of the halbert against his breast, and the point towards my uncle. My uncle, not wishing to engage at such a disadvantage, sprung towards the casement, which had on two former occasions been so propitious to him. Riboulard, whose money had absconded through that aperture, had barred it up to avoid a second accident of the same kind; and Thomas, who wished himself a hundred miles off, was forced to enter the lists. He leaped first to the right, and then to the left, in order to take Riboulard *en flanc*. Riboulard turned himself on his breech as on a pivot, presented his front on all sides, and my uncle, wherever he went, found the point of the redoubtable halbert threatening him. He exclaimed that he had only come to see his mother, and demanded the liberty of retiring.—Riboulard remained unshaken with his back against the door, and swore he would chastise the little rascal, who had treated him with such disrespect. My uncle condescended to ask his pardon. Riboulard refused to enter into any compromise or treaty, and required that the assailant should deliver up his sword, and surrender at discretion.

"Deliver up my sword!" cried Thomas, exasperated at such an insolent demand, "deliver up my sword!—What! do you take me for a Serjeant of Patrole?—'Sdeath? it is you, varlet, who shall deliver up your halbert.—And immediately this warlike menace was followed up by practical exertions of incredible activity. Crockery and moveables of every description flew round the devoted head of the poor serjeant: but fury deranged the hand of our young hero; he missed all his blows, and Riboulard still preserved his situation.

My uncle, determined to conquer, and finding nothing more to throw, lifted up the table, and taking the mattress from the bed, raised it as high as his strength and the length of his arms would allow him, and letting it fall upon Riboulard, jumped upon both with all his weight. He kicked, and thumped him with his fists and the hilt of his sword; while Riboulard, almost suffocated, endeavoured to assail him in his turn.

At length the old serjeant, worn out with fatigue and pain, lost all recollection, and the halbert fell from his hands. Thomas instantly seized it, exulting at the first victory ever he had obtained. He reflected that if it is glorious to conquer, it is godlike to pardon;—he lifted up the mattress; and the fumes of vainglory, which had intoxicated his brain, were dissipated in an instant.

Riboulard appeared motionless, and Thomas thought he had certainly killed him. He reddened—then turned pale, and his knees trembled under him;—he lamented, in accents of despair, the dreadful catastrophe that had cut the thread of his father-in-law's destiny.

Whatever resolution a man may arm himself with, he cannot kill his fellow-creature like a fly;—it is only by degrees a man becomes ferocious. My uncle sincerely repented—but his repentance did not long continue. He recollected his forced inoculation, his bartered teeth, and his scourged shoulders;—he concluded that if Riboulard was dead, he deserved his fate; and that he, Thomas, had nothing to reproach himself with.

As he was not sure that witnesses, if they happened to present themselves, might be of the same opinion, he judged it expedient to leave his mother's house, even should he be obliged to do so without bidding her farewell. There was only one difficulty; Riboulard lay stretched across the door, which opened on the inside, and my uncle exhaust-

ed himself in vain efforts to remove such a mass of mortality.

You will doubtless be astonished that the neighbours were not alarmed at the tremendous uproar in Riboulard's apartment. They had very good reasons for not making their appearance; and, as it is my duty not to conceal the least circumstance from you, I will inform you of them.

On the same floor lodged three mechanics, who were gone to their work; their three wives had dressed themselves in their gayest apparel, and had taken advantage of their husbands' absence to meet their gallants. Above was the abode of the gentle Zephyr in the summer, and rude Boreas in the winter. On the floor below lodged a devotee and a merchant; the former was at Church, and the latter in his ship. The other floors were occupied by I know not who; but as sound always ascends, Riboulard and my uncle could only be heard by those aërial beings, who, since miracles have ceased to be common, have never interfered in human affairs.

In the mean time my uncle, who had always his wits about him, perceiving the impossibility of escaping either by means of the door or window, seized the halbert, and courageously attacked the lath and plaster, which separated the room from the staircase. He had nothing left to perform, after having broke every thing in the apartment, but to demolish that also; and the operation was proceeding with every assurance of success, when the destroying genius of my uncle was suddenly alarmed by the cries of a woman, and the oaths of a man, both of whom appeared to him to be rushing up stairs.

Thomas, who thought he had killed his father-in-law, was dreadfully alarmed; he listened with attention, and distinctly heard a person falling on the floor; immediately after the same kind of noise was repeated, but with greater violence; and at the

same moment a tremendous blow against the door made it shake on its hinges. The weak fastenings instantly yielded to the shock; the door gave way, and fell over Riboulard, who lay stretched beneath it; and over the door fell a tall fellow, whom the devil seemed to thrust with such violence, that he stopped not till he had reached the fire-place, where his forehead, nose, and chin soon afforded evident marks of the effects produced by coming in contact with the hot bars. Rosalia now made her appearance with her cap torn off her head, her hair dishevelled, her whole dress disordered, and her arms terribly bruised.

If you possess any memory at all, you cannot have forgot among the twenty-one suitors dismissed by my grandmother at Vaugirard, there was one of them a stout porter, who was as amorous as he was vigorous, and who was capable of exterminating by a single blow the ancient Titan of this modern Aurora. He had still kept his eye on Rosalia; he had constantly watched her, and had suppressed his sighs, in order to avoid the consequences of a rupture with a man of so much power and importance as Monsieur Riboulard.

That morning, (for who can answer when he rises for the events of the day,) Jean le Blanc, instead of following Rosalia to Church, had regaled himself with a copious libation at a neighbouring tavern. He was jocundly reeling from the temple of Bacchus at the precise moment when my grandmother was retiring from the temple of worship. The gallant perceived her, and the flame of his affection was rekindled in his bosom. But, alas! that affection was now converted into rage.

He accosted her with a determined air, and explained his meaning without the least perephrasis or circumlocution. These sort of gentlemen always express their meaning by certain technical words easily comprehended. My grandmother crossed herself the moment she heard his revolting propo-

sition—a ceremony famous for driving away all malignant spirits, but it had no effect on the porter—he repeated his threats. My grandmother increased her pace, and the Satyr followed her.

They arrived together in the passage leading towards the fortress which Thomas had just reduced. There the varlet lost no time in vain parley, but commenced the assault with such determined resolution, that my grandmother was obliged to have recourse to her nails, with which she was very expert. This mode of defence cost her a violent blow on the arm, and another on the head, which deranged the economy of her cap. She ran towards the staircase, and her lover pursued her, swearing, that by foul means or fair, he would accomplish his design.

Rosalia violated! you could not possibly suspect such a thing;—no, nor did she suspect it either; none but such a fellow as Jean le Blanc could have been capable of making the attempt.

The bare intimation of such an insult aroused in my grandmother the agility of her early youth; but her strength did not second her efforts—she swooned at the threshold of the door. Such an accident was what a sailor would call being ship-wrecked in sight of port. The staircase was dark; the audacious Jean le Blanc, when he lost sight of the victim he would have immolated, redoubled his speed; the motionless trunk of my grandmother, who lay prostrate on the floor, suddenly retarded the action of his legs, and destroyed the equilibrium of his body; consequently his head had struck against the door with such irresistible violence, that it had forced it in the manner we have described.

Poor and unfortunate husband! thou hadst lost all recollection, and was insensible to the horrors that surrounded thee. Dear and tender son, thy innocence did not even allow thee to suspect that a base caitiff was offering such injuries to the author of

thy existence.—How many women are there who have been indebted for the continuation of their clandestine pleasures to the blindness of their husbands, and the ignorance of their infant children!

Extremes are nearly allied to each other, and order oftentimes proceeds from a state of confusion. This last blow Riboulard received had reanimated, by the operation of contrary effects from similar causes, the vital spirit which his first contusions had suspended. The porter had been suddenly brought to the proper exercise of his reason by the violence of his fall. My grandmother forgot all her dangers in the embraces of a son whom she had never expected to see again; and the ardent imagination of that son was calmed on the bosom of his mother.

Tranquillity was nearly restored to the breast of every one except Riboulard, who could not stomach the insult my uncle had offered him. His wife reminded him that revenge was one of the seven deadly sins, and, like a good Christian, he instantly sent it to the devil Jean le Blanc, who was a very good sort of a fellow when he was sober, replaced the gouty patient in his easy chair, and, by dint of a very few observations, soon found out the weak side of the good man. He represented to him that two soldiers who had bravely fought each other, always concluded by drinking together, and he offered to defray the expense. This last proposition effected more than all his other arguments; Riboulard was appeased, and consented to pardon and embrace Thomas on the following conditions, which, after a few objections, and with some difficulties, were accepted on the part of the soldier of Lally.

1st. That Jean le Blanc should pay for repairing the door.—Granted.

2dly. That he should pay for three pints of wine, and three pounds of sausages.—Granted.

3dly. That Thomas should buy a new saucepan, and reinstate the crockery and moveables he had destroyed.

Thomas did not much like paying the expenses of the war; he observed that the whole ought to fall upon the vanquished. His mother slipped a couple of crowns into his hand, which removed every difficulty. Peace was concluded and sworn between all parties. They dined comfortably together, in a family way, Riboulard taking care to have something left for supper. Cordiality was the order of the day, and the conversation was seasoned with the characteristic observations of the parties. Rosalia caressed my uncle, and my uncle caressed Rosalia. Jean le Blanc mentioned a number of his comrades who had overstrained themselves in vainly endeavouring to carry loads equal to what he had borne with ease. Riboulard enumerated with emphasis the girls, pickpockets, swindlers, robbers, and authors whom he had, at different times, lodged in the House of Correction, or the Bastile. At length they separated, perfectly satisfied with each other; and my uncle, enchanted with the occurrences of the day, retired to his quarters, overwhelmed with the benedictions of his mother.

The next morning, at daybreak, he repaired to his Colonel, who made him dance attendance for three or four hours; at length he made his appearance, and ordered him to accompany a waggon laden with arms and ammunition, He recommended him to his people, and set out post for Nantes.

My uncle arrived at that place in ten days, without any particular occurrence, and without any other occupation than eating, drinking, and sleeping at the different inns, with the *factotum* of Monsieur le Compte, and playing on his fife in the waggon.

Seven days after his arrival, every thing was disposed as well as could be expected from the zeal of the soldiers, considering the slender resources

with which they were provided; and my uncle departed with the army, in high spirits, for the conquest of England.

I again repeat that it is not my intention to write history. I leave that task to compilers; but I cannot avoid speaking of an enterprise in which my uncle made so much noise—*with his fife*.

CHAPTER VIII.

*Expedition of Prince Charles Edward Stuart.**

OF all the celebrated events that fill the pages of history, there is, perhaps, no one that can be compared to the attempt of Prince Charles, if we consider the weakness of his resources, the splendour of his first successes, the romantic and almost incredible misfortunes that succeeded them, and the change which but one victory more would have produced in the political system of Europe.

In fact, had Prince Charles gained the battle of Culloden, he would have restored his father to the throne, and England would have become the ally of France. These two powers would have leagued together against Holland; Lewis the Fifteenth to compel a peace, and Stuart to punish it for having dethroned his grandfather. The commerce of the Indies would have assumed a new form; and it may be presumed that the Pope would have recovered over England those rights, of which he had been deprived by Henry the Eighth.

Charles Edward was the son of the Chevalier St. George, commonly called the Pretender, and grandson of James the Second. He lived at Rome with his father, and his youth passed away in a state of inactivity, which neither accorded with the courageous disposition or extraordinary thirst of glory by which he was actuated.

This last remains of so many Monarchs, and a line of illustrious but unfortunate ancestors, had been invited to France in the year 1742, and efforts

* This episode is founded entirely on historical facts.

as useless as they were expensive, had been made to effect his landing with an army on the coasts of England. He awaited at Paris a favourable opportunity of displaying his talents, and satisfying his ambition. The war which Lewis the Fifteenth at that time carried on against Germany, England, and Holland, had drained France of her men and money. Too much occupied with his own affairs to think of the restoration of those of a foreign Prince, the King suffered Charles to languish in obscurity, and even in oblivion.

That young and enterprising Prince was one day discoursing on the subject of his misfortunes and his hopes with the Cardinal de Tencin, who was indebted to the Pretender for his elevation at the Court of Rome; and the Prelate addressed him in these words:—"Why do you not endeavour to effect a landing with a single ship on the northern part of Scotland? Your presence alone would gain a formidable party, if not a numerous army, to your cause; your affairs would then prosper, and France would assist you."

The slightest causes often lead to the most important events. These words aroused the ambition of the Prince; but where was he to procure the ship, and how was he to equip it? His father could do nothing for him; and he himself was living in France on the bounty of some emigrant families attached to his house.

He had several times seen Monsieur Lally, an Irishman by birth. His courage, which received its reward on the field of battle, in the plains of Fontenoy, and his great character as an experienced and brave soldier, made the Prince deem him every way worthy to second him. He opened his mind to that distinguished Officer, who readily undertook to direct the enterprise.

He first assured himself of the services of seven Irish and Scotch officers, who consented to follow

the fortunes of the Prince. Their names deserve to be enumerated; they were the Marquis of Tullibardine, brother of the Duke of Athol; a M'Donnell, Thomas Sheridan, Kelly, and Strickland. Previous to their departure, they were all promised the first ranks in an army which Fate decreed should never be organized.

One of them applied to a merchant at Nantes, an Irishman, of the name of Walsh, who he knew affected to espouse the cause of the Pretender. By a singular coincidence of good fortune, that Walsh, from whom he only expected a sum of money, had a privateer of eighteen guns, of which he generously made an offer; and it was secretly equipped. The active and indefatigable Lally collected arms, ammunition, and money wherever he could procure them. At length the Prince embarked with his seven officers, eighteen hundred swords, twelve hundred muskets, and forty-eight thousand franks. Such were the resources Prince Charles possessed to oppose against formidable fleets, regular forces, immense finances, and the public opinion, for the most part pronounced in favour of the King established on the throne.

By a series of circumstances, the result of the able management of Lally, the privateer in which the Prince embarked, was convoyed by a ship of war of sixty-four guns, called the Elizabeth, which the Minister of Marine had placed at the disposal of a person who fitted out privateers from Dunkirk. This favour was obtained at the expense only of a certain sum paid into the Royal Treasury, the whole charge of equipping the ship being defrayed by the person who had the disposal of it. The King, to whom it belonged, and the Minister who had granted the privilege of employing it, had not the least idea of the expedition in which it was engaged.

After a dangerous navigation of eight days, and after having escaped the pursuit of an English squadron, the Prince fell in with a fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by three ships of the line. The strongest, which mounted seventy-four guns, detached itself from the convoy to attack the Elizabeth. The privateer, which had Prince Charles on board, harassed the convoy by her manœuvres, and thus prevented the other two ships from joining in the attack against the Elizabeth. Unexpectedly the wind shifted in her favour, and she made sail towards Scotland, while the Elizabeth maintained against the English ship a long, obstinate, and bloody engagement, by which both parties were equally enfeebled, and in which neither obtained any decisive advantage.

Aided by the darkness of night, the Prince gained a small island, almost uninhabited, situate beyond Ireland in fifty-eight degrees of latitude. He anxiously waited for day, in order to proceed towards Scotland, dreading lest he should be surrounded by his enemies. At length the grandson of James the Second, King of Scotland, disembarked in a small village in that kingdom, called Loch Modyard. Some of the inhabitants, to whom he made himself known, fell at his feet, and lamented their inability to assist him. They were poor and defenceless, and subsisted only on oaten bread, which they obtained by dint of hard labour from a barren and flinty soil.—"I will cultivate the same land with you," said the Prince to them; "I will eat the same bread—I will share your poverty, and will furnish you with arms!"

Such sentiments, expressed with all the warmth of sincerity, could not fail of producing a correspondent degree of enthusiasm. Those honest people were his first soldiers. The report of his arrival was soon spread through the country; the Macdonalds, the Lokiels, the Camerons, the Frasers,

Chiefs of so many Scottish tribes or clans, immediately hastened to join him.

The people, who composed these clans, inhabited a mountainous country, covered with immense forests, extending upwards of two hundred miles.

The isles of the Orkneys and Shetland were distinguished by the same manners and customs, and lived under the same laws. Those people are the only race in the known world who have preserved the warlike habit of the Romans. The rigour of the climate, their industry, and the sober mode of life to which Nature has condemned them, render them active and vigorous. They support fatigue and hunger with uncommon constancy and patience; they often sleep on bare earth, and endure the most painful marches in the midst of frost and snow; they pay implicit obedience to their Lairds, who still exert over them those feudal rights long since abolished in England; thus they are necessarily of the same party with those on whom they depend.

The Irish, who, like the Pretender, were chiefly Roman Catholics, were actuated by dispositions directly opposite. Their country is fertile and well cultivated. The people were more favourably treated by the Court of London than the Scotch; their manufactures were encouraged, consequently their commerce flourished; and the inhabitants, tranquil and happy, paid more regard to their own enjoyments, than the interests of the Stuart family. It was for this reason Ireland took no active part in the revolution that was preparing, while all Scotland concurred in promoting it by open hostility, or of favouring it by secret assistance.

Another cause of the first successes of the Prince is attributable to the discontents of many of the Scottish Nobility, who, since the union with England, had been deprived of the privilege of sitting in parliament. The Court had neglected attaching them to its interests by pensions; they

therefore considered the union as a species of slavery injurious both to themselves and their clans, and excited the whole of the South of Scotland to revolt.

Several others, whom the King's Ministers thought they had gained over by gratuities and employments, yielded to the general enthusiasm, and united with their patriotic countrymen, in favour of a Prince descended from their ancient line of Kings, and whose courage, virtue, and talents were augmented by his renown. The Dukes of Argyle, Athol, and Queensbury alone remained faithful to Government.

Charles had scarce assembled three hundred of his friends around his person, than he raised the Royal Standard. It was nothing more than a piece of taffety, which Sullivan had brought and stuck upon a pole. This handful of men began their march, and increased as they proceeded, insomuch that when the Prince arrived at the town of Fenning, he found himself at the head of fifteen hundred Highlanders. He distributed among them the muskets and the swords with which Lally had laden the Nantese privateer.

Circumstances had never been more favourable for attacking and overthrowing the government. King George was on the continent, and there were not above six thousand regular troops left to defend England. The little army of the Prince, daily gaining additional strength, was full of ardour and courage. Charles conceived the most brilliant hopes, and made every preparation to second his fortune. He first attacked several companies of the regiment of Sinclair, who advanced against him from the environs of Edinburgh ;—he entirely defeated them, and thirty Scotch took eighty English prisoners with their arms and baggage.

He then sent away the vessel in which he had arrived, with tidings to the Kings of France and Spain

of his debarkation, and the situation of his affairs. The two Sovereigns wrote to him styling him their brother; not that they thought it prudent to acknowledge him publicly, but they could not refuse that honourable title to his birth and courage.

They then seriously set about rendering him assistance. Convoys of arms and ammunition were despatched from different ports. Several of these vessels were taken by the English, whose cruisers were incessantly on the look out; others safely arrived, and encouraged the Prince's party, who no longer doubted that France and Spain would exert every effort in order to re-establish the Pretender.

The Bourbons were far from seeing, that fifty years after, the English would embrace the cause of another Pretender, who, destitute of qualities as of resources, would justify that striking maxim so happily expressed by a French poet—

"Qui naquit sur le Trone en est rarement digne."

The general confidence of the people attracted crowds of soldiers to the standard of Charles. He proceeded on his march with rapidity. Constantly on foot at the head of his sturdy Highlanders, habited and submitting to every hardship in common with them, he afforded in his own person an example of fortitude and perserverance; he traversed Badenock, Athol, Perthshire, and at length obtained possession of Perth, one of the most considerable towns in Scotland.

It was there he was solemnly proclaimed Regent of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, for his father, James the Third. It is somewhat extraordinary he should have accepted the title of Regent of France at a moment when he could do nothing without the assistance of that country; but it was an ancient custom adopted by the Kings of England, with which he could not dispense without running

the risk of disobliging his troops: and, on the other hand, its absurdity was such, that it could not possibly give offence to the French King.

Lord Perth and Lord George Murray arrived with fresh troops, and took the oath of fealty to the Prince. Whole companies deserted to range themselves under his standard; Dundee, Drummond, and Newburgh, opened their gates to him.

He assembled a Council of War, in which the most important operations were discussed. The Council were divided in opinion. The Prince wished to march directly to Edinburgh, and determine, by the capture of the capital, the conquest of Scotland. He had his friends in that city; but the majority of the inhabitants continued firm to King George. The place was defended by a strong garrison, and Charles was in want of every thing necessary to ensure the success of the siege. To these objections he observed, that he had only to show himself, to induce every one to declare in his favour. His opinion prevailed; his army marched against Edinburgh, and got possession of one of the gates before any preparations were made to defend it. The alarm was immediately spread through every quarter of the city. Some for receiving the son of their ancient Kings, others wished to preserve the city for the Government. The minds of the people were agitated, and a universal consternation prevailed. The Magistrates dreaded, and wished to avoid the effects of a civil war; they saw no other resource than that of repairing to the gate of which the Highlanders had obtained possession, and there entering into a treaty with Charles. The Provost, whose name was also Stuart, addressed the people, with a real or affected emotion, and demanded what he should do.—"Fall at his feet, and acknowledge him!" exclaimed one in the midst of the crowd. The exclamation was

repeated on all sides, and the Prince was received and proclaimed through the capital.

The first success, so brilliant in appearance, was of little importance while Charles was not in possession of the Castle. It was the only strong place in which he could establish magazines, retreat in case of a reverse of fortune, or overawe the inhabitants, whose dispositions towards him were still very doubtful. The Castle of Edinburgh is situated upon an inaccessible rock; it is defended by walls of twelve feet thick, cut out in the rock. This ancient, and consequently irregular, fortress, requires a formal siege to reduce it, and the Prince was wholly destitute of cannon. He was obliged to treat with Guest in his turn. It was stipulated that hostilities should be suspended on both sides, and that the city should furnish the castle with provisions.

The advantages obtained by Prince Charles soon reached London. That hero, who, from the moment of his debarkation, had been looked upon as an adventurer not to be dreaded, now inspired serious apprehensions. The Regency established by King George, before his departure from England, set a price on his head.

Thirty thousand pounds were offered to whoever would deliver him up. The magnitude of the sum afforded a sufficient proof how dangerous his presence in the country was considered; yet, by a singular contradiction, no efficacious measures were adopted to subdue him.

Charles, master of the greatest part of Scotland, and proclaimed sovereign wherever he appeared, seemed authorized on his part in like manner to treat George as a usurper. It was expected that he would answer the proclamation of the Regency by one of a similar nature; but he afforded an example of moderation very rare in a young warrior, who might naturally be supposed inebriated with his first success. He opposed the rigorous pro-

scription of his enemies only with his sword, and strictly prohibited his adherents attempting the lives of the reigning King, or any of his family. Such a conduct fortified his party, and rendered his cause more respectable.

He neglected no means of profiting by the first ardour of his soldiers, which he was sensible the slightest circumstance might abate. He learned that General Cope was advancing against him with regular troops, and he immediately quitted Edinburgh to give him battle. He led three thousand Highlanders, who composed the whole of his army, into the field. Instead of trumpets, they had bagpipes to inspirit them. The English amounted to four thousand infantry, besides a regiment of dragoons and six field pieces. Charles determined to brave every disadvantage and danger. He mounted a handful of his men on the horses belonging to the baggage waggons, advanced by forced marches, appeared before the English at Preston Pans, and immediately drew up his little army in order of battle. He had neither *corps de reserve* or second line, nor did he want them; his soldiers were determined to fight with fury. He drew his sword, and, throwing away the scabbard, exclaimed to his comrades—"I will never sheath it till you be free and happy!"

This Prince was born a General. He had remarked a defile by which the enemy, in the event of being beaten, might have made an easy retreat; he detached five hundred men to guard it, and commenced the combat with two thousand five hundred Highlanders.

This attack was so impetuous, that the enemy had not time to make use of their artillery. His brave and intrepid Highlanders when they were within twenty paces of the foe, threw aside their muskets, and drawing their broad swords, and covering themselves with their shields, rushed between the ene-

my's cavalry, killed the horses with their short dirks, and fought the troops sword in hand. Strength of body, which is in general of little avail in modern combats, obtained in that a decided superiority. The English, astonished at a mode of fighting so perfectly novel to them, dispersed and fled on all sides. Eight hundred were slain on the field of battle; the remainder, as the Prince had foreseen, endeavoured to save themselves by the defile. The Highlanders, who expected them, cut off their retreat, took fourteen hundred prisoners; and the whole of the artillery, baggage waggons, and colours, remained in the power of the conqueror. The horses of the slain and the fugitives he instantly employed in forming a strong body of cavalry. This first victory cost him no more than sixty men.

General Cope had fled almost alone. The whole nation, indignant at his defeat, demanded his trial by a Court Martial. Contrary to the usual course of these kind of tribunals, which are often actuated by passion or intrigue, the Court, before which he was arraigned, decided that the presence and intrepidity of the Prince, and the Scotch mode of fighting, had alone occasioned the loss of the battle. In the mean time the Prince was embarrassed by his prisoners; he had no place in which he could secure them, and it was not possible for him to guard them with his own soldiers, whom they almost equalled in point of numbers. He determined to send them away, after making them swear not to bear arms against him. He kept the wounded, and treated them with the same care as though they had been his own soldiers. This generosity procured him new partisans.

Two ships, the one French, and the other Spanish, arrived at the coast. They landed a number of Irish officers, who were in the service of France, and who thirsted for an opportunity of distinguish-

ing themselves in the presence of him who they regarded as their legitimate sovereign. Charles employed them to discipline his troops.

The same French vessel, a few days after the victory of Preston Pans, proceeded to Montrose. It carried money and arms; and the brother of the Marquis d'Argens, so well known by his writings, was on board in quality of Envoy of the King of France to Charles. His affairs had taken the most advantageous turn. He had entered Edinburgh, and his army had increased to the number of six thousand men. Order began to be established in every department. He had a Court, Secretaries of State, and the different Officers appertaining to Royalty. The country furnished him regular supplies; he was not threatened by the English, and his security would have been complete had he been master of Edinburgh Castle; but he had no large artillery, and he could therefore make no attempt against that fortress with any hopes of success.

To the valour, moderation and generosity of Charles, the Regency of England had at first opposed proscription; it afterwards attempted to calumniate him, and then employed the arm of Ridicule, a certain method in France, but of little avail over the minds of such a phlegmatic people as the English. They printed and affixed in every place declarations that the Pretender wished to overthrow the established Religion, persecute the English, and substitute despotism in the stead of the laws of the country. The regency required every public functionary to subscribe to a new form of oath, in these terms—"*I abhor and detest, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine, that Princes, excommunicated by the Pope, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects*," &c.—Charles answered, that if any one had reason to dread the assassin's blow, it was him on whose head a price was set. All the Catholic Priests, though too insignificant in point of numbers to be formidable to Government,

were ordered to quit London and its environs; in fact, the only real apprehension was excited by the courage of Prince Charles, and an army conducted by enthusiasm, and heated with a series of successes truly astonishing. At length a journal was distributed *gratis*, in which a comparison was drawn between the important Acts passed during the reign of George the Second, with those which could not fail to be adopted under the dominion of a Roman Catholic Prince. It was inferred that his success would be followed by the re-establishment of Monks, the conversion of public edifices into Convents, Jesuit Confessors and Ministers, and the surrender of the English ports to France. The partisans of Charles in London answered these aspersions; and their ambiguous style, and the moderation they observed, afforded Government no opportunity of noticing them.

The Prince, whose ardour did not long allow him to wage war with the pen, again left Edinburgh, and by force of arms obtained possession of Dundee, Drummond, and Newburgh.

King George had now returned to England, in order to stop the alarming progress of his adversary. His apprehensions were such, that he did not consider the national forces sufficient for the protection of his kingdom. He obtained the assistance of six thousand Hessians, and the Dutch garrisons of Tournay and Dendermonde, though by the terms of their capitulation they were to perform no service for eighteen months. He embodied the Militia, and engaged several of the Nobility to raise regiments at their own expense. He recalled most of his troops from Flanders; and his preparations were distinguished by as much activity as those of the Regency had been marked by indolence.

His alarms augmented, and the inhabitants of London were seized with general consternation.

when it was known that Charles had taken Carlisle, and pushed on to Derby, within thirty leagues of the capital. Those who, doubtful of his success, had not dared to declare themselves openly in his favour, no longer concealed their sentiments. They publicly drank at the taverns the health of King James; and several ministers of religion offered up prayers in the churches for his success. The county of Lancaster raised a whole regiment to assist him. Every day, every moment some new success of the Prince was reported. The general alarm increased his advantages and his strength. The consternation was raised to such a height, that the bank and the shops throughout London were closed for the space of twenty-four hours.

From the moment Charles had landed in Scotland, his friends incessantly pressed the Court of France to afford him effectual assistance. They assured the French Government that nothing was more easy than to land eight or ten thousand men and artillery in the night. Ships of war were not required; it would have been lost time equipping them, and the least delay might be fatal. They demanded such transports as were to be found in the ports of Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk. They made no doubt that these troops would be able to disembark on some part or other of the coast of England, and that the instant they had landed, the three Kingdoms would declare in favour of Charles. They designed the Duke de Richlieu to command them, whose reputation in Europe was already celebrated. They demanded Lally to direct the minuter operations, and serve under Richlieu. At length their solicitations were so earnest and persevering, and the probability of their success so flattering, that the French Court agreed to grant what they demanded.

It is certain that if the passage had been free, the revolution would have been effected; but the

expedition was every where met by the English squadrons, and this attempt, like all that had preceded it, failed. They could only land a few detachments, who proceeded by the German Ocean to the East coast of Scotland. Lord Drummond, an officer in the service of France, disembarked, at Montrose with several piquets and three companies of the Royal Scottish regiment. He immediately commenced his march with his troops to join the Prince's army; wherever they passed, they were received by the inhabitants with acclamations; the women walked before them, and led the officers' horses by the bridles; at every house they entered, refreshments were provided, and every one was ambitious of the honour of entertaining them.

In the mean time the moment drew nigh which was to decide the fate of Charles. He was sensible of it, and exerted every means in his power to insure his success. He issued manifestoes, inviting the nation to join him; he promised protection and justice to all; he protested he would treat the prisoners precisely as the enemy treated his; he renewed the prohibition at any attempt upon the life of King George. These proclamations, which were replete with sentiments of humanity, were burnt at London by the hands of the common hangman.

Already the advanced posts of the two armies had partial engagements with each other; but these skirmishes were of no further importance than as they prepared the way for a general battle. Charles, too far advanced in a country which had not declared in his favour, was apprehensive lest the Militia in the county of Lancaster should cut off his communications, and force him to submit for want of provisions. Ever impatient of coming to action, he was nevertheless obliged to fall back, and re-enter Scotland. During this march, his army augmented or diminished, according to the wants of his soldiers, to whom it was out of his power

to afford any regular pay, and consequently impossible to oblige to submit to any regular service. He had about eight thousand men left when he heard the enemy were within six miles of him, near Falkirk, and infinitely superior in numbers. He marched to meet them, and offered them battle. His Highlanders fought in the same manner as at Preston Pans, and with the same advantage. A heavy shower of rain, which the wind blew right in the faces of the English, still more turned the scale in their favour;—but their impetuosity became fatal to them; they found themselves suddenly in disorder, their lines broken and confused, and intermixed with the English, who continued to preserve their ranks. The Prince perceived the danger, and made them draw back. Six piquets of French troops covered them, sustained the force of the enemy, recovered the advantage, and gave the Highlanders time to rally. They returned to the charge with increased fury, and broke through the English lines. The Dragoons were the first to fly, and the infantry followed them. The Generals and Officers were hurried away with them. They threw themselves in the utmost disorder into their camp, surrounded by marshes, and defended by intrenchments.

Charles, master of the field of battle, resolved to finish the victory, and force the camp, notwithstanding the darkness and the storm, the violence of which increased; he only stopped to give his Highlanders time to find their muskets, which, according to their usual method, they had thrown away at the commencement of the action. He marched up to the intrenchments sword in hand. The English, already vanquished by terror, dispersed and fled a second time towards Edinburgh. Their tents and camp equipage were the result of this double victory.

These trophies, for which Charles was as much indebted to his able conduct as his valour, added new laurels to his glory, but were of little importance to the decision of the grand object. Such frequent actions insensibly weakened him; and the Duke of Cumberland was advancing into Scotland with fresh troops. He entered Edinburgh, and joined the remains of the vanquished army and the garrison of the castle. He advanced at the head of his whole force to meet Prince Charles.

The latter, more than ever convinced of the necessity of securing some strong hold, besieged Stirling Castle. The approach of the Duke of Cumberland forced him to raise the siege, and retire to Inverness. The Duke allowed him no time to take breath; he passed the river Spay, and appeared before Inverness. Charles, who doubted the disposition of the inhabitants, left the town, and prepared for a battle which was to seat him on the throne of England, or proclaim him a rebel and traitor to his King.

We have seen armies of a hundred thousand men in Germany, Flanders and Italy scarce decide the capture of a citadel; here the fate of three Kingdoms depended on eleven thousand men on the side of England, and between seven and eight thousand on the side of the Pretender. If Charles lost the victory, his party was for ever extinct; if he gained it, the road to London was open to him, and the crown awaited him.

The two armies were in sight of each other, about two in the afternoon, near a village called Culloden. The Duke of Cumberland was superior in point of numbers, and had a strong cavalry, and an artillery perfectly well served. The English possessed that confidence in him, which a General, who had so well directed their battalions at Fontenoy, merited. They were also animated by the desire of effacing the disgrace of the two defeats of Preston Pans and Falkirk.

Charles, on the contrary, entered the field only because he could not maintain himself in Inverness. The General, who is forced to give battle, has seldom the advantage of position; and he is never encouraged by those inward presentiments attributed, I know not why, to a supernatural cause, but which certainly are of the utmost importance in human affairs, inasmuch as they exalt the imagination, and excite a degree of enthusiasm. This was precisely the case at Culloden: the Scotch were depressed by evil forebodings; they did not attack with their usual impetuosity. The English had become accustomed to their mode of fighting. The first discharge from the enemy threw the Highlanders into disorder. The French had recourse to the same manœuvres as at Falkirk. They advanced in front; but the Scotch, instead of supporting them, left them exposed to the fire of the English. The French were forced to give way, and the rout became general. Charles was carried off the field wounded, compelled to fly, and renounce all his hopes, though he had scarce lost nine hundred men; the rest, dispersed about Inverness, were pursued without the least relaxation by the conquerors. The Prince followed by a few officers, was obliged to swim across a river; and from the opposite side he beheld the flames, and heard the cries of five or six hundred Highlanders, who had taken refuge in a barn. The gaining this battle, which terminated the war, cost the English no more than fifty men killed, and two hundred and fifty wounded.

Among the prisoners made by the Duke of Cumberland, were all the French officers. The Envoy of the French King to Charles surrendered himself to the Duke at Inverness; and what is very extraordinary, there were three Scotch ladies who had fought on the Prince's side at Preston Pans, Falkirk, and Culloden. A fourth lady, Seford, who com-

manded a corps of Highlanders, which she had raised at her own expense, was fortunate enough to make her escape.

The Duke of Cumberland was sensible of the necessity of entirely dispersing the rebels, as they were then called; for misfortune converts into criminals those who would otherwise be denominated patriots. He allowed them not a moment's breathing time; the soldiers concealed themselves, or retired to their mountains, where their obscurity and insignificance protected them. The officers surrendered, in hopes of obtaining pardon: several were delivered up by the Scotch, who but the eve before had fought under them, or had secretly formed wishes in favour of the Pretender. Charles, Sullivan, Sheridan, and a few others took refuge at first in the ruins of a fort, but they were soon driven from their retreat by hunger. In proportion as they pursued their wretched course, the calls of hunger became more imperious; regret and disappointment added to the poignancy of their afflictions; mutual reproaches and disaffection succeeded. Every moment Charles found himself abandoned by some or other of his friends, and at length he was left without any other companions than Sheridan and Sullivan.

He continued his flight with his two friends for five days and five nights, without daring to stop; his body harassed by fatigue and famine, and his soul by the recollection of his well-founded hopes of a more prosperous fortune; now, alas! so completely vanished.

English detachments scoured every place; and the soldiers, encouraged by the largeness of the sum promised to whoever should apprehend the Prince, sought him with uncommon eagerness. He was on foot; his clothes were worn to rags, and his wound remained undressed. The excess of his misery, however, added, if possible, to his cou-

rage; and he never appeared more the hero than in the midst of the most dreadful calamities.

It is an observation, the truth of which cannot be denied, that a continuance of uniform misfortunes in different men, gives rise to similar situations, and consequently to the same expressions.

Charles arrived at a little seaport, called Arizaig, flattering himself with the hope of being able to embark there. Two ships from Nantes, with money, troops, and provisions, appeared to be sailing directly for that port, and encouraged in his breast a momentary illusion. He received intelligence that search was making for him at Arizaig. He was compelled to retire before the two vessels came to anchor. He had not proceeded above two miles, before he learned that the ships had touched at the port, and hearing of the loss of the battle of Culloden, had returned to France.

O'Neil, an Irish officer in the service of Spain, was in one of those ships. He refused to re-embark. He sought and found the Prince, who expected nothing but captivity and death. He informed him that the Isle of Stornway, the last to the north-east of Scotland, was the surest retreat for the present. Charles, deeply impressed with the friendship and devotion of O'Neil, reposed entire confidence in him, and suffered him to conduct him whither he pleased. O'Neil unmoored a fisherman's boat, and Sullivan, Sheridan, and himself rowed by turns. At length they reached the isle. Scarce had they disembarked, than they perceived afar off a party of soldiers, and recognised the uniform of the English army. They had just time to throw themselves into a marsh, where they passed the night, concealed by the rushes, and up to their middle in water. At daybreak they betook themselves to their little boat, and proceeded to sea without provisions, and without knowing their course. A thick fog rendered their situation still

more distressing; the fog dispersed, and they found themselves in the midst of an English fleet.

The Prince then forgot his wound, and seized an oar. All four exerted their strength to gain a desert isle, protected by rocks, and inaccessible not only to ships, but even to their little boat. They escaped this danger, and passed through the midst of their enemies, who had no suspicion it was the son of the Pretender who was flying from them. They ran the boat aground close to the isle, and, throwing themselves into the sea, drew it after them, and secured it behind a rock.

All the provision they had left was a small quantity of brandy, a few oysters and some dried fish, which had been abandoned on the shore by fishermen, supported their deplorable existence. They concealed themselves in the hollow of a rock till the enemy's ships were out of sight; they then departed, and rowed from island to island, in search of an asylum, which, however, they were unable to procure. They arrived at the Isle of Wight, where they enjoyed a short respite from their fatigues; the poor inhabitants received them kindly, and gave them some refreshment. They were on the point of departing, when a party of English Militia disembarked on the isle. They were compelled to pass three days and three nights in a cave, abandoned by the very persons who had at first succoured them. Those who may be willing to aid the unfortunate, refuse to sacrifice themselves by continuing their assistance.

They thought themselves happy when an opportunity offered of re-embarking. They proceeded again from isle to isle, destitute of every necessary of life. Forced to put to sea, and yet not daring to tempt the dangers of the ocean in so small a boat, they had no other alternative but that of returning to Scotland, at the risk of being taken by the English, who guarded the whole shore. They

were on the point of perishing with hunger, and it was necessary to come to an immediate determination. They entered their boat, certain of finding death on those coasts where Charles had but a short period before dictated laws.

When night came on, they left their boat, and proceeded as fortune directed, with scarce any other covering than what they owed to the humanity of the country people. At daybreak they met a young lady on horseback, followed by a servant. Her youth and her sex inspired them with confidence; and it was absolutely necessary to make their situation known to some person. The Prince addressed the young lady; she was a Miss Macdonald, whose family was attached to the House of Stuart. The Prince had seen her during his prosperity. Miss Macdonald shed tears at beholding him in such a miserable state. The Prince and his friends wept with her. The grief of the young Scotch lady increased in proportion as she became sensible of the impossibility of aiding a Prince exposed to dangers no less dreadful than certain. She however advised, him to retire to a cavern, which she pointed out at at the foot of a neighbouring mountain. Not far from this place was the cottage of a Highlander, on whose fidelity he could rely. The lady promised to bring or send him a guide, who should conduct him in safety, if flight was possible.

Charles and his companions took up their abode in this cavern. The cottager assisted them as far as his poverty would allow him, and cheerfully shared his oaten cake with them. Two days passed in this obscure and damp place, and the situation of the Prince grew worse and worse. His body was enfeebled, and languished under the effects of disease. The Highlander's provisions began to fail; and those who are proscribed, seldom find many to assist them.

They began to despair, when a man, who was sent by Miss Macdonald, presented himself at the entrance of the cavern. He informed them it was impossible to find a ship to convey them to France; that the only remaining resource was to conceal themselves in the little island of Benbecula, at the house of a poor gentleman, who would willingly receive and entertain them, and where, on their arrival, they would find Miss Macdonald.

They waited till night, and ventured to descend to the sea shore, where they found the boat. Miss Macdonald had embarked at a few miles' distance to join them, and to concert the necessary measures for providing for their safety.

They arrived at the house of the gentleman, which had been pointed out to them. They learned that that very night the satellites of Government had arrested him and his family. The Prince and his friends saved themselves in the marshes, where they passed the whole of the day. Towards the evening O'Neil, braving every danger, left their hiding-place to gain some information. He found Miss Macdonald at a small cottage. He thought himself and his companions out of danger. She declared to him that she had hopes of saving the Prince, by disguising him as a woman; but she added that she could save only him, and that the company of any other person would only give rise to suspicions that might be fatal to all. O'Neil, Sullivan, and Sheridan hesitated not a moment; they sacrificed themselves to the safety of Charles, embraced him with tears in their eyes, and leaving him, abandoned themselves to their fate.

The Prince, attired in a female habit, followed his fair conductress, Miss Macdonald. She conveyed him to the Isle of Sky. The house to which they retired was suddenly invested by soldiers. Charles, with that presence of mind which ever distinguished him, and without the least perturba-

tion, opened the door to them himself, and was not known. In the mean time the report was soon spread that the Prince was in the Isle, and diligent search was made after him. He was necessitated to seek an asylum elsewhere. He separated from his generous friend, Miss Macdonald, and walked ten miles, without knowing whither he was going, and continually on the point of being taken. Nearly exhausted by fatigue and hunger, he at length arrived at a house, the appearance of which indicated the wealth of the owner. He learned that he was a gentleman who had constantly espoused the cause of the Government. Too generous himself not to believe others actuated by the same sentiments, he entered with confidence, mentioned his name, and addressed him in these words: "The son of your King appears before you, and entreats food and clothing. I am aware you are my enemy; but I believe you possessed of too much virtue to abuse my confidence, or take advantage of my miseries. Take the wretched habiliments that cover me, and preserve them; perhaps you may one day have an opportunity of exhibiting them in the palace of the Kings of Great Britian."

The office of an informer at this period formed no part of the code of civilized nations. The gentleman's conduct was precisely that which Charles expected from a man of honour; he clothed, fed, and lodged him, and afterwards furnished him with the means of quitting the Isle.

Arrested for having received and entertained him, and indicted before the Court established at Edinburgh for trying the Rebels, that gentleman replied with dignity and freedom to the interrogations of the judges; he related to them the words with which the Prince had addressed him, and his defence was conceived in these magnanimous terms: "If there is one among you who, under such circumstances, could have been base enough to have betrayed him,

let that man be the first to pronounce the decree of my death!" He was acquitted.

Charles, surrounded with enemies, knew not where to prolong in safety his miserable existence. He thought that the clan of Morar, which was for the most part attached to him, might succour him in his extreme distress. He directed his steps towards that part of Scotland, and wandered through Lochaber and Badenock. It was there he learned that his benefactress, Miss Macdonald, had been arrested, that his partisans, who had avoided the search made after them, had been outlawed, and that two light vessels, despatched by the French Government, had arrived on the western coast of Scotland, at the very spot where the Prince had been six months before. What incontestably proves that his party was not wholly destroyed, was, that these two ships were two months on the coast, without Government receiving the least notice of such a circumstance.

During the period in which such fruitless search had been made after the Prince, he, fearful of confiding in any person, withdrew himself indiscriminately from every one's observation. Recognised at length, and armed by those adherents, the inutility of whose first efforts had not dismayed them, he reached the mountains, and experienced a thousand dangers before he arrived at the place where he was to embark. He departed in an open boat, without meeting with any accident, till he came within sight of Brest, where he found the port blockaded by an English squadron. He was obliged to change his direction; he regained the ocean, and bent his course towards Morlaix. A division of the English fleet was cruising there. However, he had the good fortune to escape this new danger, and finally he landed at Port Saint Paul de Leon, with the few friends who had joined him at the moment of his embarkation.

While Charles was wandering a wretched fugitive, pursued from cavern to cavern, the Duke of Cumberland entered London in triumph; and king George repressed, by the terrors of legal punishment, those who were secretly devoted to the cause of his competitor to the Throne. He began by displaying in the streets of London the colours taken at the battle of Culloden. The royal standard of the Prince was carried by the common hangman; the rest were dragged in the dirt by the rabble, and all were burnt at the public place of execution.

This miserable farce, which only proved how formidable Charles had been, was the prelude of those tragical scenes which were soon multiplied. Seventeen officers were the first victims; they were drawn on hurdles, and executed as traitors. Two days after, three Peers of Scotland were condemned to lose their heads on the scaffold.

The English Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Cromarty were tried by the Peers of England. They were all three convicted of having borne arms in favour of the Pretender, and condemned to death. Lady Cromarty, already the mother of eight children and pregnant with her ninth, threw herself at the King's feet with her family, and obtained the pardon of her husband; the two others were beheaded. When the Lieutenant of the Tower had exclaimed, according to custom, "Long live King George!" Balmerino added with a loud voice—"Long live King James!" and immediately submitted his head to the fatal axe.

Vengeance was extended towards all who had taken any part in the rebellion; twenty were executed at Carlisle, thirty at York, sixty at Penrith and Brompton, and fifty-six at London. An English priest had demanded the Bishopric of Carlisle of Charles, when he was master of that city; he was condemned to death, and conducted to the gibbet, and hung in his Pontifical robes. At last the sol-

diers and inferior officers drew lots which should die; one in twenty was executed, and the rest were transported to the colonies. Of all the victims of the rigour of George, the one who was most lamented by all parties, was Lord Derwentwater. His elder brother, who, in the year 1715, had taken up arms in favour of the Pretender, had been beheaded at London; his younger brother, who was employed in the service of France, and taken by the English in the course of the late revolution, had submitted to the same fate. Derwentwater desired his son, who was yet a child, to ascend the scaffold, and he said to him—"Be covered with my blood, and learn to die for your King!"

The last Nobleman who fell under the axe of the executioner, was Lord Lovat, who was eighty years of age. He displayed the utmost firmness; and before he received the fatal blow, repeated the verse of Horace—

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

It might have been expected that Charles, after having returned to France, would have had nothing more to dread than that of leading a life of obscurity insupportable to men who are born for great achievements. Another misfortune was in store for him, and it was the only one by which he ever appeared affected.

Three years after this unfortunate expedition, France and the Allied Powers, equally exhausted, and wearied with war, sent ministers to Aix-la-Chapelle to treat for peace. The first condition the English demanded was, that Lewis the Fifteenth should send the son of the Pretender from his dominions. The plenipotentiaries of France observed, that the peace would of itself render it impossible for him to undertake any enterprise against England. The ministers of King George

insisted upon it; and it was not thought prudent to resume the war solely for the sake of Charles: —thus his interest was sacrificed to the repose of France.

When he was informed that he must quit the kingdom, he answered, that the King had promised never to abandon him, and that he would not depart. His character and disposition, which so many reverses had soured, induced him to resist all entreaties, remonstrances, and even positive orders to leave the country. It was thought necessary to secure his person, and officers were sent to arrest him:—he defended himself; but he was taken, loaded with chains, thrown into a coach, and conducted to prison, from whence he was soon taken, and conveyed to the frontiers. From that time this Prince, whose youth and eminent qualities deserved a better fate, lived unknown to all the world; and with him was extinguished that long line of Kings so constantly unfortunate.

CHAP. IX.

My Uncle Thomas again makes his appearance upon the Scene.

WHAT is a romance ?—A mass of imaginary events, which are calculated to amuse or fatigue, and are forgot as soon as they are read. What is History ?—Real facts disfigured, altered and mutilated by error or the passions of the writer. The historian of a King describes patriots as robbers; on the contrary, the Republican historian paints Kings like tigers. The writers who are independent of any party—such, for instance, as the Abbé de Vertot, adopt a certain character for their hero, add to his qualities, and transform even his vices into virtues. That same Abbé de Vertot, as I have thought proper to name him, wrote the history of Malta; he had got as-far as the Siege of Rhodes, and expected to receive some papers and documents relative to that event, which, however, did not arrive. He could not wait; he created himself Generalissimo of the Grand Turk, and Grand Master of the Order of Malta; he attacked the place, defended it, and at length took it. The papers arrived just as the Abbé had finished the conquest of the whole Island; the accounts they contained of the siege resembled in no one respect those he had imagined.—"I am sorry for it," said he; "but my siege is finished, and I cannot begin it over again."

Which do you think is to be preferred, a Romance you forget as soon as you have read it, or a History, which leaves an impression traced by the pencil of error? Neither the one or the other pos-

sess in my opinion any other value than what the reader pleases to give them; and both resemble a magic lantern, where we are by turns presented with the sun, the moon, the devil, the baker, punch, and his wife. I have long wearied your patience with Kings, Highlanders, Princes, palaces, caverns, successes, and defeats: I now return to my uncle, and what I am going to relate, is just as true as any thing that is to be found in the Abbé de Vertot's Siege of Rhodes; you may believe just as much of it as you please.

Lally's regiment was in garrison at Nantes when Charles embarked; and the reason the Count had ordered my uncle to proceed there, was this: he had hoped to have obtained an order from the minister for his regiment to accompany the Prince; the order was refused, and that was the reason the regiment remained at Nantes:—but as Monsieur Lally suffered nothing to escape his observation, he foresaw that his future Majesty would be in want of a lad to wait upon his person, and attend him at table; a musician to amuse him on board, and a trumpet to assemble his Highlanders when he landed. My uncle was not entered on the muster roll of the regiment, and that was the reason he had been allowed to depart with the royal adventurer.

Thomas, who had never breathed the sea air, no sooner set his foot on board, than he became sick; he was sent below deck, where he laid himself down between a bag of biscuit and a rum puncheon; he repeatedly threw up the contents of his stomach, but he took especial care not to suffer it long to remain empty. He was not perfectly well till he landed at Scotland. The Prince did not trouble himself about him, and indeed had entirely forgot him; but when Charles found himself on *terra firma*, and saluted the natal soil of his ancestors, Thomas crept out of his hole, and observing six or seven Highlanders assembled round the Prince, he drew the implement of his profession from his

pocket, and sometimes with his fife, sometimes with a trumpet, sometimes with a pair of bagpipes, sometimes with a drum, but much oftener as a soldier, insensible to danger, and cutting away at the English whenever he found an opportunity, he had assisted in gaining the victories of Preston Pans and Falkirk; and till the defeat at Culloden, he had the prospect of being soon appointed music-master at King James's chapel, drum-major of his regiment of guards, or page, or scullion; but that cursed affair ruined the hopes of the Prince, and sent his to the devil. Too happy in not being hewn to pieces, he ran with the others as fast as his short legs would carry him, when three or four English dragoons, who ran much quicker than he did, for they were on horseback, made him determine not to wait till they came up with him, but to conceal himself among the slain, and let them pass on.

The last that passed, I mean the last horse, grazed his ear with his hoof, and put him to such intolerable pain that my uncle sprang a full yard from the ground; when he fell again, he perceived he was left alone with the dead, and consequently at full liberty to adopt such measures as his wisdom dictated. He commenced by disposing of his uniform exactly as he had disposed of the Ambassador's livery at Paris; he quitted it, because he was sensible it would be no recommendation to him under the present circumstances, and following up the idea, he thought it would be infinitely more to his advantage to resemble an Englishman.

In pursuance of this prudent resolve, he began to look about among those who had had the complaisance to suffer themselves to be killed in an affair that did not regard them, and had the good fortune to find one pretty near his own size.

A young Ensign, about his age, whose father had sent him to the army instead of sending him

to school, was among the slain; he had a red coat faced with blue, and laced with silver, a silver hilted sword, a watch in his fob, and doubtless a purse well filled in his pocket. My uncle hesitated not a moment in appropriating all these to his own use, and began stripping the dead.

The young Ensign, who, for reasons similar to those of my uncle, had also feigned to be dead, and who was every whit as sound and unhurt, no sooner perceived what sort of an enemy he had to deal with, than he got up, and seized his sword. My uncle, who was at first surprised at a motion which he had not expected, instantly drew, and, attacking the Englishman, swore he would have his spoils. The two shades attacked, parried, advanced, retreated, and dealt their blows with such violence, that their swords could scarce withstand the shock; the blade of my uncle's got entangled in the hilt of his adversary's he jumped backwards, and drew it away with such rapidity, that he cut his Lordship's little finger off just at the first joint. His Lordship, who, for the first time in his life, saw his blood, thought himself slain in good earnest, and called out for quarter. My uncle having vanquished him, granted him his life, but completely stripped him of his clothes, not even excepting his breeches.

I had a great mind to have put this bloody combat in lofty heroic verse; but I recollected that it would furnish some epic poet with an episode, and I leave him the pleasure of the task.

My uncle, clad in the dress of an officer, quietly pursued the road to Inverness. He saluted with his hand such English as he met; he smiled at seeing the Scotch fly before him the instant they perceived him at a distance; he at length entered the city, fully persuaded of the elegance of his figure, and still more of the necessity of getting a dinner.

He explored the Ensign's pockets, and found thirty guineas. Assured of possessing the means of existence, he went to the best tavern, which he knew, because Charles had lodged there the preceding evening; it was then occupied by the Duke of Cumberland and his Staff Major.

The tavern-keeper was that day very polite towards the English officers, and respectfully bowed to my uncle, and invited him to follow him. My uncle, during the seven or eight months he had been in the Highlands, had tolerably well learned the manners of the Scotch; he did not suffer himself to be invited a second time, but followed his guide. The latter conducted him to a room, from whence issued a most agreeable odour; he opened the door; his new guest Thomas entered, and found the English General and his suite at table.

His situation was embarrassing; to fly was to betray himself, and he would have been taken before he could have advanced four steps; to remain was as dangerous; of two evils he chose that which he thought the least—he seated himself at the table.

The Duke, offended at an instance of familiarity to which he had not been accustomed, expressed his dissatisfaction to his officers. My uncle, though he knew not a word of English, did not doubt but he was the subject of the conversation; however he ate his dinner with avidity, taking care to help himself to the best pieces. He reflected that the moment he should be spoke to, the cheat would be discovered; but he thought at the same time that they could not deprive him of what he had swallowed, and he determined to eat and drink till he should be turned out of the room.

The Duke knew the uniform; he knew that a certain Lord had a son an Ensign in the regiment; he had seen the father at Court but had no knowledge of the son, and out of respect to the former

he overlooked the strange conduct of the latter. He amused himself in remarking his extraordinary voracity, and from time to time addressed a word or two to him. My uncle stared at him, but returned no answer He beheld the storm that was gathering; nevertheless he relaxed nothing of the activity with which he despatched his dinner.

The Duke astonished at the silence of the insatiable eater, asked his Officers what they thought. They observed that the fright, natural to a boy of his age, had deranged his intellect.

"That's very possible," added the Duke; "but, however, his fright does not seem to have deranged his appetite."

Soldiers are not long at dinner after a victory, when they have enemies to pursue. Already the drums beat to arms in every quarter of the city; and the Colonel of the regiment, the uniform of which my uncle wore, entered the room to receive the orders of the General.

Imagine the surprise of that Officer at beholding the uniform of his regiment on a person who was unknown to him: figure to yourself my uncle, dismayed at the manner in which the Colonel surveyed him; his knife and fork fell from his hands, and he had not force to chew the last mouthful; contemplate the Duke of Cumberland demanding an explanation of this mute scene, which he could not comprehend, but which appeared so very extraordinary.

The Colonel answered that the fellow, who was perhaps a spy, had got on the uniform of his regiment. He took my uncle by one of his ears; it was that which the Dragoon's horse had grazed, and the smart the patient suffered, made him vent forth a hearty *God damn!* which immediately cost him a blow on the head and a kick on the breech. He answered both these applications with a *God damn!*—in fact, it was all he could say; it

was the only exclamation he had ever heard the English make use of, whether they were victorious or beaten, and that expression, employed upon every occasion, appeared to him the very root and foundation of the English language.

In the mean time the Duke of Cumberland interposed, and interrogated the pretended spy himself. To every question Thomas repeated his *God damn!* in the most humble and submissive manner. The whole company observed him with surprise, and knew not what to think; at last my uncle, impatient at his situation, exclaimed in French —"*Sacre Dieu!* where have my unlucky stars brought me to."

The Duke and most of his Officers knew the French language. It has since formed part of the system of education in England; it was at that time just beginning to be understood. My uncle, when interrogated in his native idiom, answered with precision, and in a style of originality to his hearers; he related the facts just as they had occurred; he interested and amused them. One circumstance alone troubled the Colonel, it was how he should find the Ensign, whose father had particularly recommended him to his care; he could not believe that my uncle was capable of fairly beating him; as to the Duke, he willingly pardoned him for having dined at his expense. The English love people of courage, because it is a quality they eminently possess themselves. They asked my uncle if he would serve the King of England; he replied that he would willingly, if he would feed and clothe him; it was all one to him, he said, whether he fifed for King James or King George. Immediately he quitted his Ensign's habit, and received in exchange that of a trumpeter; he was mounted on a horse; and now behold my uncle sounding the charge against Charles, for whom but the day before he had sounded the retreat. This conduct was not

perfectly regular, but my uncle did not pique himself upon his regularity.

The little Lord, left on the field of battle, was not so quick-sighted as my uncle; he passed two hours in lamentations, which, he might have employed to more advantage, and at length finished where he had begun. He bound up his finger with a handkerchief which he found in the pocket of one who was really dead, and, putting on my uncle's uniform, proceeded sorrowfully towards Inverness. Arrived at the advanced posts, he was taken for a Frenchman, who, not knowing where to find a retreat, had come to surrender himself prisoner. Two English soldiers, whose brains had not recovered the smoke of the gunpowder, and the fumes of a certain quantity of brandy they had been drinking, brutally seized him. He endeavoured to explain himself, but they would not hear a word; he resisted; they handcuffed him, and dragged him to a dungeon, where he was confined on bread and water with about sixty other miserable wretches, who were obliged, for want of room, to repose on their legs all night.

Two days after the minds of the victors began to grow somewhat calm, and it was thought necessary to examine into matters of less importance. The Duke sent an Officer to visit the prisoners, with particular injunctions to treat the French according to the laws of war. It was full time; in about four-and-twenty hours more they would every one have perished in their dungeon.—What a fine thing war is!"

The little Lord had scarce perceived the English Officer, than, pushing through the crowd, he ran, embraced his knees, and related his deplorable history. The officer consoled him, assisted him, and conducted him to his regiment. His Colonel restored him the effects of which Thomas had despoiled him, and delivered him a certificate, attesting

that he had been wounded bravely fighting for his King and Country, and sent him to London to get his finger cured by his mamma.

My uncle, enchanted at finding himself on horseback, trotted from mountain to mountain, sounding his trumpet. The more he blew, the less he advanced the cause of King George; for the fugitives, warned by its shrill blast, retired to their holes and hiding-places, and let the King's troops pass by. The Colonel, who at length perceived the prejudicial effects of his instrument, sent the musician to Inverness, from whence he was sent to Carlisle from Carlisle to Durham, and from Durham to Newcastle, where he found the Duke of Cumberland employed in making preparations for his triumphal entry. He added my uncle to the band of musicians, who were to open the march, and my uncle, actuated by a principle of gratitude for this distinction, hung his trumpet, with which he was not over and above expert, at his saddle, and drew his fife from his pocket.

At the very first note the drum-major stopped both of his ears, and his cane, in a very short time, flew about the shoulders of my Uncle Thomas, who had deranged the whole harmony of the concert; in fact, he had struck up a French air, and the leader of the band was unable to resist the effect of such unexpected discord. Thomas, who knew not any other mode of playing, thought the treatment he met with from the drum-major extremely misplaced.

He had learned, I know not where, that whatever it might cost, it was necessary to conciliate the good-will of persons in place, particularly those on whom he immediately depended. If this disposition is not always profitable, it at least prevents our superiors from injuring us, and that is something; my uncle therefore renounced the pleasure of enchanting the ears of the inhabitants, who were at

their doors or windows, or in the street, and he entertained no doubt of meriting the good graces of his superior by returning the instrument, which had displeased him, into his pocket. The cane was again applied, because he had left off playing. Such conduct would have vexed a saint; and my uncle, who was not over patient, quitted the ranks, and was preparing to make off. The pitiless major arrested his flight. My uncle swore, and exclaimed with all his might; not a word of what he said was heard. The major understood, or pretended only to understand, that he did not know the march they were playing, and he accordingly placed the music in the front of his saddle. My uncle did not know a note; but finding that play he must, he changed the tune that had so highly displeased the drum-major, and procured himself such a severe drubbing, and began at hap-hazard the air of Malbrouk. He had no sooner commenced it, than it was interrupted by a second application of the cane. My uncle, no longer able to restrain his rage, leaped from his horse, and seizing one of the major's legs, raised it up, and by that means, wholly deranging his equilibrium, threw him from the saddle right in the mire. Two of the musicians immediately pursued my uncle; he glided under the horses' bellies, ran, then stopped, dogged them, and had recourse to every finesse. At length he found himself close to the Duke of Cumberland; he sprang up behind him, on his horse's crupper, certain that his assailants would not dare to attack him in that situation. Two Officers, indignant at his temerity, threatened him with their swords. The Duke turned his head, and immediately recognised the young Frenchman.

He who at Fontenoy had equalled the talents of Maurice de Saxe, and who had restored peace to England, could not be angry at such a prank. A great man never thinks that any one means to treat

him with disrespect; if he appears haughty, it is only towards those upstarts, who, presuming on their situations, treat their inferiors with disdain. The Duke, informed of what had passed, was immediately sensible that he alone had been to blame, and that he should have informed the drum-major my uncle did not understand a word of English. He summoned him to his presence, indulged himself in a fit of laughter at the state in which the young Frenchman had placed him, desired him to treat him with more circumspection in future, and recommended him to procure a master to instruct my uncle in the English marches. How many men in power are there now-a-days who commit foolish actions, and not only disdain to repair, but even to confess them!

The lower orders of people in every nation are insolent; those of England, who imagine themselves free, and who in fact are so, let men say what they will, join to that insolence a certain degree of foolish pride, which sometimes impels them to acts of violence, particularly towards the French, against whom the Government carefully nourishes the most inveterate hatred; by the same rule it is endeavoured to impress the French with a belief that the English are a selfish and avaricious set of people. Notwithstanding these reciprocal calumnies, it must be allowed that there are in England, as well as in France, men no less distinguished for their bravery than their loyalty; but it is a lamentable truth that in every nation the governed are blinded by those who govern, and mankind are universally compelled to pay implicit obedience to those who rule them.

CHAPTER X.

Thomas supports the Dignity of the French Name to the utmost of his Power.

MY uncle was not long before he was made sensible of the effects of that national antipathy which I have just had the honour of mentioning. He was well enough off while he was in London, because they knew the crupper of the Duke's horse was always at hand; but when the regiment had left the Duke to repose in the capital on the laurels he had reaped, it returned to Oxford, where the drum-major and the others of the band soon showed him what sort of fellows they were, that is to say, that they were persons whose dispositions were of the very worst description. An old hautboy-player, employed to teach him English tunes, treated him with the utmost severity, beat him unmercifully, and found fault with every thing he did, though he was far from discrediting his instructor; the soldiers were lavish of their kicks and cuffs, and his young comrades generally saluted him with the appellation of *French dog*. He was not at first much affected by this kind of language, because he did not know what it meant; but they also pilfered his daily allowance from him, which was a far more serious affair, and the drum-major made him work without a moment's respite.

He had twenty times a mind to desert. The difficulty did not consist in getting clear of the city, but in leaving the Island. My uncle could swim very well, but not quite well enough to swim from Dover to Calais; he was therefore obliged to have patience. He did wait with patience, or rather re-

strained his rage, for a whole year, during which he suffered every indignity that could humble a Frenchman, internally persuaded that he was as good as any man on earth, let him be who he would.

He was as brave as a Roman, volatile as a Gascon, malicious as an old devotee, and vigorous as any lad of fifteen who had received a good constitution from Nature. With all these advantages he could not resist a whole regiment; with all these advantages he could never descend so low as to retaliate the foul language he received. My uncle, wearied out, and urged to distraction, swore to die if it should be necessary rather than endure his sufferings any longer.

But Thomas was not one of those who are content to die like a fool—that is to say, by despatching himself; he wished at least that his death should be fatal to his enemies. He began to know English tolerably well; and one day when he was in the mess-room with his companions, he harangued them in these terms—"You are a set of rascals, who take advantage of your numbers to play upon me; I inform you such conduct displeases me, and that it is high time it was put an end to. I am not afraid to fight the best of you; and the first who calls me *French dog* may expect my vengeance."

Hardly had he finished speaking, than they all repeated the term that so much offended his ears. He drew his sword, and defied them. The strongest of them laid down his sword, pulled of his coat, and advanced with his fists doubled, and his head inclined after the manner of a ram. When he prepared to fight, my uncle answered that he was a soldier, and never fought with his fists. They replied, that a man who fought with his sword in England was hanged, but that he might kill his antagonist by a blow on the head without the law taking notice of it.

In every country of the globe mankind are more or less subject to passion, and its effects vary according to the climate and the custom of the people.

At Japan, for instance, a man rips open his belly in the presence of his adversary, who is obliged to do the same on pain of being looked upon as a coward; in Italy a man poniards his enemy, which is much more convenient; in Spain they plunge their swords at each other with a degree of gravity sufficient to make one die with laughter; in France they mount a coach together, exchange mutual civilities on their way, then alight in the Bois de Boulogne, and with the utmost pleasantry give one another the choice of having their throats cut, or their brains blown out; in England they lay their hat, wig, and clothes in the middle of the street, and bruise each other with their fists till they are tired. This effect of rage, the least silly of all of them, inasmuch as it is the least dangerous, has its particular rules, from which the combatants must never deviate, and besides which, the spectators always take care to see observed. The combatants are forbid striking each other any where below the waistband; they must not pull one another's hair, if they happen to have any, nor must either strike his antagonist when he is down; they may kill one another, if they can, by blows on the head and breast, and the victor is carried off in triumph by the enraptured multitude.

This brings to my mind an anecdote of the Mareschal de Saxe, which is very little known, though it is perfectly true. He was at London during one of those intervals when England and her enemies, wearied with slaughtering each other, had signed a treaty, by which they were bound no longer than they thought proper to keep it, or were deterred by force from infringing it. The Mareschal de Saxe was one day passing along in his coach, and his coachman happened to have a dispute with a sca-

venger, of rather a robust and vigorous constitution. The scavenger stopped the carriage, opened the door, and desired the master to make him amends for the insolence of his servant. The Mareschal, who, as you know, or whether you know it or not, was endowed with an extraordinary strength of body, left his sword and his coat in the carriage, and leaped upon the pavement.

If any thing could prove that the human heart was nothing more than a fantastic assemblage of every passion, it was to see a London scavenger fighting with the son of the King of Poland, Sovereign Duke Elect of Courland, and victor on the Plains of Fontenoy and Lanfeldt.

The Mareschal received the first blow, and immediately seized the scavenger by the nape of his neck. The spectators shouted; he lifted him up with his nervous arms, and threw him in his cart that was filled with mud. The populace, ever delighted by an extraordinary action, exclaimed "*Bravo!*" took of his horses, and drew the carriage of Maurice de Saxe, who had an opportunity of applauding himself for the only victory he had ever gained which did not cost any one a tear.

Of late years the nobility, who do not choose to resemble the vulgar, have adopted the more polite custom of mutually blowing out one another's brains with a pistol. This example has been followed by certain Officers, and others who pretend to ape the manners of the great; and the decision of quarrels by the fist is now confined to tradesmen, mechanics, apothecaries, attorneys—(No, I mistake; these latter gentry generally determine their disputes by the assistance of two well-known personages of the names of John Doe and Richard Roe) —street-porters, and the vulgar of every class and description.

I left my uncle on the point of coming to blows with his comrades; let us see what became of him.

Thomas, unable to convince his adversary that it was more agreeable to be run through the body than to have a blow of the fist on the ear or on the mouth, and desirous of giving a proof of his prowess, exposed himself to all the inconveniences of a combat, in which he could not fail coming off second best; in fact for every blow he gave, he received ten, and the fist of the athletic Englishman constantly descended on his stomach or his head. My uncle, obstinate in maintaining the honour of his nation, would not yield an inch, and in a very short time the blood flowed abundantly from his nose and mouth.

"S'death!" he exclaimed, "what a fool I am to suffer myself to be knocked down like an ox by a set of fellows I can cut to pieces in an instant! Be upon your guard," said he, resuming his sword, "and if we must be hung, let us all be hung together."

The English are tolerably dextrous at a musket, but they are not quite so expert with a sword. The proposition of my uncle by no means pleased them; but as he prepared to attack them, they were forced to defend themselves. Their blades were no sooner drawn than he whirled his about like a hand-mill; he described a circle round the room, attacked, parried, and struck at the same moment. In half a minute he gave five or six what he has since called bloody wounds; the rest saved themselves by getting under the beds and tables. My uncle made them dance about the room one after another, pricking their legs as they retreated, and obliging them to confess his superiority. Enchanted at his own prowess, he consented to a peace with his enemies, upon certain conditions, which immediately presented themselves to his inventive imagination. He had already dictated the first in an emphatic tone; it was, that instead of *French dog*, he should in future be called the *brave Frenchman*. The others were

doubtless of the same nature; but the sudden appearance of his music-master cut short his words: the blood which flowed about the room, and the various proofs of my uncle's valour, together with the air of superiority he affected over his comrades, quite amazed the military musician. He lifted his cane to strike Thomas, who determined to settle him, whatever might be the consequence; and as a preliminary, gave the cane a stroke underneath, which sent it flying to the ceiling. The musician exclaimed that he was a brigadier. Thomas answered that he was a liar; that he should either fight, or submit to be caned in his turn, agreeable to the law of retaliation, which was the only code he ever learned in the whole course of his life. The old hautboy player, animated by that innate spirit which at times operates on all, not even excepting the troops of the King of Naples, could not consent to submit his shoulders to the discipline of the cane; neither had he any great inclination that any other part of his body should suffer. However, my uncle secured the door, and stood with his back against it; he insisted on his submitting to be chastised, or drawing his sword. The subaltern determined to adopt that resolution which was most consonant to glory; he had scarce put himself on his guard, than Thomas gave him the *coup de manchette*, and his sword with part of his hand fell at his feet.

While the unfortunate music-master was, with his left hand, endeavouring to stanch the wound in his right, the other combatants were washing theirs with water. My uncle threw away his blood-stained sword, descended the staircase, and rushed out of the house. The vanquished, no longer restrained by the presence of the conqueror, roared like devils; they proceeded to the adjoining rooms, stated the particulars to their comrades, and raised the hue and cry against Thomas, who was already far enough off.

My uncle, who had no more enemies to cope with, had full leisure to reflect upon the embarrassing situation in which he had placed himself. He had drawn his sword, and maimed the hand of his superior officer; he had done enough to merit twice hanging, though, according to his mode of thinking, once would have been sufficient; and he continued his flight without knowing where to take refuge, in order to escape the fatal rope which presented itself to his imagination. It is natural to endeavour to preserve life; and whatever a man's situation may be, it is preferable to the idea of the loss of his existence. This is the voice of Nature, however passion may silence it for the moment.

The door of a court-yard presented itself; he rushed in, and shut it after him. He was stopped by the porter, whom he laid flat by a kick in the belly. He crossed a spacious yard, proceeded up a staircase, and traversed a long gallery, the doors of which were shut. One alone at the further end was open; he entered—it was inhabited by a young man of a prepossessing figure, and he was encouraged the moment he beheld him. The trouble which agitated him did not allow him to reflect that he was speaking to an Englishman;—he began the recital of his adventure in his maternal tongue; he had not uttered above twenty words, when the youth took the key of the door, and locked it within side.

"My Lord and myself are not actuated by the injustice of our countrymen towards the French," said the youth to my uncle, as soon as he had finished his recital; "we have several in yonder cabinet, who are the most cherished objects of our affection."

"You have Frenchmen shut up in your cabinet! Doubtless you know who they are? Were they at the battle of Culloden?"

"No, they were dead long before."

"Dead long before! What then do you amuse yourselves with their lifeless bodies?"

"No, with their minds," answered the youth smiling.

"Their minds! I have heard of such things, but I never saw them."

The youth immediately opened the door of the cabinet, and showed my uncle a number of shelves piled with books.

"Are these the minds you speak of?" said my uncle, bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Yes, and minds of the first quality. Bayle, Moliere, La Fontaine, Fenelon, Corneille, Montesquieu, Chaulieu, Racine."

"A pretty collection you have made; my schoolmaster had a large book-case filled with them, but I never could bear to look at them."

"It is, however, to them you are indebted for the protection I afford you, and the assistance I mean to give you."

"Indeed."

"Yes, we never read one of their pages without contracting a debt towards France; it has already increased to an enormous sum, and we will now pay off a part of it."

"What, in my favour?"

"Yes, and without even requiring you to render justice to those illustrious men, your benefactors. It is a sufficient title to our favour that you are one of their unfortunate countrymen."

"And am I the countryman of Racine?"

"Certainly."

"Unfortunate I am, that is certain; and you mean to assist me out of regard for him? Well, that is admirable!"

"I will give you one of my suits; you are young, about my size, and it will fit you, and will render it impossible for any one to know you.'

The youth drew from a wardrobe a complete woman's dress of elegant simplicity, and my uncle surveyed him with his large black eyes, which surprise rendered still larger.

"My confidence astonishes you," said the youth; "but your misfortunes, and the necessity you have of my assistance, sufficiently explain themselves."

"It is not your confidence that surprises me—it is your peculiar taste that appears extraordinary to me. You love to read, and you love to dress yourself like a woman: you are a singular kind of a youth."

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by a knock at the door. My uncle thought it was the porter who came in search of him, and he ran towards the cabinet to hide himself.

"Fear nothing," said the youth; "it is my Lord—I know his knock."

He opened the door, and his Lordship entered; and seizing one of the youth's hands pressed it to his lips, then seated himself, and drew him towards him.

"Well," said my uncle to himself, "this is still more singular than any thing I have seen yet."

The heart, like every thing else, requires repose. His Lordship at length perceived Thomas, and it was natural to inquire who he was. There are moments when a state of internal satisfaction disposes one to listen favourably to every thing; and the young Lord, who was really of a good disposition, frequently interrupted his fair companion by exclaiming, "Very well, Fanny—excellent, my charming girl!"

My uncle passed from one degree of stupefaction to another, and from that to a sentiment of joy, when his Lordship made a proposition which his amiable friend had not dared to offer.

He proposed that Thomas should leave Oxford

in the evening, dressed in woman's clothes; that he should be accompained by an old confidential servant, who should carry his own garments in a napkin; that he should resume his dress in the first field he came to; that he should proceed on foot to the village from where the stage set out, where he would find his place taken, and paid for in the name of *Jefferies*; that when he arrived at London, he should take the stage to Dover; and that at Dover he should present a letter of recommendation to Mr. Fector, the banker, who would procure him the means of embarking for France.

In proportion as my uncle was violent towards those who insulted him, he was friendly towards those who appeared to interest themselves in his behalf; judge, then, of his transports at the generous offers of his Lordship. Thomas, who could love as well as any other, but was not acquainted with the ceremonious mode of expressing it, threw his arms round the necks of the young Lord and his lovely companion; he embraced them again and again; and when he had given full scope to the excess of his joy, he resumed his natural character.

"Perhaps you will one day want my assistance; I love you too well to wish it; but, s'death! the arm, the sword, and the blood of Thomas shall for ever be at your service!"

"That is the species of gratitude I most admire," answered his Lordship.

One thing only disturbed my uncle; it was the apprehension that on his journey he should be required to exhibit that passport which he knew he had not about him. His Lordship told him there was no occasion for one.

"What, when you are at war with a part of Europe, and your internal troubles are hardly appeased!"

"What has the war to do with the individual liberty of an Englishman?"

"But the troubles?"

"It is Government's business to check or put a stop to them. It would be a very pretty thing in a free country if one could not go about without a passport; besides, passports are only a restraint upon those who have no reason to fear, and they are extremely useful to those who have cause to apprehend suspicion."

"That's very true."

"Even under the most difficult circumstances, a man may obtain as many as he pleases with the aid of four witnesses, who know nothing more of him than that he bribed them for their assistance; and then, furnished with this safeguard, he may intrigue where he pleases."

This difficulty removed, my uncle made joyful preparations for his journey to France. He sighed for his native country, like all those who are silly enough to leave it, and find they have not bettered their fortune.

Doubtless you desire to know who this obliging young Lord and his fair, charming and compassionate companion are. The former was the son of Lord Seymour, and the latter the daughter of Mr. Henry Thompson, a merchant of good credit and circumstances in the city of London. But you immediately ask me by what singularity they are together at Oxford?—Stop a moment; you are in a devil of a hurry to know every thing; give me time to breathe. You may rest yourself, too, if you please, and pass on to the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

Which will inform you who Lord Seymour and Fanny Thompson are.

WHILE the amiable Fanny was arranging my uncle's disguise, his Lordship was writing his letter to the banker, and the old domestic was gone to take place in the stage for the pretended Jefferies, Thomas was meditating how he should one day acquit himself towards his kind hosts. Unlettered as he was, he felt that gratitude was an imperious demand, and he thought it hard to forego the pleasure of satisfying it. He was sensible he could not do much for a Lord, but he considered that the least offering was something towards the acquittal of a benefit. Well, who knows what chance may bring about? I could name more than one Lord who has experienced the advantage of having a grateful servant.

My uncle considered, that in order to profit by a favourable opportunity, if ever one should present itself, it was necessary to know the names of his friends in France; he also thought it would not be amiss to be a little acquainted with their affairs. He therefore hazarded a few questions, not with that air he generally assumed, but with a penetrating and insinuating tone, which seemed to say, "It is not curiosity that actuates me; it is the interest with which you have inspired me."

His Lordship was extremely pleased with this mode of interrogation; he was also glad to dissipate the doubts my uncle had conceived respecting Fanny. He, however, wrote his letter without suffering himself to be interrupted; after which he:

entered his cabinet, brought out a manuscript book, and gave it him to read. "What is that?" said my uncle; "is it another mind? Mademoiselle or Madame Fanny will inform you I have nothing to do with them." Fanny smiled, whispered his Lordship, and took away the book. After having prepared every thing for his escape, she called my uncle to the further end of the room, and, to avoid disturbing his Lordship, related to him, in a low tone of voice, what you are going to read, not precisely as I have written it; every person tells a story differently—Fanny related her's after her own manner, and I write after mine.

Lord Seymour, the father of the present one, was a very rich Nobleman, and in high estimation at Court; consequently he was much infatuated with his own person. He pretended to be descended from Alzonda, Queen of Scotland, though Scotland never had a Queen of that name; but his lineal descent was as certain as that of the family of Levi in France, who pretended to be descended in a right line from the Virgin Mary, who, in fact, as they said, was of the tribe of Levi. Happily the Countesses and Marchionesses of Levi never pretended to the title of their ancestors; for if they had, no one would have believed them. However, as both the Seymours and the Levis kept up a splendid establishment and a good table, no one contested the existence of Alzonda or Mary, and still less their relationship with those two ladies.

Old Seymour, who was a General Officer, and had been Governor of Jamacia, and Viceroy of Ireland, who was also a Knight of the Garter, owner of seven or eight large estates in different counties, and of five or six castles, could not decently marry his son to any other than a Princess of the blood of England, France, Spain, or even of Monomotapa. The country signified nothing to him, provided he

could say at Court, "my son is allied to such a crown."

Young Seymour, as beautiful as an angel, as tender as Love, and less perfidious, neither prided himself upon his birth or fortune; when he talked to the ladies, it was on the subject of their own beauty; and when he conversed with his own sex, he flattered their tastes: consequently he was every where admired, entertained, and his company sought after. Every one strove who should pay him most attention.

In the midst of the pleasures that surrounded him, and the distinctions conferred on him, Seymour at times sighed, and was unhappy; he was in want of something, or rather he had something too much; it was his heart, a heavy burthen for a youth of sixteen, who scarce knew Heaven had not endowed him with beauty to please himself alone. He became absent, thoughtful, and melancholy; certain ladies, distinguished by their haughty demeanour, and bold confident look, who delight in forming the tastes of youth, and seizing the moment pointed out by Nature, endeavoured to inspire Seymour with a libertine passion; but Seymour wanted a heart in exchange for his own, and it was long since those ladies had no other heart to give than such a one as that of the Chevalier de Boufflers.

Seymour was one day musing along the streets of London; he was on foot, and alone, in order to avoid speaking, or being spoke to. He suddenly found himself stumbling against the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, which he did not perceive, though they were large enough to have been visible at the distance of two miles. He fell over the first, and sprained his foot; he vented a slight complaint, rose up, and then seated himself on one of the steps, in hopes that the pain he felt would go off.

The feeble exclamation he had uttered, excited the attention of Fanny Thompson, who was work-

ing at her needle at the door of her father's shop. Their eyes at that instant met each other, and mutually seemed to admire the objects of their contemplation.

A handsome interesting youth excites still more sympathy in a woman's bosom when he appears under the impression of pain or grief. Fanny was but fifteen years of age, and knew nothing of the world; she scarce knew her own heart; she yielded, without reflection, to the secret impulse that guided her. She rose, and approached Seymour with modest downcast eyes, blushing lovely as the rose just expanding its beauteous leaves to the dawning day. She invited the blooming youth to her father's house, where he would be better accommodated than on the cold stones. She advanced her white arm with the most respectful tenderness; Seymour gently leant on it for fear of fatiguing her, but with sufficient force to feel the genial warmth it conveyed to his whole frame. Their mutual touch produced on each the effect of an electrical shock; Fanny raised her eyes, but immediately cast them down again, unable to withstand the irresistible splendour that shot from those of Seymour.

"Pray," said she, "support me in your turn; I am almost ready to fall myself, and yet I do not know that any thing is the matter with me."

They crossed that part of St. Paul's Church Yard leading to her father's shop, where they both seated themselves on a bench, without speaking to, or even daring to look at each other; soft sighs, which innocence has no idea of suppressing, seemed to say, "We are near each other—that happiness is sufficient."

Old Thompson had just lighted his pipe, and was preparing for half an hour's expectoration while he amused himself with observing the people passing his door. He beheld Seymour by the side of his daughter, and demanded what he wanted. Sey-

mour, embarrassed, was silent. Fanny undertook to explain. Women, in every situation, preserve a kind of presence of mind for which men are not distinguished. Fanny knew not what it was to tell a falsehood, but she thought it was no crime to add to the truth. She painted the accident Seymour had met with in the strongest colours. Thompson, an honest, free-hearted citizen, (by the way, there is not a more amiable character in life,) was almost persuaded he had broke his leg, and immediately invited him into his house. We never refuse what we desire. Seymour, who had time to recollect himself, seconded the innocent stratagem of Fanny; he limped along, supported on the arm of the father. Fanny, without knowing what she did, held out her fair hand—Seymour's met it; they pressed each other, and the blush of pleasure suffused the beauteous countenances of each.

They proceeded to an inner apartment of the house; the good old man rubbed the bruise, while Fanny dipped a cloth in warm brandy. Thompson placed it on the part affected, after which he made the youth take a cordial; but the wound was in his heart, and neither cordials or fomentations could cure it.

After the pain was assuaged by these applications, Fanny, who was incapable of disguising her sentiments, contemplated the youth with such affection, that her father could not avoid remarking it; he asked him whom he had had the happiness of obliging. At the name of Seymour he frowned, and immediately sent for a hackney coach. He assisted him in getting into it, and said, while he squeezed his hand—"My daughter cannot become your wife, and she never can be your mistress. Forget not that I have exercised the rights of hospitality towards you."

"Well, why can she not be my wife?" said Seymour, as the coach drove along.

"Why can he not be my husband?" thought Fanny, when he was gone.

"My daughter," said Thompson, "you may make some honest citizen happy; but recollect that a girl without reputation is despised by every one."

"Some honest citizen happy!" replied Fanny, in a timid tone of voice, "why not make a Lord happy, then?"

"You might for a moment, and he would afterwards betray you. Forget him, I desire it."

A girl of fifteen years of age never thinks a handsome young man can be a betrayer, and Fanny did not believe a word of what her father said.

She slept not that night, neither did Seymour close an eye; they both rose at the moment when the first rays of the sun bespangle the dew-covered fields. Those, whose thoughts are contemplating future happiness, never lose their moments in the arms of sleep.

In the morning Seymour passed by St. Paul's; the shop was open, but Fanny was not there; her father had forbid her making her appearance; the prohibition appeared to her very unjust, but she respected it, and submitted. From the farther end of the shop, where she was busy working without looking at her work, she perceived Seymour; she sighed, which was all she dared do.

Seymour passed and repassed, but Fanny remained fixed to her chair. Love urged her to quit it, but filial piety retained her. Seymour ardently panted for an opportunity of speaking to her: he had so many things to say to her! It was necessary to form a pretext for entering the shop, and he soon found one. It was but a natural mark of politeness to thank old Thompson for his attentions on the preceding day: accordingly he advanced with trembling steps towards his house; he made two steps, then stopped, drew back, and advanced

again. His heart beat with violence. Fanny, who observed all his motions, doubtless felt the same agitation; she had not quitted her chair, but her countenance beamed joy when she beheld her lover at her feet.

Old Thompson had gone out. Seymour, who had so much to say, could not utter a word. It is by the language of the soul alone love can be painted. He who attempts to express it by words, makes a sacrifice to his understanding at the expense of his heart. Their hands were clasped in each other's; Fanny hung affectionately over Seymour; her lovely bosom heaved with ardour; her rosy-hued lips awaited the kiss of love, and her humid eyes announced her defeat. Her situation, and a perfidious neck-handkerchief which betrayed her confidence, added to the delirium of Seymour. His senses were bewildered.—"Let me fly," said he, disengaging his hand, "you are not in safety!" —He turned round to depart; old Thompson appeared before him; he was struck with astonishment! Seymour fell at his knees—he moistened them with his tears; and Fanny, who was ordered to retire, knew nothing of what was passing.

Old Thompson raised up Seymour, and embraced him.—"My daughter loves you," said he; "it is a misfortune. I will not reproach her for it; you are a man of honour, and that inspires me with confidence. However, I conjure you not to return here; promise, by that honour to which I already owe the virtue of my daughter, not to return!"

"Not return! not return!" repeated Seymour.

"She is lost if she sees you again! Have pity on my dear Fanny—have pity on her old father!"—Thompson, in his turn, fell at the feet of the young Lord.

"I never will return!" said Seymour; doubtless "it will cost me the deepest regret, but I will preserve your esteem." He said, and disappeared.

Two days passed away. Alas! what an age seem two days of grief! The youthful gayety of the lovely Fanny, and the peace of mind of the amiable Seymour, were fled. Incapable of forfeiting his word, he endeavoured to accord it with his love and happiness.

Sometimes he thought of laying open his heart to his father, and demanding his consent; sometimes he proposed to unbend the severity of Thompson, and engage him to receive his visits until the time when he should be master of his own actions; but a very slight reflection convinced him of the danger of the former step, and of the sound reasons which the father of Fanny would oppose to the latter. In the mean time he could not live without her.—"She is as necessary to my existence as the air I breathe; and I have promised—What? —I have promised not to return to her father's house, but I have not promised not to see her, or not to write to her."—He immediately hastened to his study, and wrote a letter, dictated by the ardour of his affection; he sealed it, but was at a loss how to get it conveyed. He was sensible that his extreme youth would be an obstacle to his employing any of the servants in the intrigue. Richard an old domestic, had nursed him from a child, and tenderly loved him; but for that very reason Richard seemed to be ill qualified to assist him; for if his attachment should render him indiscreet, the honest, worthy, and respectable Mr. Thompson might become an object of the indignation of a powerful family. However, no one writes without wishing to be read, neither does any one write a letter without some expectation of an answer; and it is hard to renounce that hope.

What was he to do?—Seymour knew not, but he went out, and walked where chance led him. He found a porter, and charged him with the deli-

very of his letter :—he soon ran after him, and, took it away again ; he dreaded lest Thompson should be in the way. He was reduced to despair. He sighed, but still kept walking on, till he insensibly approached St. Paul's. He entered the cathedral by the door opposite the residence of his beloved : he was, at least, near her, and that was some consolation ; but it was not sufficient—his letter was still in his pocket.

If Fanny had had it, he might have supposed her occupied in reading or answering it, or perhaps in kissing it. The idea would have been sufficient to have consoled him.

An old clergyman passed along one of the aisles. His habit announced indigence. Seymour approached him with confidence. Why is it that no one ever doubts the condescension of the poor ? It is because we are sensible they stand in need of every one's assistance, and because we know a necessitous man is seldom over scrupulous.

The imagination rapidly expands itself, and particularly with a person in love. The desires of the youth were at first bounded at the mere delivery of his letter ; the appearance and humble garb of the Clergyman gave birth to designs of vaster scope : religion, ever severe, he thought might, in this instance, favour his love.

Seymour lived at Court : he possessed an understanding beyond his years, and his propositions were made with that decency which could alone have rendered them supportable to a man of the condition in life of the one he was accosting, however poverty might have degraded him.

" I love," said he, " a beauteous and amiable girl ; my father, intoxicated with riches and grandeur, would refuse her to my wishes. I cannot propose a secret marriage to her father ; he would be offended, as, doubtless, he ought to be ; but he is a father, and will pardon the husband of his

daughter. I expect from you a service which is not incompatible with the most scrupulous delicacy. Assure to the object of my attachment the participation of my rank and fortune, and happiness to us both, and rely upon the gratitude of Seymour."

At that name the good Minister was struck with amazement. He represented to the youth the inconveniences that must result from a union disproportionate, clandestine, and unsanctioned by law; the disgust which might follow it; the humiliating state to which the present object of his affection would be reduced, if he should abandon her after he had married her; and the regrets he also would experience if his condescension should only have the effect of rendering them both unfortunate. He recommended him to overcome his passion, and assured him that some other, more suitable to his rank, would bury it in oblivion.

Seymour was actuated by the strictest honour; he could not suffer any one to think him capable of betraying his oaths. He defended his passion with warmth, and he persuaded with that facility which ever attends eloquence when it gives utterance to the sentiments of the heart. A purse of twenty guineas, and a promise of a hundred more removed every scruple, and the marriage was decreed —nothing was wanting but the consent of Fanny.

One morning at five o'clock, she stole from her father's house; she never reflected that she was failing in her duty to her father, and, perhaps, to herself. She thought of no other object but Seymour—he was every thing to her. She determined to devote the remainder of her life to him alone.

Fanny hastened to the appointed Church; her lover was waiting for her at the altar. Two poor persons, who had been provided, witnessed the ceremony. Never was it pronounced with more sensations of joy or with more religious devotion.

When it was terminated, Seymour presented his

hand to his beauteous bride. He conducted her to a coach which was waiting at the back of St. Paul's. They left the city, and alighted at an inn in an adjoining village. They passed their wedding-day in a plain but a decent apartment, upon a frugal repast, without parents or friends. Love supplied the want of every thing, and constituted the sole enjoyment of that happy day.

In one of those momentary intervals when the soul yields to repose, and delights in retiring within itself, the enraptured Fanny pronounced the name of her father. Seymour immediately wrote to him. His letter was respectful and submissive: it could not fail of disarming any anger the old man might have possessed.

The coach which had conveyed them, was despatched in haste to London. The coachman stopped at Thompson's shop, and presenting himself to the worthy father, delivered him the letter.

Thompson had passed a part of the day in the extremest state of anxiety. He had been at every house where he had hopes of finding his daughter, but had not mentioned her name to any one: an inconsiderate expression might have injured her reputation. He immediately recalled Seymour to his recollection: he thought his child dishonoured, and returned home overwhelmed with affliction.

The letter of Seymour put a period to his anxiety, but did not calm his grief: he felt that the happiness of his daughter depended on a youth of sixteen years of age—an age at which none knows to-day how he may act on the morrow. The idea of Fanny abandoned and ruined, drew tears from his eyes: he wept as he entered the coach; he still wept while he entered the chamber of the amiable and happy couple.

"I will not reproach you," said he; "the evil is without remedy, and the tears I shed over you

would contradict the severity I should in vain affect. May my dear Fanny never have cause to weep, in her turn, her too easy compliance! May you, my Lord, never forget that you have made yourself answerable for the happiness of her life!—Come, my children, your father blesses you; and may Almighty God bless you also!"

They conversed together with calmness and tranquillity, and concerted measures to conceal the marriage from all the world, and particularly from old Lord Seymour. Thompson, with difficulty, obtained from the impetuous and ardent youth a promise that he would never approach his house. To recompense him for this self-denial, he engaged to conduct his lovely bride to the country every Sunday: he allowed him to write to her every day; but he strictly forbade Fanny's answering him, for fear her letters should happen to miscarry, or be intercepted.

Night approached and Seymour could not sleep from home without exciting suspicions, which, perhaps, would lead to a discovery. He was necessitated to sacrifice a part of his happiness, in order to ensure its duration.

But on the Sunday following Seymour rose with the sun, mounted his best horse, and flew on the wings of Love. He was at Hampton Court before the houses were opened. Fanny, on her side, scarce gave herself time to dress. Before she had finished, she hastened to her father's room, to urge him to get ready: she tied his cravat, and presented him his wig; she then returned to her own toilet, adjusted her little straw hat, and tied it in a bow under her chin with a rose-coloured ribbon, which was eclipsed by the tint of her lovely complexion. She proceeded again to her father; he was still not ready, and she could not avoid expressing her impatience. He smiled at that eagerness so natural to one in her situation: he hurried on his clothes,

took his hat and cane, and they set off for Hampton Court. Seymour was at the door. He received Fanny in his arms.

Old Thompson could scarce support the tender scene: he had been young himself, and he had not forgot it. Usually occupied in his business, he resolved on this happy day to turn politician, and read the newspapers; after which he proposed to visit the gardens of Hampton Court Palace. He went away, and was absent several hours, and at last returned, too soon for the young bride and bridegroom. The day passed away with rapidity. To happy lovers time seems to fly. "Ah!" thought the worthy Thompson, as he returned home, "if this delirium of joy could last for ever!"

In the mean time Lord Seymour was seriously occupied in the advancement of his son. Lord Chatham, his relation, Prime Minister of State, and, of course, dispenser of the royal favour, had remarked in the youth a strict probity, a sound judgment, a mind solid, and capable of application; and he destined him for the first offices of the government. The Lord Chancellor was of an advanced age, and in a few years was expected to retire. He had an only daughter, who was not handsome, who was not born to a throne, but who possessed a fortune of a million sterling; and Lord Chatham had persuaded his relation to forego his pretensions to Royalty, and consent that his son should merely be one of the most eminent and richest Lords in the three kingdoms.

It was indispensable, for the execution of this plan, that his son should study the law His father imparted his plans to him, and announced that he should pass two years at the University of Oxford; and he provided for him an establishment suitable to his rank and fortune. Seymour had learned to dissemble. He appeared to enter into the views of his father, but he refused to be attended by that train.

of servants, who he considered would only be so many spies upon his actions. Love does not delight in observers. He would only have old Richard to accompany him; and he observed to his father that pomp ill accorded with study. He declared that his intention was to board and lodge like the other Collegians, and that, by so doing, he should be enabled to pursue his course of education with more facility: confounded among the crowd, he was sure of not being remarked, and it was all he wished.

He informed Thompson and his daughter of the distinguished situation to which it was proposed to elevate him. He did not mention the marriage which was to assure it, lest he should give them uneasiness; and he arranged with them his plans of happiness.

Fanny had an aunt at Hertford; that aunt was infirm, and it was natural enough she should desire to have her niece with her. Thompson loved his daughter, but she was the sole heir of her aunt; and it was equally natural that Thompson should sacrifice his personal satisfaction to the interests of Fanny. He persuaded his friends and neighbours that she was gone to Hertford; instead of which, she was provided with boy's clothes, and followed her husband to Oxford. Thompson had strongly opposed this scheme, which was not wholly without its dangers; but he, perhaps, thought it more dangerous to separate his daughter for so long a period from a youth of ardent passions, who might find at Oxford new pleasures and new objects of attachment. The good Thompson yielded: his daughter set out for Hertford, where she passed a few days with her aunt; after which she departed, in the disguise of a boy, to meet the only object on earth she loved.

Seymour had announced her to Richard as a poor young gentleman, to whom he had been attach-

ed from his infancy; who wished to study, in order to obtain a benefice, and who would receive from him that assistaance which his parents were unable to give. In consequence of this plan, they were boarded with less ostentation, but at the same time were furnished with whatever could render a retreat agreeable to two youths who wished to avoid dissipation and the pleasures of public life.

However, old Richard was not long the dupe of this pretended friendship. Unguarded expressions, imprudent caresses, and constantly one common bed, all those circumstances gave rise to suspicions. Richard, observed, spied, and one morning surprised Fanny half undressed. Seymour had no other means of restoring himself to the esteem of the old man than by placing confidence in him.

Richard, much as he loved his young master, was not regardless of what he owed the father; he balanced his affection towards the youth, against his duty towards the old Lord. He at length reflected that Seymour was incapable of betraying her to whom he had given the title of his wife, and, consequently, that a discovery would only produce a rupture between the father and the son, without changing the situation of affairs: he determined to be silent and wait the result of time.

Such was the state of this young, affectionate and interesting couple when my uncle obtained more than he could have dared to have hoped for.

"S'death!" said Thomas, when Lady Seymour had finished her recital, "I knew I should be able to serve you somehow or other. I will go to London, wait upon Lord Seymour, tell him that his daughter-in-law is worthy of a crown, and that it is my desire that he shall approve of his son's marriage. If he dares refuse, I will soon rid you of him."

This proposal made Fanny and Seymour laugh heartily. My uncle, ever obstinate, would not retract. The young couple had much difficulty in

persuading him that such an act of violence would inevitably ruin them; and he was not convinced till Fanny observed that an adversary of sixty years of age was not worthy of his vengeance.

To recompense his acquiescence, he was charged with a letter for old Thompson: they also informed him verbally of a thousand details of which he was to give him an account. Thomas protested he would embrace the worthy old man with all his soul, and that if he forgot part of what he had just been told, he would substitute something else from his own invention, which should not be altogether destitute of merit.

CHAPTER XII.

Incidents, Accidents, and Events.

RICHARD had returned, the place in the coach was taken, the dress ready, and the letters sealed. Thomas was soon metamorphosed into a sturdy wench. He put his hands before him, and cast down his eyes, in order to assume a modest demeanour. Fanny slipped a purse of ten guineas in his pocket. The sun had gone to enlighten the Antipodes, the moon was concealed behind a cloud, and every thing seemed to favour the fugitive.

Behold our hero, accompanied by Richard, traversing the streets of Oxford, and directing his course towards Marlow. To render his figure still more interesting, he had his right arm supported on that of the domestic, and with his left, he held up his petticoats as high as his knees, twisting his bottom as he walked along, and singing an air that would not have discredited Billingsgate. He proceeded, not doubting but he should get clear of Oxford without any disaster; but his ample strides, his uncommon gait, and his equivocal song had attracted the notice of an admirer, who was not over nice in the choice of his objects. My uncle heard some one at his heels. He was terrified, and increased his pace. The lover also redoubled his, and familiarly seized the nymph by the left arm. Thomas turned his head, recognised his Lieutenant, and shuddered. Richard, persuaded that the trumpeter was discovered and arrested, fled with his bundle, and left my uncle extremely embarrassed, as you may suppose.

The Officer, more certain of succeeding in consequence of the precipitate retreat of the old attendant, began to make love according to the military fashion; that is, he said little, but did a great deal. Thomas was obliged to exert all his activity to repress his ardour: however, the vivacity of the attack convinced him of the mistake of the assailant, and he recovered his ordinary presence of mind. He quitted the defensive, and began, in his turn, to make use of his hands: he got one of them beneath the waistband of his opponent's breeches, unloosed the strap that secured them, and they immediately fell down to the Lieutenant's heels. My uncle continued his course, splitting his sides with laughter.

The officer, tricked, and constrained to stop in the middle of the street, swore and stormed like a mad man;—a guard of soldiers came up, and finding him in the middle of the street with his shirt streaming in the wind, stopped, inquired into the cause of his disaster and immediately espoused his cause. The soldiers dispersed in pursuit of the lady who had had the insolence to unbreech an officer, and laugh in his face.—Thomas, impeded by his petticoats, lost ground considerably; already he heard the heels of the soldiers' boots resounding on the pavement. The noise approached: he was on the point of being taken; he knew not what to think, or what to do.

An elegant coach was waiting at the door of a grand house; my uncle leaped into it. The coachman, who was asleep on the box, was roused by the noise of the coach-door: he got down with all possible expedition, and asked her ladyship's pardon for not having observed her coming from her friend's house; he then shut the door, mounted his box, and drove away. My uncle felt himself carried off he knew not whither; but he could not run a greater danger than the one he had just escaped,

and he resigned himself to chance. When he thought himself at a sufficient distance to be no longer apprehensive of the Lieutenant, he endeavoured softly to open the door, in order to get into the street. This mode of escape was defeated by a fastening which he could not discover: he was on the point of letting down the glass, and venturing a leap, which could not but have been attended with danger, when he perceived that the coach had left the city, and was proceeding towards Marlow.

He must have possessed a very ungrateful disposition to have declined the service the coachman was rendering him; my uncle therefore suffered him to drive on. He quietly reseated himself, and his hand happened to fall upon one of those veils which ladies wear to protect themselves from the effects of the sun; he concluded that it belonged to her Ladyship, and, at all hazards, he determined to put it on, in order to render his resemblance to her the more striking.

In about half an hour the coach stopped in front of a spacious mansion. The gates were immediately opened; the coach entered the court-yard; the gates were shut, and my uncle began to be alarmed Two waiting-maids presented themselves to assist their supposed mistress in alighting. My uncle lost all recollection, and supporting himself on their arms, uttered a deep sigh. He advanced mechanically, and found himself in the presence of his Lordship, who had politely come to meet his dear half. Another accident! that Lord was his Colonel!

Though my uncle had on the veil of her Ladyship, who, like himself, had that day been dressed in white, and the place was only lighted by one candle, the flame of which was rendered unsteady by the wind, yet there was such a material difference in his gait and manner, that it must have struck his Lordship's notice, if it had been the cus-

tom for husbands to have paid much attention to their wives. He presented his hand to my uncle with a kind of cold indifference, conducted him to the dining-room, and then left him, to attend to his cocks, dogs, and horses.

My uncle, when he was left alone, had time to breathe, and examine the place. He perceived, by the light of the moon, that the house was surrounded by a wall, which had no other outlet but the gate by which the coach had entered; and the porter of the lodge was sitting at the door with his wife. The dining-room looked only towards the court-yard: he knew not what to determine upon. In the mean time the hour for supper was fast approaching, when he must necessarily have raised his veil, and discovered himself: the consequences of such a discovery seemed to promise nothing favourable to him.

While Thomas was deliberating, he heard his Lordship's voice: his fear redoubled—he left the room to take refuge no matter where; he walked on tiptoes to an adjoining room—from that to another, and so on, from chamber to chamber, till he reached the court-yard; from thence he proceeded to a cow-house; in one corner of which was a truss of straw; my uncle secreted himself among it, and patiently waited the result of his adventure.

The dairy-maid, a plump, rosy-cheeked wench, had for her lover a stout stable-boy, to whom she was occasionally in the habit of giving an assignation on that self-same truss of straw beneath which my uncle was concealed. Affairs in this world do not always turn out as we wish. The impatient lover had already arrived, and was waiting with anxiety. At the first motion of my uncle, his heart beat with joy; but when he heard the noise he made, in consequence of entangling his feet in the cows' halters, and overturning the dung-forks and shovels, he sagaciously considered that it could not

be his dear Molly, who knew the place too well to miss her way in it. He was apprehensive of being discovered, and had placed himself immediately under the truss, when my uncle threw himself directly over him. The stable-boy could not conceive who the devil it was who remained immoveable above him, and who, as he thought, endeavoured to retain his breath.

The dairy-maid, equally urged by her passion for her enamorato, arrived on tiptoe, and crept silently towards the truss of straw. She stretched forth her hands, one of which fell on the stable-boy's leg, and the other on a taffety petticoat. She had no sort of doubt but it was her Lady who had taken a fancy to her lover. She was enraged, but was silent; and retired, reflecting that in these sort of cases explanations are, at best, useless, and, besides, that her mistress, in every respect, merited to be preferred to herself.

The stable-boy, fatigued with the weight of my uncle, and unable longer to resist the horrible torture he endured, and the uncertainty that tormented him, resolved to ascertain who the immoveable and silent animal was that was squeezing him to a mummy: he softly disengaged one of his arms, and advanced his hand. The fine texture of my uncle's drapery surprised him in his turn. As the fellow entertained a very high opinion of himself, he was persuaded that his Lady, sensible of his merit, had discovered his assignation, and had come to supply the dairy-maid's place. Acting upon this persuasion, he took his measures accordingly; but the trumpeter's leather breeches deranged all his ideas; he immediately experienced the same degree of terror with which my uncle was inspired; he made a violent effort, and extricated himself from beneath the truss. He rolled on one side, and my uncle on the other: both instantly rose to save themselves: the stable-boy through the door, which

he knew where to find, and my uncle through a casement he found open. The deserter vaulted into a kitchen garden, gained a wall, against which there was a lattice-formed arbour, which he clambered up with as little noise as possible. The gardener imagined there were thieves in the garden, who had come to steal his cabbages. He left his hut, followed by two dogs, and armed with a gun: he advanced towards the side where my uncle, in ascending, had broke down the arbour; he fired his piece just as Thomas had reached the opposite side.

The gardener's boys and the stable-boys all ran out the moment they heard the explosion. The gardener declared he had killed the thief, and that he had seen him fall. They looked about, but could discover no one: they concluded he was only wounded, and that he had hid himself among the asparagus or artichokes. They continued their search, and my uncle escaped for the second time, traversed the fields, and endeavoured to gain the high road.

In the mean time the scene of disorder had extended from the kitchen-garden to the hay-loft, where Molly had joined her lover, and was explaining herself with her feet and nails. From the hay-loft the tumult began to insinuate itself into the house. His Lordship had despatched his important business, had returned to the dining-room, supper had been served up, and her Ladyship was not to be found: her women sought her from her bed-chamber to the library, and from the library to her dressing-room; they called her as loud as they could; the servants assembled, and explored in vain every part of the house and garden. The alarm became general; they looked down the well, and searched the vault; they dragged two ponds: his Lordship was distracted, or at least pretended to be so.

A thundering rap was heard at the yard gate; they ran; it was a carriage, with the livery of Lady Oxford, at whose house the Colonel's wife had passed the evening. It was her Ladyship herself, who alighted with most evident tokens of ill-humour: she abused her husband, who appeared absolutely stupified, and then vented her rage on the coachman, whom she had been in search of half the night. The unfortunate coachman swore he had driven her home, and his Lordship and all the servants confirmed his asseveration. Her Ladyship thought they were all in a league to insult her; she drove her maids about, overthrew the table, and went and shut herself up in her apartment.

After a little reflection, his Lordship was convinced there must have been some mistake, and that the two ladies had been conducted at different periods to his house. As he explained himself in a manner perfectly intelligible, he easily made his people comprehend his ideas on the subject. The latter, persuaded that their Lady had no concern in the uproar which had just taken place, developed the whole they knew concerning it: some related the adventures in the cow-house, and others the scaling of the garden wall; and his Lordship, who reasoned upon every event, judged that the lady his coachman had brought with him, had very good reasons for her sudden disappearance. But why had she entered his carriage at all? why had she suffered herself to be conducted to his house? That was a mystery which his Lordship revolved in his mind till day-light, but which he never was able to penetrate, because my uncle, who alone could have explained it, did not think it worth his while to inform him.

In the mean time Thomas approached the village where he was to take the stage: his veil was tumbled, his petticoat torn, his gown covered with dirt, and his appearance altogether plunged him

into new difficulties. How could he present himself at the stage in such a grotesque dress? how was he to procure a male habit, without exposing himself to ridicule, and exciting that curiosity which might be attended with fatal consequences? He cursed the panic which had made Richard run off with his bundle of clothes, and walked along, endeavouring to find some expedients, which, however, his wits were for a long time unable to discover.

He already beheld the village spire, the weather-cock of which reflected the first rays of the sun; he heard the bleatings of the lambs and the lowing of the cattle; already the streets resounded with the ponderous wheels of the carts and carriages—in short, it was day, and my uncle more distinctly perceived the ridiculous state of his garb. He hastened to devest himself of them, threw them in a ditch, and pursued his journey unencumbered with any other worldly goods save his leather breeches, his stockings, shoes, and the purse Fanny had given him.

He entered the village pale and wearied, as it was natural he should be, after a troublesome night passed without eating or drinking. A woman, who was the first human object he perceived, asked him whether he had been robbed. My uncle instantly seized the idea, and replied that he had. The gaping crowd immediately assembled round him; he was obliged to relate some sort of story, which he did so naturally, that he was conducted to a Justice of Peace, who received his deposition, and sent his officers to apprehend the thieves who had no existence.

My uncle was no sooner rid of the Justice of Peace than he thought of his more urgent affairs: he repaired to the inn at which the stage put up —he seated himself by the fire side, ate a large slice of roast beef, and drank a quart of ale. The host let him have a tolerable decent hat and coat

for a guinea. Mr. Jefferies took his place in the coach, and thought his misfortunes at an end when he found himself rattling along the street of London: Heaven had ordained otherwise.

He arrived at the capital in the evening, quite overcome with fatigue, and more inclined to sleep than to visit old Thompson: he was, besides, actuated by a certain spice of vanity, and he wished to arrange himself decently before he presented himself to him. He took up his abode at a respectable inn, supped heartily, and was shown into a bedchamber with two beds in it, one was destined for him, and the other for a Serjeant of Infantry, whose unlucky stairs had conducted to the same inn, and who was beginning to undress himself. Two travellers, companions in the same apartment, could not possibly go to bed without accosting each other; and that first mark of politeness necessarily engaged them in conversation. They spoke just as their fancy dictated, and on such topics as most interested them: in short, the two gentlemen, while they were undressing themselves, discoursed and reasoned upon the subject of battles, sieges, and military tactics, as if they had been both rivals of Bonaparte.

The Serjeant was a kind of original, who, according to his own account, had performed prodigies; and my uncle, to whom his high achievements were indifferent, listened without returning any answer, and already began to yawn: but the Serjeant took it into his head to extol the English above the Romans, and to debase the French below the troops of the King of Portugal, who are of no more use than the soldiers of the Curate of Liege, or the poltroons who used to mount guard at the gates of the Vatican with parasols. My uncle pricked up his ears. The impetuosity of his character devested him of all reflection, when the Serjeant, while he was extinguishing the candle,

boasted that at the battle of Culloden he had himself routed a whole piquet of French soldiers. Prudence would have dictated to my uncle still to have persevered in his system of silence; but his indignation was at its utmost, and he gave the Serjeant the lie in as unequivocal terms as possible. He added that the French fought like devils at Culloden; "and if the Highlanders," said he, "had seconded us, we should have forced the Duke of Cumberland and his army to have thrown themselves into the Ness."

"Had seconded *us*!—*We* should have forced!" exclaimed the Serjeant; "you are a Frenchman, then?"

"Yes varlet! and I am proud of the title."

"I arrest you in the name of the King."

"And I shall drub you soundly in my own."

My uncle was already out of bed, endeavouring to attack the Serjeant in his: he seized him by the hair with one hand, and struck him with the other wherever he could.—Imprudent madman! into what difficulties hath thy ill-advised conduct plunged thee!

The Serjeant defended himself vigorously; and at the noise of the table and chairs, which were indiscriminately overturned, the inn-keeper and his waiter ran up stairs, to inform themselves of the cause of the tumult. The Serjeant was in the enjoyment of his full strength, and had got my poor uncle under him, and would certainly have pommelled him to death, if they had not held his hands. The Serjeant denounced him to the inn-keeper as a partisan of the Pretender, and ordered the waiter to go for a constable. The inn-keeper, who had been prepossessed in favour of Thomas, endeavoured to persuade the Serjeant to relent. The latter, enraged at the blows he had received, would not listen to such a proposition; he threatened to denounce the inn-keeper also, if the waiter

did not instantly obey him. He was obliged to yield, and the pitiless Serjeant held my uncle at bay with the point of his sword till the constable should arrive.

Courage was of no avail under such a conjuncture: he had no stool, no poker or tongs, nothing to throw at the Serjeant's head. My uncle, foaming with indignation, strided up and down the room, gnawing his fists: he tore his hair, and beat his head against the wainscot, but he was not a whit the nearer getting out. At length the constable arrived, accompanied by two watchmen. My uncle was no sooner interrogated than he confessed that he had formed part of the French troops taken prisoners at Inverness: he carefully avoided mentioning the English regiment in which he had served, his comrades he had wounded, or his desertion. He stated that since the defeat of Prince Charles, he had wandered about Scotland and England, endeavouring in vain to find an opportunity of returning to France.

The constable made him dress himself, and took him in a hackney coach to Newgate. He passed the remainder of the night upon straw, cursing his unfortunate destiny, or rather his fatal imprudence.

The next day he underwent an examination as to the truth of his declaration, and it was determined he should share the same fate as the rest of his countrymen taken prisoners at Culloden, or elsewhere: he was accordingly added to the crew of a merchant ship, which an English privateer had just captured, and brought into the Thames. Their hands were tied behind their backs, and in that situation they were escorted to Yarmouth.

Great misfortunes are ever attendant upon great men; and if we consider Regulus, Jugurtha, Mithridates, Cæsar, Pompey, and Cato inflicting their own death, or receiving it from their enemies—if, among the moderns, we advert to Bayard, Ne-

mours, Turenne, Charles XII. Bellisle, Dampier, and Marceau. killed after victory, or when on the point of gaining it, we must acknowledge that our no less famous hero, Thomas, had no occasion to despond at a reverse of fortune which did not wholly deprive him of hope. Thus after the first day he cheerfully resigned himself to his lot, determined to better it the first opportunity.

CHAP. XIII.

Which will appear incredible.

WHEN a man has got money, he may laugh, sing, and drink in prison as well as any where else. My uncle's purse was tolerably well provided: he regularly made four meals a day; and as he was fond of society, he from time to time regaled three or four friends, whom he made choice of from among the bravest and most violent in the prison in which they were confined.

With the happy disposition he had received from nature, it is not to be wondered at that he in a short time greatly benefited by the instructions of those worthy gentlemen. One of them was so kind as to teach him that morality was useless, religion a vulgar prejudice, and honesty only convenient as a cloke to roguery. The result of these positions was, that mankind had no exclusive title to the appropriation of property—that the earth belonged indiscriminately to all—and that all had an equal right to its productions. Unfortunately he found no opportunity of putting these sublime principles in practice at Yarmouth, but they germinated in his soul; the soil was congenial to them—they fructified, and he only wanted an opportunity of being master of his actions, to launch beyond the common class of heroes.

However, no man can do much with seven or eight guineas when he has three or four people to treat: but my uncle thought his treasure inexhaustible; and as it is hard to renounce one's mode of life, he grew sullen when he found himself re-

duced to his last crown. When he was reduced to bread and water, he became brutal and quarrelsome. He had gained over his comrades an ascendancy, at first the result of his opulence; and he had maintained and even augmented it by his martial figure, energetic character, and a mind capable of vast conceptions. His companions in adversity had insensibly acquired the habit of yielding to him in every respect: they overlooked his brutal behaviour, and were disposed to follow whatever impulse Thomas pleased to give them: he was the chief of a party without knowing it, and without any other pretensions than those which a man of a firm and intrepid soul ever possesses over vulgar minds; so true it is—

"The man whose breast the thirst of glory warms,
"Whose soul's superior to all vain alarms,
"Is chosen hero of each daring band,
"And vulgar minds obey his firm command."

He sighed for liberty, without imagining that either force or address could restore it to him. High walls, massy gates, active gaolers, and a strong military guard did not allow him to abandon himself to a chimerical hope: his imagination had never even suggested it to him, and for five or six months he had amused the *ennui* idleness never fails to produce, by learning to fence of a master of that art, whom, in return, he taught to play on the fife.

An event, extremely insignificant in itself, produced a strange revolution in the prisons of Yarmouth. The turnkeys had brought the prisoners their daily pittance, but the superior gaoler had thought proper to keep back the pound of butter which usually accompanied the allowance of bread. One of the prisoners remonstrated in pretty strong terms, and the guard, who attended the turnkey, answered him by a blow, which instantly laid him

prostrate. It happened to be one of the vagabonds on whom my uncle had placed his affections.

"*Sacre Dieu!*" he exclaimed in French, "are we beasts, to suffer ourselves to be thus treated by a handful of men, because they are armed with muskets? Let us seize the keys from this fellow, and go out: the guards may fire—they cannot kill above twenty—the rest may get possession of their muskets and cartouch-boxes, and leave the city before the garrison has time to be under arms: we may gain the sea-side, throw ourselves into some fishermen's boats, and set sail for France. Come, my friends, follow me!" He grasped the neck of the soldier who had knocked down his companion, and disarmed him; the rest overpowered the gaolers, took away the keys, and opened the prison gates.

My uncle, as leader in the daring attempt, went out first—the others rushed after him; the guard drew up in haste—the French stood the discharge, and eighteen fell. Thomas was not hurt: he armed himself, and loaded as he retreated; his companions imitated his example, and left the prison with twenty muskets ready to fire.

They proceeded with precipitation, but in good order. They were unacquainted with the town, and as they turned a street, they fell in with a guard of thirty men, who had time to put themselves on the defensive. In an instant the bayonet decided the affair; the guard was cut to pieces, and one of them was taken. Thomas compelled him to act as a guide, and ordered him to conduct them to the sea-side.

The soldier, either terrified, or capable of a *ruse, de guerre*, obeyed; but he conducted the French through the gate of the port, and placed them under a redoubt, the entrance of which was defended. Thomas, enraged at his treachery, cleft his scull in twain with the but-end of his musket, and at the

same moment the battery of the fort fired, and forty or fifty of his brave companions bit the dust. The drum beat to arms through the city, and several companies had already formed, and were in full march towards them. Thomas was on the point of being exposed between two fires: he had no hopes of quarter—a miracle alone could save him—he imagined and executed it at the same moment.

The redoubt which protected the fort, was only defended towards the country by an *epaulement*, and was guarded by no more than forty men. Thomas took advantage of the moment when the cannoniers were charging; he rushed into the fort, penetrated through the file of musketry, killed the guard, forced the gates of a magazine of arms, and armed the whole of his followers.

He lost not a minute in making the necessary dispositions: he ranged his troops along the parapet, seized the cannon, and pointed them against the city; his comrades obtained coals and grates, in order to make the balls red-hot.

In the mean time the Middlesex Militia, quartered at Yarmouth, were advancing, thinking they had only about three hundred prisoners without arms to reduce: they were astonished to see them masters of the fort. The Colonel placed his column on the quays, and combined a plan of attack with his Staff-Major. While he was deliberating, General Thomas renewed the engagement with cannon shot. His infantry made a heavy discharge, which threw the enemy's ranks into disorder: his troops, encouraged by their success, redoubled their efforts and activity. The enemy were obliged to conceal themselves behind the houses; the Colonel and his officers remained alone, and at last agreed upon the necessity of retiring.

Thomas already thought himself victorious. The red flag was struck, and replaced by a white one, which my uncle made out of a piece of his

shirt. The furnaces were kindled, the balls heated, and the French had no doubt of being able to set fire to the whole town of Yarmouth, if they did not procure provisions and a ship to sail for France;—those objects were the utmost limits of their ambition.

But a General of sixteen years of age cannot foresee every thing. The attention and efforts of Thomas were directed against the town; he did not perceive that the Vice-Admiral who commanded the ships in the harbour—a sly old fox, who was a perfect adept at his trade, as most of the English Admirals are, was preparing to give him a warming!

He had anchored under the fort all the dismantled vessels; of course, as my uncle's cannon could not fire perpendicularly, they were out of the reach of danger. He had stationed two frigates, of fifty guns each, whose yards were completely manned with sailors, armed with swivels and carabines, which, as they carried balls farther than a gun, could not fail of silencing the musketry of the redoubt. Behind the frigates were two gun-boats, destined to assist the operations of the sailors, and troops on the yards. On the other side, the regiment of Middlesex militia, which could not fight in front of a battery of twenty pieces of cannon, lay in wait behind the houses, in order to oppose a sortie, if my uncle should take it in his head to attempt it. Every preparation was conducted with order and celerity, and my Uncle Thomas approached his final ruin at the moment when he thought himself sure of the most brilliant success.

The balls were heated, the cannoniers had commenced a tremendous fire, and several of the houses of Yarmouth had already fallen, when suddenly an infernal rattling of shot made my French hero turn his eyes towards the sea. The swivels from the masts, the batteries from the frigates, and the

mortars from the gun boats, all opened at once. Balls and bombs showered down in every part of the redoubt; the greater number were killed or wounded before they had time to turn the cannon, and point them against the port. Blood flowed in torrents, and the most intrepid turned pale. Thomas, the daring, the magnanimous Thomas, was at a loss what to do; he pronounced the fatal exclamation—"*Let every one save himself as well as he can!*"—an exclamation which ever dishonours a General, but may be pardoned in a commander of sixteen years of age; however, whether you pardon it or not, it was neither more nor less than the absolute fact.

The instant it was uttered, the consternation was at its height; they threw away their arms, cut their passage through the redoubt, and fled, without knowing whither they were going; some threw themselves into the sea, others fell upon the bayonets of the Middlesex Militia, and some dispersed about the streets, where they were shot. My uncle, after having wandered at random, found himself on the banks of the river leading to the port, to the north of the city. Eight of his comrades had mechanically followed him; six could swim, and passed with him to the opposite side.

They ran along the banks of the river towards Worstead: they perceived at a little distance a field of hops; they made towards it, creeping on their hands and knees, and had the good fortune to enter it without being perceived.

The Vice-Admiral and the Colonel had something more important to engage their attention than to trouble themselves about seven or eight fugitives: it was enough to have destroyed the mass of them, without looking after the few that might have escaped. It wanted but an hour of twilight; it was essential to profit by it, and it was what saved my uncle. Night came; the miserable

wretches, overcome with fatigue and hunger, were fain to support exhausted nature with a few hops they picked: they afterwards held a council, and each was of a different opinion. They opposed and thwarted my uncle in every plan he suggested; they reproached him as the author of a rash enterprise, which could only be looked upon as an act of madness:—such is ever the lot of what is called a great man;—success alone justifies him—at the least reverse of fortune, the mask falls, the man remains, and the hero vanishes. It was however necessary to decide upon something;—to return to Yarmouth was to make sure of being instantly hung—to conceal themselves, and rob in the night-time, could not last long: they determined to return to the coast, in search of a boat, and embark for France, though they should die of hunger in the passage.

Behold the General without an army, and his companions become equals, creeping from rock to rock, without finding any thing, and swearing in proportion as their disappointment and ill humour increased. They at length arrived at a little village built on the borders of the sea: the inhabitants, who were labourers or fishermen, according to the season of the year, had fastened their boats before their doors, and were quietly sleeping in their beds.

The boats were secured to each other by an iron chain, the end of which was made fast to a pile by means of a padlock: it was impossible to break it with their hands, and they had no instrument to assist them; they could do nothing but endeavour to loosen the pile. Our seven marauders pushed, pulled, and tugged till they were weary: the noise they made awakened the village dogs, who immediately set up a tremendous barking. The inhabitants were terrified, and rose to see what was the matter: the chief constable of the place dressed

himself, took his wig and staff, and proceeded to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

While he was inquiring, and the inhabitants were lighting their lanterns, to search what was the matter, the pile yielded to the united efforts of my adventurers;—they unloosed the chain, and got into the best boat; the rest they set adrift, to prevent their being followed.

The sea was rough, and it was not possible to put out far in such a small boat; the first wave would have filled or overturned it. They rowed along the coast, and endeavoured to get past Yarmouth, and gain the English Channel.—Darkness favoured the fugitives: they possessed strength and courage, and hoped to clear the port before day-light pointed them out to the guard. If the wind fell, they proposed to leave the coast, in expectation of meeting some French ship to take them on board.

Their success, however, did not answer their efforts;—at first they advanced a little, soon after the boat remained immoveable, and they at length perceived that they were driven back again: they knew not to what to attribute this prodigy, and they would have given themselves to the devil to have discovered the cause;—it was a very simple one—they were near Boston; the sea was boisterous, and the waves, which met from every point, drove them towards the mouth of the harbour. Breathless and discouraged, they quitted their oars, and abandoned themselves to the mercy of the winds and waves.

They soon found themselves at the entrance of the harbour, into which the current was rapidly driving them, and were on the point of once more touching that land it was so much their interest to shun; their destruction appeared inevitable; an unhoped-for miracle saved them.

A small pinnace with a mast and triangular sail, was just getting out of Boston Harbour, with the

wind in her stern; four rowers seconded the operation of the wind, and notwithstanding the impetuosity of the contrary current, proceeded at a good rate: our Frenchmen's boat, without rudder or sail, was drifting at random, and was on the point of being run down by the pinnace. The desire of life ever awakes in the souls of the most wretched at the appearance of imminent danger; our adventurers seized their oars to avoid the sloop, but they had only three sailors among them. The rest, who under different circumstances, might have afforded them assistance, were a hindrance to them, and rendered their address and their efforts useless. By the mismanagement of the oars, they counteracted the manœuvres intended by the sailors; and placed the boat right across the pinnace; the bow of the latter struck the boat in the middle, and stove in the planks; she instantly filled, and was sinking. My seven adventurers, by a mechanical motion, and prompt as thought, seized the side of the pinnace, and leaped on board, without any other intention than that of escaping the dangers of the sea.

The English rowers, whose backs were turned to the object against which their vessel had struck, did not see the boat go down. Figure to yourself their astonishment when they beheld seven strange men in the midst of them, who seemed to have fallen from heaven! A sudden panic took possession of their souls they fell on their knees, and begged their lives. Our hero and his companions, who were on the point of soliciting the same boon, resumed their courage, and profited by the opportunity Fortune had presented to them: they confiscated the vessel to their use, and after having assured themselves that the four Englishmen were unarmed, they ordered them to continue rowing; three of the French sailors assisted them, and the others watched the prisoners.

What a change in their situation! Five minutes before they were reduced to the lowest ebb of despair, and now they were masters of a pinnace, well appointed and manned, and capable of conveying them in six-and-thirty hours to the coast of France. My uncle, overjoyed and enchanted, forgot that for sixteen hours he had had nothing to support himself with but a few hops, a diet not over nourishing. He marched, singing, from one end of the sloop to the other, with part of a broken oar on his shoulder, like a musket, which he determined to make use of against the first who should presume to slacken his labours.

When Thomas was tired of walking up and down and singing, and the silence which reigned over the liquid plain was only interrupted by the alternate strokes of the oars, he thought he heard some person sigh; the sound seemed to proceed from a sort of recess in the stern of the vessel, formed by a piece of canvass, supported by two sticks crossed. He approached the spot, stopped, and stretched out his arm; it was a woman weeping. To him that was an object not very interesting, but near her was a sack filled with biscuit and a cask of excellent rum. O unhoped-for happiness! Thomas swore, laughed, and jumped for joy. He distributed the provisions among his companions; he made them drink a hearty bumper each, but would not suffer them to have more than one, because it was necessary they should preserve their sobriety. When he had recruited their spirits and his own, he placed the cask near the woman, who continued lamenting and bewailing.

"Who is this poor creature that's crying so bitterly below?" said my uncle to one of the English sailors.

"She is an unfortunate wretch, whom we are conducting to the colonies."

"What, then, are you going to America in a pinnace?"

"No, we are going to join our ship, which is anchored about half a league from the harbour."

"Ah! you belong to a ship, then! What sort of a ship is it?"

"It is a ship of three hundred tons, laden with merchandise for the colonies."

"Ah! the devil! and armed?"

"No."

"How many men belong to her?"

"Ten, but there are only six on board."

"My friends, the appetite increases by eating—we must take this vessel; we may sell it at Dunkirk," continued my uncle.

"We must take it," repeated his six companions, "and sell it; we shall enjoy ourselves while the money lasts. Bravo, Thomas! bravo, our noble Captain!

"Ah, varlet!" said my Uncle Thomas, addressing himself to one of the English sailors, "If you have told us the truth, they will know the pinnace, and will let us board without difficulty; in that case, we will show you we know how to be grateful; but, if on the contrary, you have told us a falsehood, with intent to deceive us, we will throw you all four into the sea."

The English sailors swore they had told nothing but the truth. My uncle gave each of them a dram, and made a signal to the vessel they had it in contemplation to capture. When they were within musket shot, they tied down the four sailors, and boarded the vessel as they had expected. My uncle and three others clambered up to the deck like squirrels. Two men were walking the quarter-deck, and quietly smoking their pipes, expecting the pinnace. Before they could recollect themselves—before they could even give the alarm, my uncle and his companions had secured them both, and sent them to feast the whitings and sea-crabs.

Each armed with a capstan-bar, they proceeded below deck, and knocked on the head three others they found asleep in their hammocks, and who, without being sensible of it, exchanged sleep for death. After this achievement, which secured the victory, they entered the captain's cabin.

He was holding a glass of punch, and was on the point of drinking it. At the appearance of four unknown men, armed with bars tinged with blood, the glass fell from his hand; he had not strength to rise from his chair, but asked with a trembling voice, what they wanted.

"Nothing," replied my uncle; "a mere trifle; your vessel has changed masters, and you must be content to take up your abode in the hold until farther orders."

The Captain obeyed without uttering a word, and the hatchway was closed upon him.

Those who remained in the pinnace then came on board with the four Englishmen, who were unable to make any resistance against seven, and therefore were not to be dreaded. My uncle, by this master-stroke, restored himself to the esteem of his companions, and was immediately proclaimed Captain.

He ordered them to set sail and steer for Dunkirk. Two or three of his comrades were anxious not to lose the pinnace, which they observed would fetch something; but my uncle thought it bad policy to mind such a trifle, reflecting that there was no time to lose, in order to secure the ship. They submitted to his superior judgment, and one of them loosened the rope by which the pinnace was secured. Thomas, who was never averse to performing a good action, if it did not militate against his interests, stopped him with a reflection that met with general approbation.

"*Apropos*," said he, "it would be cruel to expose the unfortunate woman who is in it to the risk of drowning: let us afford her a birth between

decks. We will take her to France: if she can work, she will gain a living; and if she cannot, and is handsome, she will do as well as many others of her sex are obliged to do."

Two men went down into the pinnace, and brought her on board. She fainted the moment she reached the vessel; and my uncle, an enemy to every kind of trouble arising from insignificant causes, ordered her to be conveyed to one of the hammocks. The persons appointed to convey her, had no more gallantry than Thomas; they therefore threw her down close by the side of one of the Englishmen who had been knocked on the head, and returned to their duty.

Day began to appear; the coast of France was visible at a distance, and the Castle of Dunkirk seemed to rise from the bosom of the ocean. They sailed three leagues an hour, with a fair wind. The English sailors, defenceless, and without resource, assisted our freebooters; six hours more were all that were necessary to convey them safe to port.

Captain Thomas, who was a very indifferent sailor, but an active officer, had his eyes every where about him; he perceived one of the lower portholes open, and immediately suspected that the Captain, whom he had deprived of his rank as well as of the ship, was endeavouring either to throw himself into the sea, or to introduce the water, and send both the victors and the vanquished to the bottom. As his presence upon deck was not of much importance, he went below, to assure himself of the truth. Happily the Captain's thoughts were solely employed in deploring the loss of his fortune and his ship.

As my uncle was traversing the deck, he approached the hammock where the unhappy mourner was deposited. She was in a swoon, and laying across one of the dead bodies of the English sailors. My uncle, who had a grain of compassion in his composition as well as another, threw the deceased

out of the hammock, and was proceeding to cover the poor woman with the clothes. While he was rubbing her hands, and endeavouring to recover her, he was suddenly astonished; he thought he knew her.

"S'death!" he at last exclaimed, "it is her—it is her!" He took her in his arms, conveyed her to the Captain's cabin, and put her to bed. He forced open all the lockers, and found plenty of linen and cordials. He made her swallow a few drops, chafed her temples, washed her face with water and vinegar, and succeeded in restoring to life one for whom he would have laid down his existence.

"Is it you, Madam—is it you?—By what devil of an accident are you going to the Colonies alone, and in this situation? What have you done with Lord Seymour?"

Without listening to what Fanny had to say, he began cursing his unfortunate stars, in having suffered her to remain so long without assistance.

The young Lady, equally astonished at finding Thomas, could not at first utter more than a few incoherent sentences. They insensibly recovered their recollection; the conversation took a reasonable turn; and when Fanny knew she was no longer in the power of the English, she burst into an exclamation of joy, and fainted a second time.

Thomas was fearful she was dead, and he was quite distracted. He called at the cabin-door for assistance, and desired those who attended his summons, to give him brandy, rum and every strong cordial they could find, but by no means to touch her. "She is," said he, "the sweetest, the kindest, the fairest Lady in Great Britian! My share of the prize—my authority—my arm—my blood—all are her's!"

He was on his knees before her bed, chafing her and trying to get a silver spoon filled with rum into her mouth.

His comrades thought him under the influence of madness, and indeed he had the appearance of its extreme in every thing. Thomas could do nothing like another: the excess of his agitation did not, however, prevent him from reflecting that if she was not dead, the air would have more effect upon her than the rum. He opened the cabin-windows—he drew the Captain's arm-chair towards her—wrapped her carefully up, and seated her in it, at the same time supporting her head against his shoulder.

Soon a light rosy tint pierced through her pallid countenance; her respiration became sensible; her eyes opened, and an engaging smile recompensed the cares of Thomas: her spirits were perfectly recovered, and the swoon, produced by immoderate joy, was the last accident this interesting victim experienced. Judge of what she must have suffered.

The two poor persons, who had been witnesses of her marriage, had received from Seymour a reward which had supported them for a considerable time. There is no habit one contracts so easily, or gets rid of with such difficulty, as that of living comfortably. One of those persons beheld with affright the prospect of returning poverty, and resolved a second time to keep off the approach of misery. It was a clear case the young Lord had married without his parent's consent; of course it was equally clear he had made a disproportionate marriage; it was therefore evident the most essential service that could be rendered to the father was to inform him of it, and there was no doubt but he would pay handsomely for the intelligence. To be sure, it was like blowing hot and cold with the same breath; it was as bad as exclaiming at once—"*Vive le Roi!*" and—"*Vive le Ligue!*" But there are so many who daily act precisely upon this principle, that the conduct of an indigent, distressed person ought not to appear extraordinary.

He repaired to the house of old Lord Seymour but found it impossible to gain admittance—a poor wretch of his description never approaches a Viceroy of Ireland. Urged by hunger, he however bore the rebuffs of the servants with patience, and every day renewed his attempts. He at last got within hearing of his Lordship, just as he was entering his carriage. He expressed his respect and attachment for the family of the Seymours; pitied the lot of fathers who had children unworthy of them, and at last he declared to the Viceroy that his son was married to the daughter of Mr. Robert Thompson, a merchant in the city.

He might have talked on for two hours without his Lordship's attending to what he said, but his last words struck him in the most sensible part: Frantic, and overwhelmed with grief, he returned into his house, shut himself up in his chamber, and left to his misery the wretch who could no longer be of any service to him: these sort of folks should always take care to be paid beforehand.

It was not the marriage of Seymour that excited the rage of the old Lord—the want of the necessary legal forms rendered him perfectly easy on that point; but he was indignant that his son should have thought of an alliance which seemed to him one of those monstrous events which it was impossible for the mind to conceive. The audacity of Thompson appeared to him still more revolting: he would have given the half of his fortune to have revenged himself upon the good man and his family. However in England, where we are assured they are all slaves, not even the King himself dares attack the liberty of a citizen. His Lordship, after having vented his fury, was obliged to have recourse to gentle means to attain the end he proposed—that was, to detach his son from a woman whom he could not consider but as the mere object of a transient amusement.

He sent in search of Mr. Thompson, the father, who was easily found, and desired him to call at his house. Thompson presented himself with the simplicity of ancient manners, and the confidence which strict probity ever inspires. He listened with calm composure to the reproaches of his Lordship, who accused him of having connived at what he called the disgrace of the Seymours; but he disdained the proposal the haughty Lord made him, of giving ten thousand guineas if he would send his daughter to the continent: he answered with firmness, that the marriage had been without his knowledge, that he had blamed the imprudent step of the young couple, but that he would never barter the honour of his daughter. His Lordship dismissed, with scorn, the man who had shown himself worthy of his esteem, and immediately hastened to the house of his relation, Lord Chatham.

The latter learned with regret the news of an engagement which, however apparently frivolous, might destroy the plan of establishment concerted between old Seymour and himself. In another year the youth would be entitled to his mother's fortune; his principles were too well known to Lord Chatham to make him in the least doubt his ratifying his marriage the moment he came of age: to prevent it was the grand object; but how to accomplish it? Lord Chatham was invested with all the authority an English Minister could possess; but that authority was restrained by the laws, and he could not without danger exceed the power they gave him. The whole nation had their eyes upon him, and his conduct was open to the severest scrutiny. The Opposition Journals magnified his least faults, and frequently attributed to him those he had not committed; yet he neither dared seize the presses, or transport the Journalists, even under the sanction of those high sounding words, the meanings of which are perverted in order to impart to

injustice an appearance of legality—words in common use, but which have no signification, and only impose on persons of weak understandings.

The only means to which the Minister either could, or wished to have recourse, were dissimulation, cunning, and address. He agreed with old Lord Seymour that they should not for some time adopt any active measure. This they thought the surest mode of obviating that distrust with which Thompson had been inspired by his interview with his Lordship. They then determined to employ trusty and adroit spies to watch every motion of Fanny, lay every snare in her way, and lead her insensibly into situations, by which she would forfeit the good opinion of young Seymour. If that should not succeed, she was to be way-laid by some of those wretches who are ever ready to commit any crime for the sake of a little gold, and who never betray the hand that directs their operations. These satellites of power were to force her away, carry her on board a ship, and convey her to Norway or Sweden, and there sell her to the directors of the copper mines. To appease young Seymour, they were to invent a pretended story of her infidelity, which, however inconsistent, could not fail of producing an effect upon the mind of an inexperienced youth of twenty years of age.

The following month they employed several of those specious and insinuating spies, whose physiognomies were calculated to inspire confidence. They inquired among the neighbours of old Thompson, but could gain no tidings of Fanny, farther than she had two or three years before gone to reside with her aunt at Hertford. Having, however, obtained the name and address of the aunt, they repaired to the town where she resided.

Mrs. Arabella Thompson was an infirm old lady, who, whenever she quitted her bed, was obliged to be placed in an easy chair, which was wheeled

towards her window, where she generally sat to take her tea, and amuse herself by observing the passengers. Fronting her house was an inn, and there it was the varlets took up their lodging. They commenced their acquaintance with the old lady, by bowing to her from the other side of the street; and Mrs. Arabella returned their politeness by the same degree of civility. The next day they took the liberty of inquiring how she did, and ventured a few compliments, to which she answered by a smile she endeavoured to render agreeable, but which, in fact, was nothing more than a forced grimace. The third day Harris, the youngest, and most insinuating of the band, presented himself at her house.

He announced himself a tradesman who was going to Sturbich fair, but who was unwilling to quit Hertford without waiting upon her with the compliments of her brother, with whom he was connected in trade. He conversed of her family like a man who was perfectly acquainted with it: he spoke but little concerning Fanny, but he said quite enough to make her enlarge upon the subject. An old infirm woman seldom receives visits, and an old infirm woman is ever passionately fond of hearing herself talk; it is the only pleasure she has left: thus Arabella took the opportunity of enjoying it to its full extent. She related, at much greater length than I shall attempt to do, the amours of her niece, her marriage, and her departure from London. All that was what Harris knew already. She entered into the details of her journey to her house, of the coach and four that had conducted her to Oxford;—(this part of her narrative began to be interesting;)—she enlarged on the agreeable life she led there, in the same house with her husband, deceiving every eye under the disguise of a man, which she supported with a grace peculiar to herself; (that was all he wished to know;) she enumerated

her different dresses; she forgot no one article, not even her cravat. She thought she sufficiently evinced her discretion in not mentioning the name of her husband, who, however, she observed, was one of the greatest Lords in the three Kingdoms.

Harris, enchanted with his discovery, quitted the aunt as men generally leave the company of old women when they are not their heirs—that is to say, with very little ceremony. He returned to the inn, ordered a postchaise, drove to London with his companions, and gave Lord Chatham an account of the success of his mission.

The Minister, certain of gaining his point, wrote immediately to the Mayor of Oxford. His letter was couched in these terms:

"I am informed that a girl from London, disguised as a man, lives in a state of debauchery with the scholars of the University of Oxford. I am assured she is particularly attached to young Lord Seymour, whose opulence is an attraction to women of her description. It is the duty of a magistrate to put a stop to such disorders.

"However, in order to avoid exposing such a circumstance, you had better have the girl taken up in the night time. Let her immediately be conducted to Boston: the Mayor of that town will receive my orders concerning her."

At the same time he wrote thus to the Mayor of Boston:

"You will receive into your custody a girl whose excesses have merited transportation. As she be-

longs to a respectable family, you will secretly send her away in the first ship that is destined for the American Colonies: till then you will keep her in prison, and in close confinement."

Lord Chatham, who would not have afforded any ground for censure, could not possibly have effected his design if he had made Fanny embark at London: her family would have received information of such an act of violence;—the good old Thompson, generally esteemed, would have found warm friends; and, though appearances might have been against his daughter, it would have been difficult to have retained her against the instances and perhaps the clamours of those who would have undertaken her defence; but concealed in a small unfrequented seaport, it was not likely that any one would reclaim her.

The Mayor of Oxford, to prove his respect and devotion to the orders of the Minister, put himself at the head of his constables, and repaired by night to the house Seymour inhabited. At the appearance of a personage of his dignity all the doors flew open and he was just knocking at that of the young couple, who were enjoying, without suspicion of danger, those pure pleasures which to them were ever new.

Old Richard was astonished to hear the door knocked at at that hour, but as he had no mistrust, he demanded what they wanted. They summoned him, in the name of the King, to open it that moment.—Richard, certain his master had nothing to reproach himself with, thought the Magistrate had mistaken the apartment. To convince himself he opened it, and began a harangue, tending to persuade the Mayor of his error, but he was not attended to.

Two men secured him; the others penetrated into the chamber where Fanny was reposing in the arms of Seymour. They awoke in a fright, and perceived their bed surrounded by strangers. The young bride was froze with horror, and a mortal paleness overspread her countenance when the Mayor ordered her to rise and follow him. Seymour, furious, made vain efforts to defend her, but he was naked and without arms. He was forced into bed, and violence was employed to confine him to it. He vented his grief in reproaches and imprecations, the last and useless resource of men who are driven to despair, and have no means of acting.

They opened a closet, and obliged Fanny to resume the habits of her sex. They left five or six guards with Seymour and his valet, to prevent their going out during the night; they then placed his young wife, bathed in tears, and almost stifled with sighs, in a coach, and drove off.

Those who conducted her, formed their opinion of her from the letter the Mayor had received from the Minister: they loaded her with outrage and opprobrium; she experienced all the obscene language, indecent actions, and cruel treatment which are generally directed against those unhappy women, the scandal of their own sex, and the contempt of our's. She called upon Death to relieve her, and they insulted her grief, which they thought affected.

Arrived at Boston, she had some short respite from her misery. Left alone, in a chamber where there was no furniture but a bed of straw, and nothing to nourish her but bread and water, her pure ears were at least not wounded by the infamous language she had been compelled to hear. She was left to her miseries, and had for her consolation virtue and hope.

But the next day the Mayor of Boston drove her to the last pitch of despair; and annihilated all the faculties of her soul: he informed her she was to be transported to the Colonies; that she was to pass her days there with the refuse of society; that flight would be impossible, and that she must renounce Seymour and the esteem of the better part of mankind. The excess of her grief restored her to her faculties and gave her courage to defend herself: she recalled every circumstance of the past—guessed the source of her misfortunes, and endeavoured to explain her situation to the Magistrate. She related her deplorable history—invoked his pity—she softened his heart—she flattered herself she had found a protector.

The Mayor was a humane, good sort of a man: the youth, beauty, and misfortunes of Fanny touched him to the soul; he pitied her—he provided her a more convenient lodging, and treated her kindly; but it was all he could do. How could he disobey the Minister?—how run the risk of making a mortal enemy of so powerful a man as Lord Seymour? Besides, what success could attend any endeavours of his to save the unfortunate young lady?—Such were the reflections of a man of the world, who had not a bad heart, but who was guided by personal interest.

The vessel which our French adventurers had taken, was ready to sail; it was high tide at noon, of course it was necessary it should leave Boston in open day. The Mayor wished to spare Fanny the shame of being publicly conducted on board; besides such a procedure accorded with the wishes and orders of the Minister. He, therefore, agreed with the Captain, that the ship should anchor at the entrance of the harbour, that he would send his pinnace for her at midnight, and that Fanny should be indulged with every possible mitigation of the severity of her destiny.

The innocent and unhappy victim had swooned the moment she was delivered to the sailors, who were soon far from her native soil, where she had left her happiness and her life. The freshness of the sea air and the saline particles with which it is ever impregnanted, had brought her to herself, and restored her to a full sense of her dreadful situation. She had wept and lamented till the ship was boarded: she had swooned when she was put into it: at length hope revived in her soul when she found herself delivered from the danger that awaited her, by a young man who was under obligations to her; and the grateful conduct of Thomas almost assured her she should once more behold her Seymour.

You will ask me how Fanny knew who it was that had contrived and effected her arrest: I answer, that my uncle never once thought of informing me as to that point. He contented himself with relating facts; therefore you will be so good as to be satisfied with the relation just as I had it.

Be it as it may, my uncle was furiously enraged against Lord Chatham, the Mayor of Oxford, and the rest of their accomplices; but as he could not vent his rage upon them, he thought it was a legitimate revenge to punish the Captain who was charged with the execution of their orders. He ordered him on deck, and pronounced a fine discourse upon the respect due to innocence and misfortune: he concluded by declaring his intention of hanging him at the yard-arm, and advised him, if he wished to say his prayers beforehand, that he had no time to lose. The Captain, dismayed and trembling, excused himself, by pleading the obedience he owed to the Minister.

"Villain!" replied my uncle, "if the King, the Emperor, or the devil had given you such orders, you was bound to have disobeyed them; you ought to have respected the beauty and virtue of this

lady, and have known that she was the friend of Captain Thomas.—Hang him, without a moment's hesitation!—he shall not live another instant!"

His companions were on the point of executing his orders. Fanny, who was as compassionate as she was good, was incapable of enjoying the horrid pleasure that arose from vengeance:—she opposed the execution of the sentence with all her power; she undertook the cause of the Captain, pleaded for him with all the charms of sensibility, and with all that grace which ever characterizes an accomplished woman. My uncle, half vanquished, was silent: he listened with respect, at the same time scratching his ear, and putting on a grimace which seemed to say—"I can refuse nothing to your entreaty; but, nevertheless, it is impossible to pardon the Captain."

She terminated his irresolution by saying—"Thomas, my dear Thomas, my true and faithful friend, do not refuse me the favour I ask of you!"—and she seized his hand, which she pressed, regarding him at the same time with a sweet and benignant smile. Thomas, disarmed, astonished, and sorry to find himself so affected, turning towards the Captain, said—"Kiss the dust of her feet;—quick!—and since she will have it so, return to your hole."

In the mean time they approached the desired port. No more enemies, no more accidents to dread; gayety reigned in every heart, joy sparkled in every eye;—already the ship was under the protection of the fort—already a Dunkirk pilot was come on board to take the helm: the ship entered the harbour in full sail, and in an instant was safe at anchor close in upon shore.

The arrival of a prize is an event that every where excites attention: the curious and the idle ran from all parts of the city, and congratulated my uncle and his companions. Hitherto every

thing had gone well. The Captain of the port, a corporal, and four of his guard, came on board, according to custom, and prepared to conduct the English to prison. My uncle thought that natural enough, but they also wished to conduct the lady with them, because she was English:—here my uncle interfered; they insisted, and he began to swear most energetically. He stood before Fanny; he maintained that the King of France did not wage war against women, and that they should kill him before they should touch a hair of her head. As it is not customary to kill a man who has just signalized himself, the Captain of the port sent to the Commissary of the Marine.

That officer happened to be one of those amiable Frenchmen who are an honour to their country. He listened to my uncle with beneficence and attention: the moment he beheld Fanny, he was prepossessed in her favour. He ordered them to let her go free. Thomas, to evince his gratitude, and regardless of his figure, besmeared with blood, powder, and smoke, rushed upon the neck of the officer, who in vain endeavoured to defend himself from his embrace.

The Officers of the Admiralty in their turn came to exercise those functions no less lucrative to themselves than expensive to others. They examined the Captain's papers, and declared his ship a lawful prize. While they were drawing up the *procès-verbal*, and affixing their seals, Thomas, whose whole attention was occupied with Fanny, had taken her under his arm, and was traversing the streets in search of the best hotel.

They arrived at the *Conciergerie* in an equipage which did not command much confidence. The young lady possessed nothing more than the white robe she had put on when she had been so rudely torn from her husband; that robe was covered with pitch, her cap was in a thousand pieces, and her

shoes and stockings full of holes. My uncle had a coat which was out at both elbows, a pair of breeches through which his knees made their appearance, his hair was in disorder, and his hat torn athwart: the wearing apparel of himself and the lady would not have sold for a crown. All that did not prevent my uncle from giving himself the airs of a Lord: he demanded, in a lofty tone, the best room in the house, and the best dinner that could be procured. The host surveyed him from head to foot, and, shrugging up his shoulders, exclaimed "*Quelle bete!*" and turned his back upon him.

My uncle was never remarkable for his patience: he reiterated the order in a more elevated tone of voice, at the same time menacing the host's pate with a large broad cutlass he held in his hand. The latter avoided him, and my uncle mounted the staircase, still holding the young lady under his arm. He opened every room, and made choice of that which appeared to him the best. He reached a chair for Fanny, to the great astonishment of a fat Prebend who occupied the apartment. The proprietor represented his prior right to the room: my uncle observed it was an honour to him that a lady had made choice of it. The Prebend replied in terms not over conciliating. My uncle took him by the shoulders, thrust him out, and threw after him his damask dressing-gown and a bundle of papers that were on the table.

Fanny made several remonstrances as to the impropriety of his conduct; he did not listen to her, but proceeded to supply her other wants. He went out, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, laughed in the Prebend's face as he passed by him, and proceeded to the kitchen, where he inspected the pots and pans, which were arranged upon the fire. The cook entered the kitchen; he knew nothing of what had passed between his master and my uncle, and he was somewhat amazed at observing

an unknown person examining the pots one after another. My uncle suffered him to make as many remarks as he pleased. One thing embarrassed him; he did not know what Fanny would like. He would not bring her down stairs, for fear she should be prevented from returning: he therefore determined to carry the whole apparatus up to her. He seized a pot in each hand, and was making off with them. The cook, whose patience began to be exhausted, and who could not with impunity behold his fricasees vanish in so extraordinary a manner, was beginning to expostulate. My uncle, who had no mind to waste his time in explanations, emptied a stew pan of hot eels upon his head; and while the poor cook was roaring, and wiping himself, my uncle had deposited ten or twelve pots round Fanny's chair. The young lady could not contain her anxiety at beholding such extravagances: she reasoned with him; but to reason with my uncle was as much in vain as to attempt to wash a blackamoor white. He answered all her arguments by observing that it was necessary a lady like herself should dine, and dine well, too.

She, however, had no great inclination for dining. The cries of the cook, the complaints of the Prebend, and the disorder in which my uncle had thrown the whole house, were quite sufficient to have destroyed the appetite of any one who had not the means of paying for a dinner. Notwithstanding the services Thomas had rendered her, she seriously thought of quitting him, when a new personage arrived, and dissipated the worst of her anxieties; it was a usurer—there are such characters every where. He had learned that the captain would at least have thirty thousand Franks for his share of the prize, and he had come to make an offer of his purse, because he well knew that sailors love ready-money, and are contented to pay dearly for it.

He announced himself to my uncle, who smiled at seeing him draw forth a little bag full of gold, and who embraced it the moment it was offered to him, and without hesitation consented to affix his cross to a bond for eight thousand franks, to be paid out of the produce of the English prize.—Fanny took the liberty of interposing a word or two with regard to the enormity of the interest, but Thomas answered that he could not too dearly obtain a sum of which she had an immediate necessity; and thus saying, he politely reconducted the honest lender to the street-door.

He had hardly returned when the host appeared, followed by a Police Officer, whom he had procured to rid his house of a beggar that had thrown the whole of it into confusion.

"There he is," said the host, as he entered, "there is the rascal, and his pretended lady!"

"Away, base scum of the earth! Know, vile dastardly slave!" said Thomas, "that a man who has taken a fort, cannonaded a city, captured a ship, and, what's more than all, saved a lady, is entitled to respect. Look, varlet! here is a proof you cannot resist."

He instantly took the bag, and tumbled out the two hundred Louis-d'ors it contained.

"Well," continued Thomas, "what say you to this?—O ho! your mouth waters—your hat's in your hand, and you can bow, and be as cringing as you was just now insolent. No matter: send away your ragamuffin of an officer, recall your servants, who have hid themselves in the cellar or the hayloft; let the table be spread, and the dinner served up hot—and do you hear, scoundrel! while we are dining, send for a mantua-maker and a milliner, the best you can find in the country: it is necessary the lady should this very evening be dressed like the wife of a Burgomaster."

All these orders were obeyed in a trice—such is the wonder-working power of gold. Two covers were placed on the table:—my uncle removed one of them; and notwithstanding the most pressing instances of the lady, he dined at a little table which he placed by the side of her's; but the respect with which she penetrated him, did not prevent him from completely clearing every dish.

Let us leave my uncle and lady Fanny Seymour; and while they are recovering from their fatigues, if you have no objection, I will take breath, retire to rest, and to-morrow I will resume the history of those eccentricities of our hero which I mean to make the subject of my second volume.

END OF VOLUME I.

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